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On the Way to the Shooting

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Illustrated Sterling Edition

ANNA KARÉNIN

VOLUME III

FABLES AND STORIES FOR CHILDREN
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES

By

COUNT LEV N. TOLSTÓY

Translated from the Original Russian
and edited by

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BOSTON

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ANNA KARÉNIN

1873 – 1876

Parts VI., VII., and VIII.

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ANNA KARÉNIN

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

PART THE SIXTH

I.

DÁRYA ALEKSÁNDROVNA and her children were passing the summer at Pokróvskoe, with her sister Kitty Levín. The house in her own estate had all fallen to pieces, and Levín and his wife persuaded her to stay during the summer with them. Stepán Arkádevich only too readily approved of this arrangement. He said that he was sorry that his official duties prevented his passing the summer with his family in the country, which would have been the greatest happiness for him; he remained in Moscow, and now and then came to see them for a day or two at a time. Besides the Oblónskis, with all the children and the governess, there was staying with the Levíns during that summer the old princess, who considered it her duty to watch her inexperienced daughter who was *in such a condition*. In addition to these, Várenka, Kitty's friend from abroad, was making good her promise, which was that she would come to see her when she was married, and was visiting her. All these were relatives and friends of Levín's wife. And, although he liked them all, he was

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a little sorry for his Levín world and order, which was submerged by this influx of the "Shcherbátski element," as he said to himself. Of his relatives he had with him that summer Sergyéy Ivánovich, but he was not a man of the Levín, but of the Koznyshév type, so that the Levín spirit was completely destroyed.

In Levín's house, which had long been empty, there were now so many people that nearly all the rooms were occupied, and nearly every day the old princess had to count up all the persons present, as she seated herself at the table, and put the thirteenth grandchild at a separate little table. And Kitty, who attended carefully to her household, had no end of trouble about procuring chickens, turkeys, and ducks, of which, considering the summer appetites of the guests and children, a large number were consumed.

The whole family were sitting at the table. Dolly's children were making plans with their governess and with Várenka about where they should go for mushrooms. Sergyéy Ivánovich, who among all the guests enjoyed a reputation for wit and learning, which almost amounted to a worship, surprised everybody by taking part in the conversation about the mushrooms.

"Take me along! I am very fond of going out mushrooming," he said, looking at Várenka. "I find that it is a very good occupation."

"All right, we are very glad," Várenka replied, blushing. Kitty exchanged significant glances with Dolly. The proposition of clever and learned Sergyéy Ivánovich to go mushrooming with Várenka confirmed certain of Kitty's suspicions which had latterly interested her very much. She hastened to talk to her mother lest her glance be noticed. After dinner Sergyéy Ivánovich sat down with his cup of coffee at the window in the drawing-room, continuing his interrupted conversation with his brother, and glancing at the door from which the children

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were to come, to start out for the mushrooms. Levín seated himself on the window-sill, near his brother.

Kitty was standing beside her husband, apparently waiting for the end of the conversation, which did not interest her, in order to say something to him.

"You have changed in many things since your marriage, and for the better," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, smiling at Kitty, and evidently little interested in the subject of their conversation, "but you have remained true to your passion for defending the most paradoxical themes."

"Kátya, it is not good for you to stand," said her husband, moving up a chair for her, and looking significantly at her.

"Well, anyway, I have no time now," added Sergyéy Ivánovich, upon noticing the children who were running out.

In front of all, running sidewise, at a gallop, in her tightly fitting stockings, and waving a little basket and Sergyéy Ivánovich's hat, was Tánya, who was making straight for him.

She ran courageously up to Sergyéy Ivánovich, and with sparkling eyes, which so resembled her father's beautiful eyes, handed him his hat and acted as though she wanted to put it on his head, softening her daring with a timid and gentle smile.

"Várenka is waiting," she said, cautiously putting on his hat, having concluded from his smile that she might do so.

Várenka was standing at the door, wearing now a yellow chintz dress and having her head tied with a white kerchief.

"I am coming, I am coming, Várvara Andréevna," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, finishing his coffee and putting his handkerchief and cigar-case away in his pockets.

"What a charming girl my Várenka is! Eh?" Kitty said to her husband, the moment Sergyéy Ivánovich had

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got up. She said it in such a way that Sergyéy Ivánovich could hear her, which was her obvious intention. "And how pretty she is, how nobly beautiful! Várenka!" Kitty called out. "Will you be in the mill forest? We will go to see you."

"You absolutely forget your condition, Kitty," said the old princess, coming hurriedly through the door. "You must not speak so loud."

Hearing Kitty's voice and her mother's reproach, Várenka with light steps rushed up to Kitty. The rapidity of her motions, the colour which covered her animated face, — everything showed that something unusual was taking place in her. Kitty knew what that unusual thing was, and watched her attentively. She had called up Várenka for no other reason than that she might mentally bless her for the important event which, according to Kitty's idea, was to be accomplished that very day, after dinner, in the woods.

"Várenka, I shall be very happy if a certain thing will happen," she said in a whisper, kissing her.

"And will you go with us?" Várenka said to Levín, in confusion, making it appear that she had not heard what had been said.

"I will, but only as far as the threshing-floor, and there I will stay."

"What do you want to do it for?" asked Kitty.

"I have to, to look at the new wagons and see what they are doing," said Levín. "And where will you be?"

"On the terrace."

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II.

On the terrace all the feminine society was gathered. They were all fond of sitting there after dinner, but on that day they had some special work to do. In addition to the making of baby shirts and crocheting of swaddling-clothes, with which all were occupied, they were busy making preserves without the addition of water, which was a new method for Agáfya Mikháylovna. Kitty was trying to introduce this method which had been practised in her house. Agáfya Mikháylovna, to whom this matter had been entrusted before, and who assumed that what was done in the house of the Levíns could not be bad, nevertheless put water into the wild and the cultivated strawberries, insisting that it was not possible to do it in any other way; she was caught at it, and so now the raspberries were boiling in their presence, and Agáfya Mikháylovna was to be convinced that the preserves would come out all right without the water.

Agáfya Mikháylovna, with heated and chagrined face, dishevelled hair, and her lean arms bared above the elbow, was giving a circular motion to the flat pot on the fire-place and looking gloomily at the raspberries, hoping in the depth of her heart that they might thicken and keep from boiling. The princess, who felt that Agáfya Mikháylovna's anger was no doubt directed against her, as the chief adviser in the making of the preserves, tried to look as though she were busy at something else and was not interested in the raspberry preserves, and talked about other matters, but still kept stealthily an eye on the fire.

"I always buy bargains in dresses for the girls," said

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the princess, continuing the conversation on which they had started. "Had you not better take off the scum, my dear?" she added, turning to Agáfya Mikháylovna. "You don't have to do it yourself, and it is hot, too," she stopped Kitty.

"I will do it," said Dolly. She got up and began carefully to move the spoon over the frothing sugar, now and then striking it against a plate, in order to remove that which stuck fast to it. The plate was already filled with variegated, yellowish pink scum, with streaks of blood-red syrup. "How they will lick it with their tea!" she was thinking of her children, recalling how she, as a child, used to wonder why the grown people did not eat the best part, — the scum.

"Stíva says that it is much better to give them money," Dolly in the meantime continued the conversation, which so interested her, about what it was best to do in giving presents to the servants. "But —"

"How can you give money!" the princess and Kitty exclaimed in one voice. "They appreciate it."

"Well, I, for example, last year bought for our Matréna Seménovna not poplin, but something of this kind," said the princess.

"I remember, she wore it on your name-day."

"Such a charming pattern, — so simple and so elegant. I would have made one for myself of the same, if she had not had it. Something like Várenka's. So sweet, and so cheap."

"Now, it seems it is all done," said Dolly, dripping the syrup from the spoon.

"If it comes in rings, it is done. Boil it a little while longer, Agáfya Mikháylovna!"

"These flies!" Agáfya Mikháylovna said, angrily. "It won't be any better," she added.

"Oh, how sweet it is, — don't frighten it!" Kitty suddenly exclaimed, looking at a sparrow that had alighted

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on the balustrade and, turning over the pedicel of a raspberry, was nibbling at it.

"Yes, but you must get farther away from the fire," said her mother.

"*A propos de* Várenka," Kitty said in French, in which language they were talking all the time, so that Agáfya Mikháylovna might not understand them. "Do you know, mamma, I for some reason expect a decision to-day. You know what it is. How nice it would be!"

"I must say you are a great match-maker!" said Dolly. "How carefully and cleverly she is bringing them together!"

"Really, mamma, what do you think?"

"What is there to think? He" (*he* was Sergyéy Ivánovich) "could always make the best match in Russia; he is not so young now, but still I know many girls would marry him even now — She is a very good girl, but he might — "

"Really, you must understand, mamma, that nothing better could be imagined for either of them. In the first place, she is a dear!" said Kitty, bending a finger.

"He likes her pretty well, — that is evident," Dolly confirmed her.

"Then, he occupies such a position in society that he needs neither a fortune nor a social position from his wife. All he needs is a good, sweet, quiet wife."

"Yes, with her one may be quiet," Dolly confirmed her.

"In the third place, she has to love him. And that is the case. That is, it would be so nice. I am waiting for them to come back from the woods, and everything to be decided. I shall see it at once by their eyes. It would make me so happy! What do you think, Dolly?"

"Don't get so agitated. There is no need of getting excited," her mother said.

"But I am not, mamma. I think he will propose to her this very day."

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"Oh, it is so strange when a man proposes, and the manner in which he does it. There seems to be a barrier, and suddenly it gives way," said Dolly, smiling pensively, and recalling her past with Stepán Arkádevich.

"Mamma, how did papa propose to you?" Kitty suddenly asked.

"There was nothing especial; it was all very simple," the princess replied, but her face none the less brightened up at this recollection.

"Really, how did he? You loved him before you were permitted to speak, did you not?"

Kitty experienced a peculiar charm in being able to speak now with her mother as with an equal about these most important questions in the life of a woman.

"Of course he loved me; he used to come to see us in the country."

"But how was it decided, mamma?"

"You evidently think that you have invented something new. It is always the same thing: it was decided with the eyes, with smiles —"

"How well you have expressed it, mamma! That's it: with the eyes and with smiles," Dolly confirmed her.

"But what words did he use?"

"What did Konstantín say to you?"

"He wrote them with chalk. It was remarkable — How remote it now seems to me!" she said.

And the three women fell to musing about the same thing. Kitty was the first to break the silence. She recalled all that last winter before her marriage, and her infatuation for Vrónski.

"There is one thing — that old infatuation of Várenka's," she said, thinking of it by a natural connection of ideas. "I had intended to tell Sergyéy Ivánovich about it, — to prepare him for it. All men," she added, "are dreadfully jealous of our past."

"Not all," said Dolly. "You are judging from your

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husband. He is still suffering from the thought of Vrónski. Yes? Am I right?"

"Yes," Kitty replied, pensively, smiling with her eyes.

"But what I cannot understand," the princess retorted, to defend the maternal care she had taken of her daughter, "is what past of yours has been troubling him? That Vrónski had been paying you attentions? That happens to every girl."

"But we are not talking about it," Kitty said, blushing.

"Excuse me," continued her mother, "and then, you yourself did not let me talk to Vrónski, — do you remember?"

"Oh, mamma!" Kitty said, with an expression of suffering.

"Nowadays you can't be held back — Your relations could never have gone farther than would have been proper; I should have challenged him myself. Besides, my dear, it is not good for you to excite yourself. Please remember that, and calm yourself!"

"I am quite calm, mamma."

"How fortunate that Anna happened to come then!" said Dolly, "and how unfortunate for her. Just exactly the opposite," she added, startled at her thought. "Anna was then so happy, and Kitty regarded herself as unhappy. How exactly the opposite it is! I frequently think of her."

"Think of better women! She is a mean, contemptible woman, without a heart," said her mother, who could not forget that Kitty had married Levín, and not Vrónski.

"What pleasure is there in talking about it?" Kitty said, with indignation. "I am not thinking of it, and I do not want to think of it, I do not want to think of it," she repeated, listening to the familiar footsteps of her husband on the staircase of the terrace.

"What is that about: 'I do not want to think of it'?" asked Levín, coming up on the terrace.

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But nobody made any reply to him, and he did not repeat the question.

"I am sorry to have disturbed your feminine realm," he said, casting a dissatisfied glance at everybody, and concluding that they had been talking about something which they would not have mentioned in his presence. Still, he smiled, and went up to Kitty.

"Well?" he asked her, looking at her with the same expression with which all talked to her now.

"Nothing, all right," Kitty said, smiling, "and how is it with you?"

"They are hauling three times as much as a cart will hold. Shall we go for the children? I have ordered them to hitch up."

"What, you want to take Kitty in the line carriage?" the mother said, reproachfully.

"We mean to drive at a slow pace, princess."

Levín never called the princess "mamma," as all sons-in-law do, and that provoked the princess. But though Levín loved and respected the princess he could not bring himself to call her thus, without profaning his feeling for his dead mother.

"Come with us, mamma!" said Kitty.

"I do not want to look at your foolishness!"

"Well, I will walk. That will do me good." Kitty got up, walked over to her husband and took his hand.

"It will, but everything in measure," said the princess.

"Well, Agáfya Mikháylovna, are the preserves done?" asked Levín, smiling at Agáfya Mikháylovna, and wishing to cheer her up. "Is it good according to the new style?"

"I suppose it is. According to our way it is over-boiled."

"It is better that way, Agáfya Mikháylovna. It will not get soured. As it is, all of our ice is melted, and we have no place in which to keep it," said Kitty, who at once understood her husband's intention, and with the same

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feeling addressed the old woman. "On the other hand, your pickling is so fine that mamma says she has never eaten the like," she added, smiling, and adjusting Agáfya Mikháylovna's kerchief.

Agáfya Mikháylovna looked angrily at Kitty.

"Don't console me, lady! It makes me happy enough to look at you with him," she said, and the brusque expression "with him" touched Kitty.

"Go with us for mushrooms, — you will show us the places."

Agáfya Mikháylovna smiled and shook her head, as much as to say, "I should like to be angry with you, but I can't."

"Please follow my advice!" said the old princess. "Put a piece of paper on the preserves, and moisten it with rum: it will not mould then, even without ice."

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III.

KITTY was exceedingly glad to be alone with her husband, because she had observed a shadow of grief on his face, which vividly reflected everything, at the moment when he had come up on the terrace and had asked what they had been talking about, without receiving any answer.

When they started out on foot, ahead of the rest, and got out of sight of the house on the beaten, dusty road, which was covered with rye ears and kernels, she leaned more heavily on his arm and pressed it close to herself. He had already forgotten the unpleasant impression of the moment and, being all alone with her, experienced, now that the thought of her pregnancy did not leave him for a moment, that new and joyous sensation of the proximity of a beloved woman, which was so entirely free from all sensuality. There was nothing to talk about, but he wanted to hear the sound of her voice, which now, with her pregnancy, had changed as much as her looks. In her voice, as in her looks, there was softness and seriousness, something like what is to be seen in people who are all the time concentrating their thoughts on one favourite subject.

"So you will not get tired? Lean more against me," he said.

"No, I am so glad to have a chance of being all alone with you, and I must confess, no matter how happy I am to have them with us, I regret our winter evenings alone."

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"That was good, but this is better. Both are better," he said, pressing her arm.

"Do you know what we were talking about when you came in?"

"About the preserves."

"Yes, about the preserves too; and then about how people propose."

"Ah!" said Levín, listening to the sound of her voice, rather than to the words which she was saying, thinking all the time about the road, which now passed through the forest, and avoiding the places where she might make a misstep.

"And about Sergyéy Ivánovich and Várenka. Have you noticed? I wanted it so much!" she continued. "What do you think about it?" And she gazed at his face.

"I do not know what to think," Levín replied, smiling. "Sergyéy is in that respect very strange to me. I told you —"

"Yes, that he was in love with the girl that died —"

"That was when I was a child; I know by tradition. I remember how he was then. He was a remarkably nice man. But since then I have been observing him with women: he is amiable, and some of them he likes, but one feels that for him they are only people, and not women."

"Yes, but now with Várenka — It seems to me, there is something —"

"Maybe there is — But you must know him — He is a peculiar, a remarkable man. He lives only a spiritual life. He is too pure and exalted."

"What? Will this lower him?"

"No, but he has become so accustomed to living a spiritual life only that he cannot make his peace with reality, and Várenka is after all a reality."

Levín had become used to expressing his thoughts boldly, without taking the trouble of clothing them in

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precise words; he knew that his wife would at such moments of love understand what he meant to convey from mere hints, and she actually did understand him.

"Yes, but there is not in her that reality that there is in me; I understand that he would never have fallen in love with me. She is all spiritual — "

"Not at all, he loves you very much, and it gives me such pleasure to see that my family loves you — "

"Yes, he is good to me, but — "

"But it is not the way it was with Nikoláy — you took a great liking to each other," Levín finished her sentence. "Why not say it?" he added. "I sometimes reproach myself: it will end by my forgetting him. What a terrible and excellent man he was! — So what were we talking about?" Levín said, after a moment's silence.

"You think that he cannot fall in love," Kitty said, interpreting it in her language.

"Not exactly that," Levín said, smiling, "but he does not have that weakness which is necessary — I always envy him, and even now, while I am so happy, I envy him."

"Do you envy him because he cannot fall in love?"

"I envy him because he is better than I," Levín said, smiling. "He does not live for himself. His whole life is subservient to duty. And so he can be calm and satisfied."

"And you?" Kitty said, with a sarcastic smile, full of love.

She would have been absolutely at a loss to explain the course of ideas which made her smile; but her final conclusion was that her husband, who was so enthusiastic about his brother and humbled himself before him, was not sincere. Kitty knew that this insincerity was due to the love which he had for his brother, to his scruples about being too happy, and especially to a constant desire to be better, — and this she loved in him, and so smiled.

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"And you? What are you dissatisfied with?" she asked him, with the same smile.

Her incredulity in his dissatisfaction with himself gave him pleasure, and he unconsciously provoked her to tell him the causes of her incredulity.

"I am happy, but dissatisfied with myself —" he said.

"But how can you be dissatisfied if you are happy?"

"That is, how shall I say it? In my heart I do not wish for anything but that you should not stumble. Really, you must not make such leaps!" he interrupted his talk, to rebuke her for making too rapid a motion in her attempt to step over a branch which was lying in the road. "But when I reflect on myself and compare myself with others, especially with my brother, I find that I am no good."

"Why?" Kitty continued, with the same smile. "Don't you do for others? Your out-farms, and your estate, and your book?"

"No, I feel, especially now, that you are to blame," he said, pressing her arm, "for this being so. I am doing it just lightly. If I could love all that business as I love you — for I have been doing it of late as though it were a school task."

"Well, what will you say about papa?" asked Kitty. "So he, too, is no good because he has done nothing for the common good?"

"He? No. But one has to have that simplicity, that clearness, that goodness, which your father has; have I them? I am not doing anything, and am tormented. You have done it all. When you did not exist, and there was not *this*," he said, with a glance at her abdomen, which she understood, "I used to put all my energy into work; but now I cannot, and I feel ashamed; I am simply doing a school task, — I pretend —"

"Well, would you want this moment to change places

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with Sergyéy Ivánovich?" said Kitty. "Would you like to do that common good and love that school task, and nothing more?"

"Of course not," said Levín. "However, I am so happy that I do not understand a thing. And you really think that he is going to propose to-day?" he added, after some silence.

"I both think and do not think. Only I want it badly. Wait!" she bent down and plucked an ox-eyed daisy at the edge of the path. "Well, count it: he will propose, he will not," she said, giving him the flower.

"He will, he will not," said Levín, tearing off the narrow, white ray flowers.

"No, no!" Kitty stopped him, taking hold of his hand, having watched his fingers in excitement. "You tore off two."

"But this little one does not count," he said, pulling off a short, stunted petal. "And here the carriage has caught up with us."

"Are you not tired, Kitty?" called out the princess.

"Not in the least."

"Get in, if the horses are gentle, and the carriage is driving at a slow pace."

But it was not worth while getting in. They were not far now, and all went on foot.

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IV.

VÁRENKA, in her white kerchief over her black hair, surrounded by the children, and merrily occupied with them, and apparently agitated by the possibility of a declaration from a man whom she liked, was exceedingly attractive. Sergyéy Ivánovich was walking beside her, looking all the time admiringly at her. As he gazed at her, he recalled all the charming remarks which she had made and everything good he knew about her, and became more and more conscious of the fact that the sentiment which he was experiencing toward her was something especial, something which he had experienced a long time ago, only once, during his youth. The feeling of joy at being near to her, increasing all the time, reached such a point that, as he was throwing into her basket an immense boletus scaber on a thin stem with turned-up edges, which he had found, he looked into her eyes and, noticing a colour of joyous and frightened agitation, which flushed her face, himself became embarrassed and silently smiled at her a smile which said too much.

"If so," he said to himself, "I must consider it and make up my mind, and not abandon myself, like a boy, to the infatuation of the moment."

"I will go to gather mushrooms separately from the rest, for my contribution is small," he said. And he went alone away from the edge of the forest, where they were walking over the low, silk-like grass, between widely distant old birch-trees, into the middle of the forest where, between the white birch trunks could be seen the gray

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trunks of the aspens and the darkling hazel-bushes. Sergyéy Ivánovich walked about forty paces and went behind a prick-wood bush in full bloom, with its rose-coloured catkins; there he stopped, knowing that he could not be seen. Around him everything was absolutely quiet. Only above the tops of the birches, under which he was standing, the flies buzzed incessantly, like a swarm of bees, and now and then the voices of the children were borne to him. Suddenly, Várenka's contralto voice, calling Grísha, was heard not far away, at the edge of the forest, and a joyous smile appeared on Sergyéy Ivánovich's face. Becoming conscious of this smile of his, he shook his head disapprovingly at his condition and, taking out a cigar, began to light it. For a long time he was unable to strike fire with the match, by rubbing it against the trunk of a birch-tree. The tender cuticle of the white bark stuck to the phosphorus, and the fire went out. Finally a match caught fire, and the fragrant smoke of the cigar, rising as a broad, quivering sheet, tended definitely forward and upward, above the bush and beneath the drooping branches of the birch-tree. Watching the streak of smoke, Sergyéy Ivánovich moved on at a slow pace, meditating on his condition.

"And why not?" he thought. "If it were an outburst or a passion, if I experienced only this attraction, — this mutual attraction (I may say *mutual*), and felt that it ran counter with the whole composition of my life — If I felt that, in abandoning myself to this attraction, I was untrue to my calling and sense of duty — but there is nothing of the kind. The one thing that I have to say against it is that when I lost Marie I said to myself that I should remain true to her memory. That is all I can say against this sentiment — That is important," he said to himself, feeling at the same time that this reflection could have no importance for him personally, but at best only spoiled his poetical reputation in the eyes of

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other people. "Outside of this, no matter how much I may seek, I shall not find anything to say against my sentiment. If I were to choose with my reason only, I could not find anything better!"

No matter of how many women and girls of his acquaintance he thought, he could not recall a single one who to such a degree combined all, — that was it, — all qualities, which, upon calm reflection, he wished to see in a wife of his. She had all the charm and freshness of youth, but was not a child, and, if she loved him, she loved him consciously, as a woman ought to love: so much for one thing. Secondly: she was not only far from worldliness, but obviously despised society, and yet knew it and had all those manners of a woman of good society, without which a life companion was unthinkable to Sergyéy Ivánovich. Thirdly: she was religious, — not unaccountably religious and good, like a child, and as Kitty was; but her life was based on religious convictions. Even down to trifles he found in her everything that he wanted of a wife: she was poor and lonely, so that she would not bring along a crowd of relatives and their influence to her husband's house, as was the case with Kitty, but would be for everything grateful to her husband, a thing which he had always desired for his future domestic life.

And this girl, who combined all these qualities, loved him. He was modest, but could not help seeing this. And he loved her. The one consideration against it was his age. But he came from a long-lived stock; he did not have a single gray hair; nobody gave him more than forty years; and he remembered that Várenka had said that only in Russia did people regard themselves as old at fifty, while in France a man of fifty years of age considered himself to be *dans la force de l'âge*, while a man of forty was *un jeune homme*. But what did the number of years mean, since he felt himself as young at heart

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as he had been twenty years before? Was it not youth that he was experiencing now as he stepped out to the edge of the forest on the other side and in the bright light of the slanting sun-rays saw Várenka's graceful figure, in her yellow dress, carrying the basket and walking with light steps past the trunk of an old birch, and as the impression of Várenka's form blended with the yellowing oat-field, which was bathed by the slanting rays, and which startled him by its beauty, and, beyond the field, with the far-off old forest, which was tinted with yellow, and which welded with the azure distance? His heart was compressed with joy. A feeling of meekness of spirit took possession of him. He felt that he had made up his mind. Várenka, who had just stooped to pick up a mushroom, got up with a flexible motion and looked about her. Sergyéy Ivánovich threw away his cigar and walked over to her with determined steps.

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V.

"VÁRVARA ANDRÉEVNA, when I was very young I formed an ideal of a woman, whom I fell in love with, and whom I shall be happy to call my wife. I have lived a long life, and have now for the first time found in you what I have been looking for. I love you and offer you my hand."

Sergyéy Ivánovich was saying that to himself when he was within ten paces of Várenka. She got down on her knees and, defending a mushroom from Grísha, was calling up little Másha.

"This way, this way! Little ones! Lots of them!" she said with her sweet chest tones.

When she saw Sergyéy Ivánovich approaching, she did not get up and did not change her position; but everything told him that she was conscious of his approach, and was glad of it.

"Well, have you found anything?" she asked, behind her white kerchief, turning to him her beautiful, softly smiling countenance.

"Not one," said Sergyéy Ivánovich. "And you?"

She made no reply, being busy with the children who were surrounding her.

"And that one, near the twig," she indicated to little Másha a small russula which was cut across its flexible pink cap by a dry grass-blade, underneath which it was pushing its way up. Várenka rose, when Másha, breaking the russula into two white halves, picked it up. "This reminds me of my childhood," she added, walking away from the children to Sergyéy Ivánovich.

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They took several steps in silence. Várenka saw that he wanted to speak; she divined what it would be about, and her heart was sinking from joy and terror. They got so far away that no one could hear them, but he still kept silence, and Várenka preferred not to say anything. After a silence it would have been easier for them to say what they wished than if they got to talking about the mushrooms; but against her will, as though by accident, Várenka said:

"So you have not found anything to-day? Indeed, in the middle of the forest there are never many to be found."

Sergyéy Ivánovich heaved a sigh and said nothing. He was annoyed to hear her talk about mushrooms. He wanted to bring her back to her first words, which she had said about her childhood; but, as though against his will, he, after some silence, replied to her last words:

"I have heard that the edules are generally found at the edge of the forest, though I cannot tell an edulis."

A few minutes more passed and they had gone still farther away from the children and were all alone. Várenka's heart beat so strongly that she could hear its palpitations and felt that she was blushing and growing pale and blushing again.

To be the wife of such a man as Koznyshév, after her position with Madame Shtal, presented itself to her as the acme of happiness. Besides, she was almost convinced that she was in love with him. She felt terribly. And whether he should say something or nothing, it would be terrible.

Now or never the declaration was to come; Sergyéy Ivánovich felt that, too. Everything in the glance, the blush, and the drooping eyes of Várenka showed morbid animation. Sergyéy Ivánovich saw that and felt sorry for her. He even felt that not to say anything to her now would be an insult to her. He quickly repeated in his mind all the arguments in favour of his decision. He

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also repeated the words in which he wished to propose to her; but, by some unexpected combination, which just then occurred to him, he suddenly asked:

"What difference is there between an edulis and a scaber?"

Várenka's lips were trembling from agitation, when she replied:

"There is hardly any difference in the cap, but they differ as to their stems."

And, the moment these words were uttered, both of them felt that the affair was settled, and that that which ought to have been said, would not be, and their agitation, which had reached the highest point, began to abate.

"The stem of a boletus scaber reminds me of the beard of a dark-complexioned man, which has not been shaved for two days," Sergyéy Ivánovich said, calmly.

"Yes, that is so," Várenka replied, smiling, and involuntarily the direction of their walk was changed. They began to approach the children. Várenka felt both pained and ashamed, but, at the same time, she experienced a feeling of relief.

When Sergyéy Ivánovich returned home and examined all his arguments, he found that he had not judged correctly. He could not be untrue to Marie's memory.

"Softly, children, softly!" Levín called out to the children, almost in an angry voice, as he stood up before his wife, in order to defend her, when the crowd of children flew toward them with screams of joy.

After the children, Sergyéy Ivánovich and Várenka came out of the woods. Kitty did not have to ask Várenka; she saw by the calm and somewhat abashed expressions of their faces that her plans had not been realized.

"Well?" her husband asked her, as they were returning home.

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"It does not work," said Kitty, in smile and manner reminding one of her father, in a way which Levín had frequently observed in her with delight.

"Why does it not work?"

"It is like this," she said, taking her husband's hand, drawing it up to her mouth, and touching it with her closed lips. "As one kisses the bishop's hand."

"With whom does it not work?" he asked, laughing.

"With both. It ought to be done like this —"

"Peasants are coming!"

"No, they did not see it."

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VI.

During the children's tea, the grown people were sitting on the veranda and talking as though nothing had happened, although all, especially Sergyéy Ivánovich and Várenka, knew very well that a very important, though negative, incident had taken place. Both of them experienced the same sensation, something like what a pupil feels after having failed in his examination, when he is left in the same class, or is entirely excluded from the institution. All persons present, feeling that something important had taken place, were talking with animation about extraneous matters. Levín and Kitty felt on that evening particularly happy and in love with each other. And their being happy in their love included a disagreeable reference to those who wanted the same and did not get it, — and so they felt ashamed.

"Remember what I say, Aleksándr will not come," said the old princess.

Stepán Arkádevich was expected that evening, and the old prince had written that he, too, would probably come.

"And I know why," continued the princess. "He says that a young couple must be left alone."

"Papa has abandoned us altogether. We have not seen him," said Kitty. "How can we be called a young couple? We are old people now."

"But if he does not come, I will bid you good-bye, my children," the princess said, with a sad sigh.

"Don't say that, mamma!" both daughters attacked her.

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"Think how he must feel! Now —"

And suddenly the voice of the old princess began to tremble. The daughters grew silent and exchanged glances. "Mamma will always discover some doleful subject," both said with that glance. They did not know that, no matter how happy the princess felt at her daughter's, no matter how much she felt herself needed there, she had been feeling painfully sad for her own sake and for the sake of her husband, ever since they had got their last daughter married and the family nest had been deserted.

"What is it, Agáfya Mikháylovna?" Kitty suddenly asked Agáfya Mikháylovna, who had stopped with a mysterious look and a significant expression on her face.

"About the supper."

"That is nice," said Dolly. "Go and attend to it, and I will go with Grísha and have him recite his lesson. He has not done anything yet to-day."

"I will attend to that lesson! No, Dolly, I will go," said Levín, jumping up.

Grísha, who had already entered the gymnasium, had to review his lessons during the summer. Dárya Aleksándrovna, who had studied Latin together with her son in Moscow, had made it her rule, after her arrival at Levín's, to go over with him, at least once a day, the most difficult lessons in arithmetic and in Latin. Levín had offered himself to teach him, but the mother, who had once been present at his lesson, and had observed that he was not teaching in the same manner in which the tutor had done it in Moscow, in embarrassment, and trying not to offend Levín, told him definitely that the lessons had to be prepared by the book, as the teacher had taught them, and that she had better attend to them herself. Levín was indignant at Stepán Arkádevich because, in his carelessness, he did not himself watch the instruction of his boy, but left it to his mother, who did not understand a thing

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about it, and at the teachers for teaching the children so badly; and he promised his sister-in-law that he would conduct the instruction as she wanted it. And he continued to work with Grísha, not according to his method, but according to the book, and so did it reluctantly and frequently forgot the time of his lesson. Even thus it had happened on that day.

"No, I will go, Dolly, and you stay here," he said. "We shall do everything in the proper way, according to the book. But when Stíva comes, we will go out hunting, and then we shall have to miss the lessons."

And Levín went away with Grísha.

Something similar Várenka said to Kitty. Even in the happy, well-managed house of the Levíns, Várenka knew how to make herself useful.

"I will order the supper, and you stay here," she said, getting up to go with Agáfya Mikháylovna.

"Yes, yes, no doubt they did not find any chicks. If so, take the —" said Kitty.

"Agáfya Mikháylovna and I will fix it all," and Várenka disappeared with her.

"What a sweet girl!" said the princess.

"Not sweet, mamma, but simply superb, such as it is hard to find nowadays."

"So you are expecting Stepán Arkádevich to-night?" said Sergyéy Ivánovich, who evidently did not wish to have the conversation about Várenka continued. "It would be hard to find two brothers-in-law who resemble each other less," he said, with a sarcastic smile. "One is mercurial and lives only in society, like a fish in the water; the other, our Konstantín, is lively, quick, sensitive to everything, but the moment he gets into society, his heart sinks in him, or he struggles senselessly, like a fish on the land."

"Yes, he is very frivolous," said the princess, turning to Sergyéy Ivánovich. "I wanted to ask you to talk

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with him and tell him that she" (she pointed to Kitty) "cannot possibly stay here, but ought by all means to go to Moscow. He says he wants to send for a doctor —"

"Mamma, he will do everything, — he assents to everything," said Kitty, with annoyance at her mother for invoking the aid of Sergyéy Ivánovich in this matter.

In the middle of their conversation the neighing of horses and the sound of wheels on the gravel was heard in the avenue of trees.

Dolly had not yet had time to get up to meet her husband, when down-stairs Levín jumped out of the window of the room in which Grísha had been studying, and took Grísha out through it.

"It is Stíva!" Levín called out below the balcony. "We are through, Dolly, don't be afraid!" he added, starting like a boy to run toward the carriage.

"*Is, ea, id, ejus, ejus,*" shouted Grísha, leaping down the avenue.

"And somebody else. No doubt papa!" Levín exclaimed, stopping at the entrance of the avenue. "Kitty, don't go down the steep staircase, but go around!"

But Levín was mistaken in his supposition that the other person in the carriage was the old prince. When he went up to it, he saw beside Stepán Arkádevich, not the prince, but a handsome, plump young man in a Scotch cap, with long ribbons behind. That was Vásenka Veslóvski, a cousin of the Shcherbátskis twice removed, — a brilliant young man of St. Petersburg and Moscow, "a first-class fellow and an impassioned hunter," as Stepán Arkádevich introduced him.

Not in the least embarrassed by the disappointment which he produced by having come in place of the old prince, Veslóvski exchanged merry greetings with Levín, reminding him of their former acquaintance, and, picking up Grísha, lifted him into the carriage, over the pointer, which Stepán Arkádevich was bringing along with him.

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Levín did not get into the carriage, but walked behind it. He was a little annoyed because the old prince, whom he loved more, the more he knew of him, had not come, and also because this Vásenka Veslóvski, a stranger and a superfluous man, had arrived. He appeared the more a stranger and a superfluous man to him, when, upon reaching the porch, where the whole animated crowd of the grown people and of the children were gathered, he saw that Vásenka Veslóvski was kissing Kitty's hand in a peculiarly amiable and gallant manner.

"Your wife and I are cousins, and old acquaintances," Vásenka Veslóvski said, again giving Levín a firm pressure of his hand.

"Well, is there any game?" Stepán Arkádevich, who had hardly had time to exchange greetings with everybody, said to Levín. "He and I have most cruel intentions — Why, mamma, they have not been in Moscow since then — Here, Tánya, is something for you! — Get it out from the back of the carriage," he kept talking in all directions. "How much fresher you look, Dolly," he said to his wife, once more kissing her hand, holding it in his own, and patting it with his other hand.

Levín, who but a minute ago had been in the happiest frame of mind, now looked gloomily at everybody, and it all displeased him.

"Whom did he kiss yesterday with those lips?" he thought, looking at Stepán Arkádevich's tenderness to his wife. He looked at Dolly, and she, too, displeased him now.

"She does not believe in his love. So what is she so happy about? It is disgusting!" thought Levín.

He looked at the princess, who had been so dear to him a minute ago, and he disliked the manner in which she received that Vásenka Veslóvski, with his ribbons, as though it were to her own house.

Even Sergyéy Ivánovich, who, too, had come out on the

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porch, appeared to him disagreeable by that feigned friendship with which he met Stepán Arkádevich, though he knew full well that his brother did not like, nor respect, Oblónski.

And even Várenka was disgusting to him, seeing with what an air of a *sainte nitouche* she made the acquaintance of that gentleman, whereas all she thought of was how to get married.

But more disgusting was Kitty, as she fell in with that tone of merriment, with which that gentleman regarded his arrival in the country as a holiday for himself and for everybody else; she was especially disagreeable to him on account of the peculiar smile with which she replied to Veslóvski's smiles.

Talking noisily, they all went into the house; but the moment they all were seated, Levín turned around and left the room.

Kitty saw that something was the matter with her husband. She wanted to absent herself for a moment, in order to have a private chat with her husband, but he hurried away from her, saying that he had to go to the office. His farm affairs now seemed to him more important than they had been for a long time. "Everything is a holiday for them," he thought, "but here affairs are by no means of a holiday character: they brook no delay, and without them one cannot live."

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VII

Levín returned home only when he was sent for to come to supper. On the staircase stood Kitty and Agáfya Mikháylovna, consulting about the wine for the supper.

"But why are you making such a fuss? Serve the usual wine!"

"No, Stíva does not drink it — Konstantín, wait a minute! What is the matter with you?" said Kitty, hurrying after him, but he ruthlessly, without waiting for her, strutted with long steps into the dining-room, and immediately took part in the animated conversation, which was there carried on by Vásenka Veslóvski and Stepán Arkádevich.

"Well, shall we go out hunting to-morrow?" asked Stepán Arkádevich.

"Please, let us go!" said Veslóvski, seating himself sidewise on another chair, and tucking his fat leg under him.

"I am very glad, — let us go! Have you been hunting this year?" Levín said to Veslóvski, fixedly watching his leg, but with a feigned politeness, which Kitty knew so well, and which so little agreed with him. "I do not know whether we shall find any double-snipes, but there are plenty of woodcocks. Only we must leave early. Won't you get tired? Are you not tired, Stíva?"

"Am I tired? I never get tired. Let us stay up all night! Let us go out walking!"

"Really, let us stay up! Superb!" Veslóvski assented.

"Oh, we are convinced of your being able to stay up and keep others from sleeping," Dolly said to her husband, with

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that faint irony which she now nearly always employed toward him. "So far as I am concerned, it is time now to go to bed — I am going, — I shall not eat any supper."

"No, stay, Dolly!" said Stepán Arkádevich, walking over to her side of the large table, at which they were eating their supper. "I will tell you a number of things."

"I suppose you have nothing."

"Do you know Veslóvski has called on Anna. He is now going there again. They live within seventy versts of you. I, too, will go there, by all means. Veslóvski, come here!"

Vásenka went up to the ladies and sat down beside Kitty.

"Oh, tell us, if you please, were you there? How is she?" Dárya Aleksándrovna turned to him.

Levín remained at the other end of the table and, though talking all the time with the princess and with Várenka, saw that between Stepán Arkádevich, Dolly, Kitty, and Veslóvski there was going on an animated and mysterious conversation. Not only that, — he saw in the face of his wife an expression of a serious feeling, as she, without taking her eyes off, was looking at the handsome face of Vásenka, who was telling something in an animated manner.

"Everything is very nice with them," Vásenka was saying about Vrónski and Anna. "Of course, I do not take it upon myself to pass judgment, but in their house one feels as though one were in a family."

"What do they intend to do?"

"I think they want to go to Moscow for the winter."

"How nice it would be for us to meet there! When are you going there?" Stepán Arkádevich asked Vásenka.

"I shall pass the month of July with them."

"Will you go?" Stepán Arkádevich turned to his wife.

"I have been wanting to, and I certainly will," said Dolly. "I am sorry for her, and I know her. She is a

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beautiful woman. I will go there by myself, when you leave, and thus I shall not embarrass anybody. It will be even better without you."

"Very well," said Stepán Arkádevich, "and you, Kitty?"

"I? Why should I go?" Kitty said, with a flushed face, looking back at her husband.

"Are you acquainted with Anna Arkádevna?" Veslóvski asked her. "She is a very attractive woman."

"Yes," she replied to Veslóvski, blushing even more. She got up and went over to her husband.

"So you are going out to hunt to-morrow?" she said.

His jealousy of her had taken a big start in those few minutes, especially on account of the blush which had covered her cheeks, as she had been talking to Veslóvski. As he was now listening to her words, he comprehended them in his own way. Though later it seemed strange to him to think of it, just then it was clear to him that, in asking him whether he was going out to hunt, she was interested only to find out whether he was going to afford that pleasure to Vásenka Veslóvski, with whom she, according to his ideas, was already in love.

"Yes, I will," he replied to her, in an unnatural voice, which was disgusting even to himself.

"You had better stay here to-morrow, for Dolly has not had a chance of seeing her husband; you can go day after to-morrow," said Kitty.

The meaning of Kitty's words, as now translated by Levín, was as follows: "Do not separate me from *him;* I do not mind your going away, but let me enjoy the company of this charming young man!"

"Oh, if you want us to, we will stay to-morrow," Levín replied, with peculiar amiability.

In the meantime Vásenka, who did not in the least suspect the suffering which his presence was causing, rose from the table soon after Kitty and followed her, watching her with a smiling, kindly glance.

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Levín saw this glance. He grew pale and for a minute could not draw his breath. "How dare a man look that way at my wife!" it boiled within him.

"So it is to-morrow?" Let us go by all means," said Vásenka, sitting down on a chair and bending his leg in his habitual fashion.

Levín's jealousy went even farther. He already saw himself a deceived husband, whom his wife and her lover needed only to furnish them the comforts and the pleasures of life — But, in spite of it, he hospitably and amiably asked Vásenka about his hunts, his gun, and his boots, and consented to going on the next day.

Luckily for Levín, the old princess put an end to his sufferings by getting up herself and advising Kitty to retire. But here again Levín did not get along without new suffering. Bidding the hostess good night, Vásenka again wanted to kiss her hand, but Kitty, blushing, with naïve rudeness, for which she was later reprimanded by her mother, said, turning away her hand:

"That is not customary with us."

In Levín's eyes she was to blame for having permitted such relations, and still more guilty for having shown so awkwardly that she did not like them.

"Who wants to go to sleep!" said Stepán Arkádevich, who, after the several glasses of wine imbibed at supper, had fallen into his exceedingly sweet and poetical mood. "Look there, Kitty!" he said, pointing at the moon which was rising behind the lindens. "How beautiful! Veslóvski, this is the time for a serenade. You know he has a charming voice, — we have been singing together on the way up. He has brought with him some exquisite romances, — two new ones. He ought to sing with Várvara Andréevna."

After all had scattered, Stepán Arkádevich for a long time kept walking with Veslóvski through the ave-

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nues, and their voices could be heard practising together a new romance.

Listening to these voices, Levín sat, with a scowl, in a chair in his wife's sleeping-room and kept stubborn silence to all her questions what the matter with him was; but when at last, she herself, smiling timidly, asked him, "Is there something that has displeased you in Veslóvski?" his fury broke loose in him, and he made a clean breast of everything; what he was telling her offended him, and so irritated him even more.

He was standing before her with eyes glistening terribly beneath scowling brows, and pressing his powerful arms against his breast, as though straining all his muscles in order to hold himself back. The expression of his face would have been surly and even cruel, if it had not at the same time expressed suffering, which touched her. His cheeks quivered, and his voice faltered.

"Understand me that I am not jealous: that is a despicable word. I cannot be jealous and believe that — I cannot say what I feel, but it is terrible — I am not jealous, but I am insulted, humiliated by the thought that a person dare think, dare look at you with such eyes —"

"With what eyes?" asked Kitty, trying in all sincerity to recall all the words and gestures of the evening, and all their shades of meaning.

In the depth of her heart she found that there had been something when he had followed her to the other end of the table, but she did not dare to acknowledge that fact to herself, and much less did she have the courage to tell him so and thus to increase his suffering.

"What attraction can I have for a person, when I am such as I am now?"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, grasping his head. "You had better not say anything! It means that if you were attractive —"

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"But no, Konstantín, wait, and listen to me!" she said, looking at him with an expression of suffering and of compassion. "What can you be thinking of? I tell you there are no men for me, there are none! Well, do you want me not to see anybody?"

At the first moment this jealousy was offensive to her; it annoyed her to hear that she was prohibited the least distraction, even of the most innocent character, but now she would gladly have sacrificed not only such trifles, but everything for his peace, in order to free him from the suffering which he was undergoing.

"You must understand the terror and comicalness of my situation," he continued, in a desperate whisper, "for he is in my house and has really done nothing improper except for that volubility of his and his way of tucking up his legs. He regards it as the best kind of manners, and so I have to be amiable to him."

"But, Konstantín, you exaggerate," said Kitty, in the depth of her heart rejoicing at that power of that love for her, which was now expressed in his jealousy.

"Most terrible of all is the fact that you are just the same as ever, and now that you are such a holiness to me, and we are so happy, so uncommonly happy, and suddenly that scamp — No, not a scamp, — why should I call him names? I have no business with him. But your happiness, and mine?"

"Do you know, I understand what has caused it all," began Kitty.

"What? What?"

"I saw you looking at us as we were talking at supper."

"Well, yes, yes!" Levín said, in fright.

She told him what they had been talking about. As she was telling him this, she was breathless with excitement. Levín kept silence, then gazed at her frightened face, and suddenly grasped his head.

"Kátya, I have worn you out! Darling, forgive me!

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It is madness! Kátya, I am to blame for it all. How could I have allowed myself to be tormented so by such a trifle?"

"Really, I am sorry for you."

"For me? For me? What am I? A madman! And what about you? It is terrible to think that any stranger may destroy our happiness."

"Of course that is offensive."

"No, on the contrary, I will purposely invite him to stay the whole summer with us, and will lose myself in civilities," said Levín, kissing her hand. "You shall see! To-morrow — Yes, it is true, we shall go to-morrow."

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VIII.

On the following day, the ladies were still asleep, when the hunters' vehicles, a line carriage and a cart, were already standing in front of the house, and Láska, who had made up her mind early in the morning that they were going out to hunt, and who had whimpered and jumped about all she cared to, was sitting in the line carriage near the coachman, in agitation and disapprobation of the delay, looking at the door, from which the hunters were so late in coming. First came Vásenka Veslóvski, in tall hunter's boots, which reached up to the middle of his stout thigh, in a green blouse girded by a new pouch belt that smelled of the leather, and in his Scotch cap with the ribbons, and with a new English gun without strap or strap rings. Láska leaped toward him, greeted him, and, jumping up, asked him in her own way how soon it would be before they would be out, and, receiving no reply from him, returned to her post of waiting, and again lay motionless, twisting her head sidewise, and pricking one of her ears. Finally the door opened with a clatter, and out flew, circling and whirling in the air, Krak, Stepán Arkádevich's yellow, spotted pointer, and came Stepán Arkádevich himself with a gun in his hands and a cigar in his mouth. "Quiet, quiet, Krak!" he called out gently to the dog, who was throwing up his paws on his abdomen and chest, and clutching at the game-bag. Stepán Arkádevich wore peasant leggings, a ragged pair of trousers, and a short overcoat. On his head he had a ruin of a hat, but the

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gun was of the latest design and a joy to look at, and his game-bag and pouch, though worn, were of the best make.

Vásenka Veslóvski had never before known what real hunter's dandyism was, — to be dressed in rags, and have the hunter's appliances of the best quality. He now understood it as he looked at Stepán Arkádevich, who, in his tatters, beamed with his elegant, well-fed, merry figure of a gentleman, and he decided that he would by all means fix himself that way for his next chase.

"Well, and our host?" he asked.

"A young wife," Stepán Arkádevich said, smiling.

"Yes, and such a charming wife!"

"He was dressed. No doubt he has run back to her."

Stepán Arkádevich guessed it rightly. Levín had run back to his wife, to ask her once more whether she had forgiven him his stupidity of the day before and to beg her, for Christ's sake, to be as careful as possible. The main thing was to keep away as far as possible from the children, — they might push her. Besides, he had to get from her once more the confirmation of the fact that she was not angry with him for leaving her for two days, and again to ask her to be sure and send him a note in the morning by a rider, — to write him just two words, so that he might know that she was well.

It pained Kitty, as it always did, to be separated from her husband for two days; but, when she saw his animated figure, which appeared uncommonly large in his hunter's boots and white blouse, and a certain gleam of a hunter's excitement, so incomprehensible to her, she rejoiced with him and forgot her grief and merrily bid him good-bye.

"Pardon me, gentlemen!" he said, running out on the porch. "Have they put in the lunch? Why did you put the chestnut one on the right? Well, let it be. Láska, stop, go and take your place!"

"Put them with the heifers!" he turned to the cattle-

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tender, who was waiting at the porch to receive his orders about the steers. "Excuse me, here comes another rascal."

Levín jumped down from the carriage, in which he was already seated, and went up to the contractor, who was coming toward the porch with a measure in his hand.

"You did not go to the office yesterday, and now you are keeping me back. What is it?"

"Permit me to make another turn. Just to add three steps. We will strike it just right. It will be much more comfortable."

"You had better listen to what I have to say," Levín replied, angrily. "I told you to put up the string-boards first, and then to cut out the steps. You can't fix it now. Do as I tell you: make a new staircase!"

The point was that in a wing which was going up the carpenter had ruined a staircase, having made it separately, without considering the elevation, so that the steps all turned out to be slanting when the staircase was put in place. Now the carpenter wanted to leave the staircase as it was and merely add three steps to them.

"It will be much better."

"Where will it come out with those three additional steps?"

"If you please, sir," the carpenter said, with a contemptuous smile, "it will be just the thing. So to speak, it will be picked up from underneath," he said, with a convincing gesture, "and it will go and go and get there."

"But the three steps will add to the length, — so where will it all come to?"

"As it will be lifted from underneath, it will come out all right," the carpenter said, stubbornly and convincingly.

"It will abut against the ceiling and against the wall."

"Excuse me, sir. It will come up from below. It will go and go and get there."

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Levín took out the ramrod and began to draw the staircase in the dust.

"Well, do you see?"

"As you please," said the carpenter, with beaming eyes, at last understanding the matter. "Evidently I shall have to make a new staircase."

"That's it: do as you are ordered," called out Levín, seating himself in the carriage. "Go! Hold the dogs, Filípp!"

Having left all his domestic and farm cares behind him, Levín now experienced such a strong sensation of the joy of life and of expectancy, that he did not feel like talking. Besides, he experienced that feeling of concentrated agitation, which is experienced by every hunter as he approaches the place of action. If anything interested him at all, it was the questions about whether they would find anything in the Kólpen swamp, about how Láska would show up in comparison with Krak, and about what luck in shooting he would have to-day. How he might avoid making a bad showing before a new man, and how he might prevent Oblónski from beating him in shooting, also passed through his mind.

Oblónski was experiencing a similar feeling and was himself incommunicative. Vásenka Veslóvski was the only one who never stopped talking. Now, listening to him, Levín felt ashamed of the injustice he had done him the night before. Vásenka was indeed a fine fellow, simple, good-natured, and jolly. If Levín had made his closer acquaintance when he was a bachelor, he would have become an intimate friend of his. What a little displeased Levín was his holiday relation to life and a certain nonchalance of elegance. It was as though he acknowledged his high, unquestionable importance for having long nails, and a cap, and everything else corresponding to it; but that was excusable in consideration of his good nature and decency. Levín liked him for his good education, his su-

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perb pronunciation of French and English, and for being a man of his world.

Vásenka took quite a liking to the Don steppe horse, which was on the left side. He kept admiring it. "What a joy it is to gallop through the steppe on a steppe horse. Eh? Is it not so?" he said. He imagined something wild and poetical in that ride on a steppe horse, in which there was really nothing; but his naïveté, especially in conjunction with his handsome appearance, sweet smile, and grace of motions, was very attractive. Whether it was that his nature was sympathetic to Levín, or because Levín, to atone for the sin of the previous night, tried to find everything good in him, Levín was happy in his company.

When they had driven about three versts, Veslóvski suddenly thought of his cigars and his pocketbook, and could not tell whether he had lost them, or had left them on the table. The pocketbook contained 370 roubles, and so it could not be left that way.

"You know, Levín, I will ride back on this Don off horse. That will be fine. Eh?" he said, getting ready to mount it.

"No, why should you?" replied Levín, who calculated that Vásenka weighed probably not less than two hundred pounds. "I will send the coachman."

The coachman rode back on the off horse, and Levín himself attended to the span that was left.

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IX.

"WELL, what is our route? Do tell us," said Stepán Arkádevich.

"The plan is as follows: now we are going as far as Gvózdevo. In Gvózdevo, on this side of it, there is a double-snipe bog, and beyond Gvózdevo there are superb woodcock bogs, and there are snipes there too. Now it is hot, and we shall get there in the evening (twenty versts) and will hunt in the evening; we shall stay overnight, and to-morrow we will make the large bogs."

"And is there nothing on the way?"

"There is; but we shall only lose time, and it is hot. There are two fine little places, but there is hardly anything there."

Levín himself was anxious to go to those little places, but they were near to the house, and he could take them any time; besides, there would not be enough there for three men to shoot. And so he was not frank, when he said that there was hardly anything there. As they reached a small bog, Levín wanted to drive on, but Stepán Arkádevich, with the look of an experienced hunter, immediately descried the swale, which was visible from the road.

"Had we not better stop here?" he said, pointing to the swamp.

"Levín, please! How nice it is!" Vásenka Veslóvski began to implore him, and Levín could not help but consent.

They had not yet had time to stop when the dogs,

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racing against each other, were already making for the swamp.

"Krak! Láska!"

The dogs returned.

"It will be too small for three. I will stay here," said Levín, hoping that they would not find anything but plovers, which rose at the approach of the dogs and, rolling in their flight, cried pitifully over the bog.

"Do come with us, Levín! Let us go together," Veslóvski called out to him.

"Really, it is too small. Láska, back! Láska! You do not need the two dogs, do you?"

Levín remained at the line carriage, looking enviously at the hunters. There was nothing in that swamp but a hen and some plovers, of which Vásenka killed one.

"You see yourselves that I was not trying to save the swamp," said Levín. "It is only loss of time."

"It is fun all the same. Did you see it?" said Vásenka Veslóvski, awkwardly climbing into the carriage, with his gun and the plover in his hands. "How nicely I killed it! Don't you think so? Well, how soon shall we get to the real place?"

The horses gave a sudden start, and Levín hit his head against the barrel of somebody's gun, and a shot was heard. So it seemed to Levín, but the gun was discharged first. The trouble was that Vásenka Veslóvski, who was uncocking his gun, was pressing against one trigger and letting down the other cock. The shot went into the ground, doing no harm to any one. Stepán Arkádevich shook his head and laughed reproachfully at Veslóvski. But Levín did not have the heart to reprimand him. In the first place, every rebuke would have appeared to be provoked by the danger which had just been passed, and by the bump, which had made its appearance on Levín's brow; secondly, Veslóvski was so naïvely chagrined at first, and later laughed so good-naturedly and fascinatingly

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at the general commotion, that he could not help laughing himself.

When they reached the second swamp, which was fairly large and would have taken much time, Levín tried to persuade them not to get out. But Veslóvski again implored him to let them go. This time again, as the swamp was narrow, Levín, as a hospitable host, stayed with the vehicles.

The moment they started out, Krak made for the knolls. Vásenka Veslóvski was the first to run after the dog. Before Stepán Arkádevich had come up, a snipe flew up, Veslóvski missed it, and the snipe alighted in the unmowed field. Veslóvski was allowed to fetch that snipe. Krak found it again, and Veslóvski killed it, and came back to the vehicles.

"You go now, and I will stay with the horses," he said.

A hunter's envy was now beginning to work in Levín. He turned the lines over to Veslóvski, and went into the swamp.

Láska, who had been pitifully whining and complaining of the injustice, bore forward to the promising tufty place, which Levín was familiar with, and into which Krak had not yet gone.

"Why don't you stop her?" shouted Stepán Arkádevich.

"She will not scare them up," replied Levín, looking joyfully at the dog, and hastening after her.

The nearer Láska, in her search, came to the familiar knolls, the more and more serious did she get. A small swamp bird distracted her attention for but a moment. She made a circle in front of the knolls, began a second, and suddenly shivered and stopped stark-still.

"Go, go, Stíva!" exclaimed Levín, feeling his heart beat more strongly, and suddenly it was as though a latch had been lifted in his strained ear, and all the sounds, having lost the proportion of distance, began to startle

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him in a disorderly, but distinct manner. He heard the tread of Stepán Arkádevich's steps, taking them to be the distant tramp of horses, heard the gristly sound produced by the breaking of a corner of the rooty knolls on which he was stepping, mistaking this sound for the flight of a snipe. He also heard not far behind him a splashing in the water, of which he could not give himself any account.

Choosing a spot for his foot, he moved up toward the dog.

"Go!"

It was not a snipe, but a woodcock, that the dog scared up. Levín raised his gun, but just as he was aiming that sound of splashing in the water was increased and came nearer, and to it was added the sound of Veslóvski's voice shouting something in a strange and loud manner. Levín saw that he was aiming too far behind the woodcock, but nevertheless fired.

When he convinced himself that he had missed the bird, he turned back and saw that the horses with the carriage were no longer on the road, but in the swamp. Wishing to see the shooting, Veslóvski had driven the horses into the swamp, from which he could not extricate them.

"What the devil brought him here?" Levín muttered, returning to the stalled vehicle. "Why did you drive here?" he said dryly to Veslóvski. Calling up the coachman, he began to take out the horses.

Levín was annoyed because he was being bothered, during his shooting, and because the horses were stalled, but more particularly, because neither Stepán Arkádevich nor Veslóvski, who had not the slightest idea about the harness, helped him to unhitch the horses and get them out. He did not reply to Vásenka's assurances that it was quite dry there, but kept working with the coachman to get the horses out. But later, when he warmed up to the work and saw with what zeal Veslóvski was tugging at

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the wing of the vehicle, so that he even pulled it off, he reproached himself because, under the influence of his feeling of the day before, he was too cold to Veslóvski, and so he tried to atone for his brusqueness by being unusually amiable to him. When everything was straightened out and the vehicles were brought back to the road, Levín ordered the lunch to be taken out.

"*Bon appetit — bonne conscience! Ce poulet va tomber jusqu'au fond de mes bottes,*" Veslóvski, who had again cheered up, quoted the French saying, as he was finishing his second pullet. "Now our calamities are over; now everything will go well. Only, as a punishment for what I have done, I shall have to sit on the box. Am I right? Eh? No, no, I am Automedon. You will see how I shall drive you!" he said, without letting the lines out of his hands, when Levín asked him to turn them over to the coachman. "No, I must expiate my guilt, and I am quite comfortable on the box." And he drove on.

Levín was rather afraid that he would wear out the horses, especially the left chestnut, whom he did not know how to manage; but he involuntarily submitted to his merriment, and listened to the romances which he, sitting on the box, kept singing all the way up, or to the stories and the mimic representations of how one must drive in English fashion, four-in-hand; and after their breakfast they reached the Gvózdevo bog in the happiest frame of mind.

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X.

VÁSENKA had been driving the horses so fast that they came to the bog too early, when it was still hot.

As they came near to the considerable bog, the chief aim of their journey, Levín involuntarily was thinking of how to get rid of Vásenka and walk off undisturbed. Stepán Arkádevich evidently had the same desire, and on his face Levín saw the expression of anxiety, which a real hunter always has before the beginning of a chase, and of a certain good-natured cunning, which was characteristic of him.

"How are we going to walk? The bog is fine, I see, and there are some hawks here," said Stepán Arkádevich, pointing to two large birds that were circling above the reeds. "Where there are hawks, there certainly is also some game."

"Well, you see, gentlemen," said Levín, pulling up his boots with a slightly gloomy expression on his face, and examining the caps on his gun. "Do you see those reeds?" He pointed to a dark green island in an immense, wet, half-mowed meadow, on the right side of the river. "The bog begins here, directly in front of us, — you see where it looks green. From here it goes to the right, where the horses are walking; over there are the knolls, and snipes are there; then around this reed island as far as that elder-tree and the mill. Over there where the water is standing, — that is the best place. There I once killed seventeen woodcocks. We shall scatter in

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various directions with the two dogs, and shall meet again at the mill."

"Well, who goes to the right, and who to the left?" asked Stepán Arkádevich. "It is broader to the right, so you walk together, and I will go to the left," he said, apparently without any thought.

"Very well! We shall get ahead of him. Well, come, come, come!" broke in Vásenka.

Levín could not help but give his assent, and they separated.

The moment they entered the bog, both dogs began to scent and made for the moor. Levín knew what that cautious and indefinite search of Láska's meant; he knew also the spot, and was expecting a flock of woodcocks.

"Veslóvski, walk beside me, beside me!" he muttered, in trepidation, to his companion, who was splashing behind him, and the direction of whose gun, after the accidental discharge in the Kólpen swamp, instinctively interested Levín.

"No, I will not incommode you! Don't think of me!"

But Levín involuntarily thought of Kitty's words, as she had dismissed him, "Look out and don't shoot each other!" The dogs came nearer and nearer, passing each other, each of them on a separate scent; the expectancy was so great that the smacking of the heel, as it pulled out of a boggy place, appeared to Levín as the cry of a woodcock, and he grasped his gun and pressed the butt against him.

"Bang! Bang!" it resounded above his very ears. Vásenka had fired at a flock of ducks that were circling over the bog, and that had made their appearance unpropitiously for the hunters. Before Levín had a chance to look around, a woodcock whirred in the air, a second, a third, and eight more rose from the ground.

Stepán Arkádevich brought one down the very moment he was beginning on his zigzags, and the woodcock

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fell like a clump into the swamp. Oblónski leisurely trained his gun on a second, which was flying low toward the reeds, and, at the same time that the shot rang out, this woodcock, too, fell, and could be seen leaping out of the mowed reed-plot, flapping its unhurt wing, which was white at the lower surface.

Levín was not so fortunate: he aimed at the first woodcock at too close a range, and missed it; he aimed at it again as it was beginning to rise in the air, but just then another flew out from under his feet and distracted his attention, and he missed again.

While they were loading their guns, another woodcock rose, and Veslóvski, who had in the meantime loaded for the second time, fired two shots of small shot over the water. Stepán Arkádevich picked up his two woodcocks and looked at Levín with sparkling eyes.

"Now we shall separate," said Stepán Arkádevich. Limping a little with his left leg and holding his gun in readiness and whistling to his dog, he went to one side. Levín and Veslóvski went down the other side.

It was always the case with Levín that, if his first shots were not successful, he grew excited and angry, and shot badly all day long. It was so on that day. There turned up a large number of woodcocks. They kept rising all the time from under the dogs and from under the hunters' feet, and Levín might have improved; but, the more he shot, the more did he grow ashamed before Veslóvski, who merrily fired in time and out of time, without killing anything, or getting on that account embarrassed. Levín was hasty, did not hold out, grew more and more excited, and reached such a point that he lost all hope of hitting anything. It looked as though Láska understood that. She scented with less eagerness, and seemed to scan the hunters in perplexity and with reproach. Shot followed after shot. The powder smoke hovered above the hunters, but in the large, spacious net of the game-

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bag there were only three light little woodcocks. And of these one had been killed by Veslóvski, and one in common with him. In the meantime, on the other side of the bog, were heard Stepán Arkádevich's frequent and, as Levín thought, significant shots, after nearly each of which was heard, "Krak, Krak, retrieve!"

This agitated Levín still more. The woodcocks kept circling all the time above the reeds. The whirring on the ground and the croaking in the air could be heard incessantly on all sides; the woodcocks that had been scared up and were flying about alighted in front of the hunters. Instead of two hawks, dozens of them were circling with screeches above the bog. Having tramped through the greater half of the bog, Levín and Veslóvski came out at a spot where the peasant mowings, indicated in places by tramped down strips, and in others by mowed rows, abutted in long slips against the reeds. One-half of these slips were already mowed.

Though he could not hope to find as many birds on the unmowed plots as on the mowed ground, Levín had promised Stepán Arkádevich to meet him, and so he went with his companion over the mowed and the unmowed strips.

"Oh, there, hunters!" called out one of the peasants, who were sitting near an unhitched cart. "Come and take your midday meal with us! Drink some liquor!"

Levín looked around.

"Come, never mind!" shouted a jolly bearded peasant with a red beard, displaying his white teeth in a grin, and lifting up a shining greenish bottle in the sun.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'ils disent?*" asked Veslóvski.

"They are inviting us to drink vódka with them. No doubt they have been dividing up the meadows. I should like to take a drink," Levín said, not without some cunning, hoping that Veslóvski would be tempted by the vódka and would leave him.

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"Why do they treat us?"

"They are just having a good time. Truly, go to them, — it will be interesting for you."

"*Allons, c'est curieux.*"

"Go, go, you will find the road to the mill." Levín called out to him. He looked back and saw, to his delight, that Veslóvski, bending over and stumbling with his tired feet and holding his gun in his outstretched hand, was making his way out of the swamp and toward the peasants.

"You, too!" the peasant shouted to Levín. "Never mind! Take a bite of our white loaf!"

Levín wanted very much to drink some vódka and eat a piece of bread. He was weak with hunger and felt that he with difficulty pulled his tottering legs out of the bog, and for a moment he was in doubt. But his dog stopped. And immediately all his fatigue was gone, and he proceeded with ease through the bog. From under his feet rose a woodcock; he fired his gun and killed it, — but the dog continued to stand still. "Go!" Another rose from under the dog. Levín fired his gun. But it was an unlucky day; he missed and, when he went to recover the dead woodcock, he could not find it. He crawled through all the reeds, but Láska did not believe him that he had killed a bird, and when he sent her to retrieve, she pretended to be searching, though she did not search at all.

Even without Vásenka, whom Levín had accused of his failure, matters did not mend. Here, too, were many woodcocks, but Levín missed one after another.

The slanting sunbeams were still hot; his garments, which were wet through and through from the perspiration, stuck to his body; his left boot, which was full of water, was heavy and kept making a sucking sound; the perspiration came down in drops over his face, which was smeared over with the powder sediment; in his mouth

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there was a bitter taste, and in his nose the odour of gunpowder and of the stagnant pools, and in his ears the incessant smacking of the woodcocks; the barrels could not be touched, so hot were they; his heart palpitated in short, rapid beats; his hands trembled from excitement, and his tired legs stumbled and were tripped up over the tufts and in the boggy places. Finally, after a shameful miss, he threw the gun and his hat down on the ground.

"Really, I must come to my senses!" he said to himself. He picked up his gun and his hat, called Láska up to his feet, and went out of the bog. When he reached dry land, he sat down on a mound, took off his boots, emptied the water from one of them, then walked back to the swamp, drank from it some water with a rusty taste, wet the heated barrels, and washed his face and hands. When he was refreshed, he once more moved up toward the place where a woodcock had alighted, with the firm determination of keeping cool.

He wanted to be calm, but it was still the same. His finger pressed the trigger before he sighted the bird. Everything went worse and worse.

He had only five birds in his game-bag, when he left the bog and went up to the elder grove where he was to meet Stepán Arkádevich.

Before seeing Stepán Arkádevich himself, he espied his dog. Krak jumped out from under an upturned elder root. He was all black from the ill-smelling swamp ooze, and he sniffed at Láska with the look of a victor. Behind Krak, in the shade of the elder, appeared Stepán Arkádevich's stately figure. He was walking toward Levín, looking red, and perspiring, and with his collar all unbuttoned, limping a little as before.

"Well? You have been firing a lot!" he said, with a merry smile.

"And you?" asked Levín. But there was no need of asking, for he saw a full game-bag.

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"Not bad."

He had fourteen birds.

"A superb bog! Veslóvski, no doubt, was in your way. It is not very convenient for two persons to hunt with one dog," said Stepán Arkádevich to detract from his own triumph.

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XI.

When Levín and Stepán Arkádevich arrived at the hut of the peasant, with whom Levin was in the habit of stopping, Veslóvski was already there. He was sitting in the middle of the hut, and, with both hands holding on to a bench, from which a soldier, the hostess's brother, was pulling him down, while tugging at his ooze-covered boots, was laughing his infectious laughter.

"I have just come. *Ils ont été charmants.* Just think of it! They have fed me and have given me something to drink. What superb bread! *Delicieux!* And the vódka, — I have never drunk any that tasted better! And they would not take any money from me. They kept saying, 'Make no accounts,' or something like it."

"Why should they take the money? They were treating you, so to speak. You do not suppose that they are selling vódka?" said the soldier, having finally pulled off the wet boot with the blackened stocking.

In spite of the uncleanliness of the hut, which was soiled by the hunters' boots and by the dirty dogs that were licking themselves clean; in spite of the powder smoke with which they were permeated; and in spite of the absence of knives and forks, the hunters drank tea and ate their supper with gusto such as one has only after a hunt. Having washed and cleaned themselves, they went into the cleanly swept hay-barn where the coachmen had prepared beds for the gentlemen.

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Though it was getting dark, none of them felt like sleeping. After some wavering between reminiscences and stories about the shooting, the dogs, and former chases, — the conversation finally drifted to the theme in which all were interested. In response to Vásenka's frequently repeated expressions of delight at the charm of this manner of passing the night, at the charm of the broken cart (it appeared broken to him because it was taken off its front wheels), at the good nature of the peasants, who had filled him with vódka, at the dogs, which were lying each at the feet of its master, Oblónski told about the joy of hunting on Máltus's estate, where he had been the summer before. Máltus was a well-known railroad magnate. Stepán Arkádevich told of the bogs which this Máltus had bought up in the Government of Tver, of how they were preserved, of the carriages, — the dog-carts, — which had taken the hunters there, and of the lunch-tent which had been pitched near the very bog.

"I cannot understand," said Levín, raising himself on the hay, "how it is these people do not disgust you. I understand that a lunch with Lafitte is very agreeable, but are you not disgusted with precisely that kind of luxury? All these people, like our former monopolists, make money in such a manner that they earn the contempt of everybody, and pay no attention to this contempt, but later with their dishonest gains wipe out the former contempt."

"Quite true!" broke in Vásenka Veslóvski. "Quite true! Of course, Oblónski does it from *bonhomie*, but others say, 'Oblónski goes to see him' — "

"Not at all," Levín saw that Oblónski was smiling while saying this. "I simply do not consider him more dishonest than any rich merchant or nobleman. All of them have earned their wealth by labour and cleverness."

"Yes, but by what labour? Do you call it labour to get a concession and sell it to somebody else?"

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"Of course it is. It is labour because if it were not for him, or others like them, we should not have any railways."

"But it is not the same kind of labour as that of a peasant or a scholar."

"Granted, but it still is labour in consideration of the fact that his activity gives results, — railways. But you find that the railways are useless."

"No, that is a different question; I am willing to concede that they are useful. But every acquisition which is not proportionate to the labour employed is dishonest."

"But who will determine the proportion?"

"The acquisition by dishonest labour, by cunning," said Levín, feeling that he was unable clearly to determine the line between what was honest and what dishonest. "Like the acquisition of the banking-houses," he continued. "It is an evil, — this acquisition of enormous fortunes without labour, just as was the case with the monopolies, only the form is changed. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* No sooner have the monopolies been abolished, than the railways and banks have made their appearance: it is again acquisition of wealth without labour."

"Yes, that may all be true and ingenious — Down, Krak!" Stepán Arkádevich shouted to his dog, who was scratching himself and turning over all the hay. He was evidently convinced of the justice of his theme, and so spoke calmly and leisurely. "But you have not determined the line between honest and dishonest labour. Is it dishonesty for me to receive a greater salary than my manager gets, though he knows the business better than I?"

"I do not know."

"Well, then I will tell you: your getting for your labour in the farm, say, five thousand roubles of surplus, while our independent peasant gets no more than fifty, no

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matter how much he works, is just as dishonest as my getting more than my manager, and as Máltus's getting more than a yardmaster. On the contrary, I see a certain inimical, unfounded sentiment in this relation of society to these men, and it seems to me that envy — "

"No, that is not so," said Veslóvski. "There can be no envy in it, but there is something dirty in this whole matter."

"Pardon me," continued Levín, "you say that it is unjust for me to get five thousand, while a peasant gets only fifty: that is true. It is unjust, and I feel it, but — "

"That is really so. Why do we eat, drink, hunt, do nothing, while he is eternally working?" said Vásenka Veslóvski, who evidently thought of it now for the first time, and so said it quite sincerely.

"Yes, you feel it, but you do not give him your estate," said Stepán Arkádevich, as though on purpose, in order to tease Levín.

Of late a secret, hostile relation had established itself between the two brothers-in-law, as though, since their having married sisters, a rivalry had arisen between them as to who had arranged his life better, and now this hostility found its expression in the conversation which was beginning to assume a personal shade.

"I am not giving it up because no one demands it of me; and if even I wanted to give away, I could not do so," replied Levín, "and there is nobody to give it to."

"Give it to that peasant, — he will not refuse it."

"Yes, but how shall I give it to him? Shall I go and make out a bill of sale to him?"

"I do not know; but if you are convinced, you have no right — "

"I am not at all convinced. On the contrary, I feel that I have no right to give it away, and that I have duties to the land and to my family."

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"Excuse me: if you regard this inequality as unjust, why do you not act accordingly?"

"I do, but only negatively, in the sense that I will not try to increase that difference of position, which exists between him and me."

"You must pardon me, but that is a paradox."

"It is rather a piece of sophistry," Veslóvski confirmed him. "Oh, landlord!" he said to the peasant who, making the door creak, entered the barn. "Aren't you asleep yet?"

"What sleep! I was thinking that the gentlemen were sleeping, and there I heard them talk. I have to fetch a sickle from here. Won't she bite?" he added, stepping carefully with his bare feet.

"Where will you sleep?"

"We are going out to watch the horses."

"Oh, what a night!" said Veslóvski, who was looking, through the large frame of the open door, at the edge of the hut and of the unhitched line carriage. "Listen. some women are singing, and truly it is not bad. Who is singing there, landlord?"

"The manorial girls, near by."

"Come, let us take a walk! We won't fall asleep, anyway. Oblónski, come!"

"How nice it would be if I could remain lying and go at the same time," Oblónski replied, stretching himself. "It is fine to lie down."

"Well, I will go by myself," Veslóvski said, getting up with a start, and putting on his boots. "If it is jolly, I will come after you. You have treated me to venison and I will not forget you."

"He is a fine fellow, — don't you think so?" said Oblónski, after Veslóvski had left and the peasant had shut the door after him.

"Yes, a fine fellow," replied Levín, continuing to think of the subject of their recent conversation. It seemed to

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him that he had expressed his ideas and feelings as clearly as possible, and yet both of them, intelligent and sincere men, said that he consoled himself with sophistry. That made him dejected.

"Yes, yes, my friend. One or the other: either you acknowledge that the present social order is just, and then you defend your rights, or else you acknowledge that you are enjoying unjust privileges, just as I am doing, and you enjoy them with pleasure."

"No, if it were unjust, you would not be able to enjoy those privileges, at least I would not be able to. For me it is most important to feel that I am not guilty."

"Well, what do you think, had we not better go?" said Stepán Arkádevich, who evidently was getting tired of that mental strain. "We shall not fall asleep anyway. Truly, let us go!"

Levín made no reply. The remark which he had dropped during his conversation, which was that he acted justly only in a negative sense, interested him. "Is it possible that one can be just only in a negative sense?" he asked himself.

"How strong the fresh hay smells!" said Stepán Arkádevich, raising himself a little. "I sha'n't fall asleep at all. Vásenka is up to something there. Do you hear the laughter and his voice? Had we not better go? Come."

"No, I will not go," replied Levín.

"Are you doing this, too, from principle?" Stepán Arkádevich said, smiling and looking in the dark for his cap.

"Not from principle, but why should I go?"

"You know you will have trouble yet," said Stepán Arkádevich, having found his cap, and getting up.

"Why?"

"Don't I see how you are placing yourself before your wife? I heard how it was a question of prime impor-

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tance with you whether you could go away for two days on a hunt, or not. All that is very nice as an idyl, but it will not last for a lifetime. A man must be independent, — he has his male interests. A man must be manly," said Oblónski, opening the door.

"That is, you mean, to go and court manorial girls?" asked Levín.

"Why not, if it is jolly? *Ça ne tire pas à conséquence.* My wife will not be the worse for it. Above all, keep the sanctity of your house! Let there be nothing in your house! But don't let your hands be tied!"

"Perhaps," Levín said, dryly, turning around on his side. "To-morrow we have to go early, and I will not wake anybody, but will start out at daybreak."

"*Messieurs, venez vite!*" was heard the voice of Veslóvski, who had returned. "*Charmante!* I have discovered her. *Charmante!* A real Gretchen, and we are acquainted already. Really, she is exceedingly nice!" he was saying with an approving look, as though she were made so pretty for his especial benefit and he were satisfied with the one who had prepared her for him.

Levín pretended to be asleep, and Oblónski put on his slippers, lighted a cigar, and left the barn, and soon their voices died down entirely.

Levín could not sleep for a long time. He heard his horses chewing the hay, then the peasant and his eldest son getting ready and going away to watch the horses; then he heard the soldier lying down to sleep in another part of the barn with his nephew, the peasant's young son; he heard the boy in a thin voice communicating to his uncle his impression about the dogs, who appeared to him enormous and terrible; and the boy asking him whom these dogs were going to catch, and the soldier answering him in a hoarse and sleepy voice that on the morrow the hunters would take them to the swamp and would fire off their guns, and his saying later, in order to

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get rid of the boy's questions, "Sleep, Váska, sleep, or look out!" Then he began to snort, and everything became quiet; all that could be heard was the neighing of the horses and the croaking of the woodcocks. "Only negatively?" he thought. "What of it? It is not my fault." And he began to think of the next day.

"I will go early in the morning, and I promise myself not to get excited. There is a mass of woodcocks here. And there are some snipes. When I come back I shall find a note from Kitty. Yes, Stíva is probably right: I am not manly with her, I have become too much of a woman — But what is to be done? Again negatively!" Through his sleep he heard Stepán Arkádevich's and Veslóvski's conversation. He opened his eyes for a moment; the moon had risen, and they stood talking at the open door, brightly illuminated by the moonlight. Stepán Arkádevich was saying something about the freshness of the girl, comparing her with a newly opened hazelnut, and Veslóvski, laughing his infectious laugh, was repeating the words, which apparently a peasant had told him, "Strive after yours as much as you can!"

Levín muttered through his sleep:

"Gentlemen, to-morrow at daybreak!" and he fell asleep.

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XII.

When Levín awoke at early dawn, he tried to wake his companions. Vásenka was lying on his belly and, stretching out one of his stockinged feet, slept so soundly that it was impossible to get any reply from him. Oblónski, half-asleep, declined to go so early. Even Láska, who, rolled up in a ring, was sleeping at the edge of the hay, got up reluctantly, and indolently, one after another, stretched and spread her hind legs. Levín put on his boots and took his gun, and, cautiously opening the squeaky barn door, went out into the open. The coachmen were sleeping near the vehicles; the horses were drowsing. Only one of them was lazily eating oats, scattering them with its muzzle in the trough. The light was still gray.

"Why did you get up so early, my dear one?" the hostess, who came out of the hut, said to him in a friendly tone, as to a good, old acquaintance.

"To go out hunting, aunty. Can I get through here to the swamp?"

"By the back way, past our threshing-floors, dear man, and over the hemp slips; there is a path there."

Walking carefully with her sunburnt bare feet, the old woman accompanied Levín and threw back the gate at the threshing-floor.

"Through here you will stalk straight into the swamp. Our boys drove there last night."

Láska ran merrily ahead on the path; Levín followed her with rapid, light steps, looking all the time at the sky. He did not want the sun to get up before he

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reached the bog. But the sun was not tardy. The moon, which had been shining, as the sun was rising, now gleamed only like a piece of quicksilver; the morning star, which one could not help seeing before, now had to be searched for; what before were indefinite spots on the distant field now were clearly visible. Those were the rye-ricks. The dew in the tall fragrant hemp, from which the sterile stalks had been removed, was invisible in the dim light and drenched Levín's feet and blouse above his belt. In the transparent stillness of the morning could be heard the minutest sounds. A bee flew past Levín's ear, like the whistling of a bullet. He looked at it, and saw a second and a third. They were all flying out from a bee-keeper's yard, and over the hemp-field disappeared in the direction of the bog.

The path led directly to the swamp. The swamp could be told by the evaporations which rose from it more or less densely, so that the reeds and the willow bushes swayed in this mist like little islands. At the edge of the swamp and of the road were lying boys and peasants, who had been watching the herd at night, and were now at daybreak sleeping under their caftans. Near by three hobbled horses were walking around. One of these produced a grating sound with its iron fetters. Láska walked beside her master, begging to be let go ahead, and looking around. After passing the sleeping peasants and reaching the first swampy spot, Levín examined the caps and let his dog go. One of the horses, a well-fed dun three-year-old colt, shied at the sight of the dog and, raising its tail, snorted. The other horses, too, were frightened and, splashing in the water with their hobbled feet, and producing a clapping sound with their hoofs as they pulled them out of the sticky clay, began to jump about in the swamp. Láska stopped, looking sarcastically at the horses and interrogatively at Levín. Levín patted Láska and whistled as a sign that she might begin.

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Láska ran merrily and anxiously over the bog, which sagged beneath her feet.

After running into the swamp, Láska immediately scented, amidst the familiar odours of roots, swamp plants, chalybeate water, and the strange odour of horse dung, the odour of those birds, those most strongly scented birds, which was disseminated throughout the place, and which agitated her most. Here and there, among the moss and swamp sage, the scent was particularly strong, but it was not possible to determine in what direction it grew stronger, or weaker. To find the direction, it was necessary to go farther under the wind. Without feeling the motion of her feet, Láska in a strained gallop, so that at any leap she might stop, if the necessity for it should arise, ran to the right, away from the early breeze which was blowing from the east, and turned to the wind. Inhaling the air with her dilated nostrils, she felt at once that before her were not only the traces, but *they* themselves, and not merely one, but many. Láska checked the rapidity of her motion. They were there, but she could not yet decide where. To find that place, she began to circle, when suddenly her master's voice diverted her attention. "Láska, here!" he said, pointing to the other side. She stopped, asking him whether it would not be better to do what she was about. But he repeated the command in an angry voice, pointing to a tufty place under water, where there could not be anything. She obeyed him, pretending to be on the trail, in order to give him pleasure, ran through all the knolls, and returned to her former place, where she scented them again. Now that he was not disturbing her, she knew what to do and, without looking underfoot, and angrily stumbling over the high knolls and falling into the water, but immediately getting up again on her strong, flexible legs, she began the circle, which was to explain everything to her.

Their scent struck her more and more strongly, and

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more and more definitely, and it suddenly became clear to her that one of them was there, behind that knoll, within five steps of her; and she stopped stark-still. On her low legs she could see nothing ahead of her, but she knew by the scent that he was not more than five feet away. She stood there, scenting the bird more and more, and enjoying her expectation. Her strained tail was stretched out and shook only at its very end. Her mouth was feebly opened, her ears pricked. One of her ears had turned in a little while running, and she breathed heavily but cautiously, and more cautiously still looked back at her master, not so much with her head, as with her eyes. He, with his familiar face, but always terrible eyes, was stumbling over the knolls, walking with unusual slowness, as she thought, though in reality he was running fast.

When Levín observed that peculiar search of Láska's, during which she almost bent down to the ground and with her hind legs seemed to be making long strides, and slightly opened her mouth, he knew that she was scenting snipes, and so he inwardly prayed to have success, especially with the first bird, and ran up to her. When he came in touch with her, he began to look ahead of him from his height, and saw with his eyes what she perceived with her nose. In a lane between the knolls, at the distance of one fathom, could be seen a snipe. It had its head turned and was listening. Then it barely opened and again folded its wings and, with an awkward twist of its back, disappeared around a corner.

"Go, go!" exclaimed Levín, pushing Láska in her back.

"But I cannot go," thought Láska. "Where shall I go? From here I scent them, but if I move ahead, I shall not make out where they are or what they are." But he pushed her with his knee and kept saying in an agitated whisper, "Go, Láska, go!"

"Well, if he wants it, I will do so, but now I am no

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longer responsible for myself," she thought, darting at the fastest gallop between the knolls. She no longer scented anything, and only saw and heard, without understanding a thing.

Within ten paces of the former spot, a snipe rose, with its deep craking and with the peculiar hollow sound of its wings. Immediately after the shot was fired, it flapped heavily with its white breast against the wet ground. Another, without waiting for the dog, rose behind Levín.

When Levín turned around for it, it was a distance away. But the shot fetched it. The second snipe flew about twenty paces, rose straight up in the air and, rolling over and over, like a ball which is thrown up, fell heavily on a dry spot.

"This will be business!" thought Levín, putting into his game-bag the warm, fat double-snipes. "Eh, Láska, will it be business?"

When Levín reloaded his gun and moved on, the sun, though still invisible behind little clouds, had already risen. The moon had lost all its splendour and shone white in the sky, like a cloudlet; not one star could be seen now. The puddles, which before had looked silvery in the dew, now appeared golden. The chalybeate pools were of the colour of amber. The grass, bluish before, assumed a yellowish green hue. The swamp birds were bustling near the brook in the bushes which gleamed with their dew and cast long shadows. A hawk was awake, sitting on a rick, shaking its head from side to side, and looking discontentedly at the bog. The jackdaws were flying in the field, and a barefoot boy was already driving the horses up to the old man, who was getting up from underneath his caftan, and scratching himself. The smoke from the shots lay milk-white on the verdure of the grass.

One of the boys came running up to Levín.

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"Uncle, there were ducks here yesterday!" he shouted to him, following him from a distance.

And it gave Levín double pleasure to kill one after another three woodcocks, in the presence of that boy.

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XIII.

THE hunter's sign that if the first game has not been missed, the chase will be propitious, proved true.

Tired, hungry, happy, Levín at about ten o'clock in the morning, after having walked something like thirty versts, returned to his quarters, with nineteen small birds and one duck, which he stuck in his belt, as it could not be crammed into the game-bag. His companions had been up for a long time and, feeling hungry, had had their breakfast.

"Wait, wait, I know that there are nineteen," said Levín, for the second time counting the woodcocks and snipes, which no longer had the same significance as when they first flew up, and which now were twisted and dried up, with clotted blood and heads turned sidewise.

The count was correct, and Stepán Arkádevich's envy gave Levín pleasure. Another thing that gave him pleasure was that upon returning to the quarters he found the messenger which Kitty had sent to him with a note.

"I am quite well and happy. If you are worried about me you may be even more at your ease than ever. I have a new body-guard, Márya Vlásevna" (that was the midwife, — a new, important person in Levín's domestic life). "She came to see how I am. Found me quite well, and we have kept her until your return. All are happy and well, and don't you hurry back, but, if the hunting is good, stay another day."

These two joys, the successful hunt and the note from his wife, were so great that two small unpleasant

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incidents, which occurred after the hunt, passed lightly for Levín. One of these was that the chestnut off horse, which had evidently been overworked the day before, was not eating anything and looked gloomy. The coachman said that it was overstrained.

"The horse was driven too hard yesterday, Konstantín Dmítrievich," he said. "Why, we drove ten versts across fields!"

The other unpleasantness, which at first impaired his happy frame of mind, but over which he later laughed a great deal, was that of all the provisions, of which, it had seemed, Kitty had given them a sufficiency to last for a whole week, nothing was left. As Levín was returning home weary and hungry, he dreamed so definitely about the patties, that, upon approaching the hut, he smelled them and tasted them in his mouth, just as Láska scented the game, and immediately ordered Filípp to give him some. It turned out that all the patties, and even all the chickens, were gone.

"What an appetite!" Stepán Arkádevich said, smiling, pointing to Vásenka Veslóvski. "I myself am not suffering from a lack of appetite, but his is marvellous —"

"What is to be done?" said Levín, looking gloomily at Veslóvski. "Filípp, let me have some beef!"

"The beef has all been eaten up, and the bones were given to the dogs," replied Filípp.

Levín was so annoyed that he said in anger:

"If they had only left me something!" and he felt like crying.

"Draw a few birds," he said in a trembling voice to Filípp, trying not to look at Vásenka, "and put on some nettles. And ask them to let me have some milk."

Only after he had had his fill of milk did he become ashamed of having shown such temper to a stranger, and begin to laugh at his rage of hunger.

In the evening they went out again, and Veslóvski

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killed a number of birds, and in the night they returned home.

On the way back they were as jolly as they had been coming out. Veslóvski now sang, now joyfully recalled his experience with the peasants, who had treated him to vódka and had told him, "Make no accounts," and now spoke of the incident in the night with the hazelnuts and the manorial girls, and with the peasant, who asked him whether he was married, and, hearing that he was not, said, "Don't ogle other men's wives, but try as hard as you can to get one of your own!" These words amused Veslóvski more than anything else.

"I am, in general, exceedingly pleased with our journey. And you, Levín?"

"I am very well satisfied," Levín said, sincerely. It gave him especial pleasure not to feel that enmity which he had experienced at home against Vásenka Veslóvski, but, on the contrary, to be most amicably disposed to him.

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XIV.

On the following day, at ten o'clock, Levín after having made the round of his farm, knocked at the door of the room in which Vásenka had been sleeping.

"*Entrez*," Veslóvski called out to him. "You will pardon me, — I have just finished my ablutions," he said with a smile, standing before him in his underwear.

"Please, don't feel embarrassed!" Levín seated himself at the window. "Did you sleep well?"

"Like one dead. And what kind of a day is this for hunting?"

"What do you drink, tea or coffee?"

"Neither the one nor the other. I eat breakfast. I am really ashamed. The ladies, I suppose, are already up. It is nice to take a walk now. Show me your horses!"

After walking through the garden, visiting the stable, and even practising together on parallel bars, Levín returned home with his guest, and with him entered the drawing-room.

"We have had a fine hunt, and how many impressions!" said Veslóvski, walking over to Kitty, who was sitting at the samovár. "What a pity that ladies are deprived of that pleasure!"

"Well, he has to talk to the lady of the house!" Levín said to himself. He thought again that there was something in the smile, in that victorious expression, with which the guest turned to Kitty —

The princess, who was sitting at the other end of the

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table with Márya Vlásevna and Stepán Arkádevich, called up Levín and began to talk with him about moving to Moscow for Kitty's childbirth, and of preparing quarters there. Just as all the preparations for the wedding had been disagreeable to Levín, because by their pettiness they offended the grandeur of what was taking place, so he was now even more offended by the preparations for the coming childbirth, the time of which they seemed to be figuring out on their fingers. He had tried all the time not to listen to all that talk about the proper method of swaddling the future baby; he had tried to turn away so as not to see those mysterious endless crocheted strips, those linen triangles, to which Dolly ascribed a special significance, and so forth. The occasion of the birth of a son (he was convinced that it would be a son), which he was promised, but in which he nevertheless could not believe, — it seemed so extraordinary, — presented itself to him, on the one hand, as such an enormous and, therefore, impossible happiness, and, on the other, as such a mysterious event that this imaginary knowledge of what would happen, and the consequent preparations, as for something usual and foreseen by people, appeared to him provoking and debasing.

But the princess did not understand his feelings and interpreted that reluctance of his to think and speak as levity and indifference, and so gave him no rest. She commissioned Stepán Arkádevich to find quarters, and now called up Levín.

"I know nothing, princess. Do as you please," he said.

"It has to be decided when you will go to Moscow."

"Really, I do not know. I know that millions of children are born without Moscow and without doctors — why — "

"If so — "

"No, as Kitty wants it."

"We can't speak to Kitty about it. Do you want me

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to frighten her? This spring Natálya Golítsyn died as the result of having a poor accoucheur."

"As you say, so will I do," he said, gloomily.

The princess began to talk to him, but he was not listening to her. Though the conversation with the princess annoyed him, he became gloomy, not as the result of the conversation, but at what he saw at the samovár.

"No, that won't do," he thought, looking now and then at Vásenka, who was bending over to Kitty and talking to her with his pretty smile, and at Kitty herself, who was blushing and looked agitated.

There was something impure in Vásenka's pose, in his glance, in his smile. Levín even saw something impure in Kitty's pose and glance. And again the light went out in his eyes. Again, as yesterday, he suddenly, without any transition, felt himself cast down from the height of happiness, peace, dignity, into the abyss of despair, malice, and humiliation. Again everybody and everything was loathsome to him.

"Do just as you please, princess," he said again, looking around.

"The cap of Monomachos weighs heavily on the head!" Stepán Arkádevich said, jestingly, to him, apparently hinting not only at the conversation with the princess, but also at the cause of Levín's agitation, which he had observed. "How late you are to-day, Dolly!"

All rose to greet Dárya Aleksándrovna. Vásenka got up for but a moment and, with a lack of civility to the ladies, characteristic of the modern young men, barely bowed to her, and again continued his conversation and laughed at something.

"Másha has worn me out. She did not sleep well, and is dreadfully fussy to-day," said Dolly.

The conversation which Vásenka had struck up with Kitty was running on the subject of the day before, on

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Anna and on whether love could stand higher than the conditions of society. To Kitty this conversation was disagreeable, and she was agitated both by its contents and by the tone in which it was carried on, and especially because she knew how it would affect her husband. But she was too simple and innocent to know how to put a stop to this talk, or even how to conceal the external pleasure which was afforded to her by the evident attention paid her by this young man. She wanted to put an end to the conversation, but she did not know what to do. No matter what she might do, she knew, would be noticed by her husband, and everything would get a bad interpretation. And indeed, when she asked Dolly what the matter was with Másha, and Vásenka, waiting for this uninteresting conversation to come to an end, started to look with indifference at Dolly, that question appeared to Levín as an unnatural, contemptible ruse.

"Well, shall we go to-day after mushrooms?" asked Dolly.

"Let us go, please, and I will go with you," said Kitty, with a blush. She wanted to be polite to Vásenka and ask him whether he would go too, but did not put that question. "Where are you going, Konstantín?" she asked her husband with a guilty look, just as he was walking by her with determined steps. That guilty look confirmed all his suspicions.

"While I was away the machinist came, and I have not yet seen him," he said, without looking at Vásenka.

He went down-stairs, but had not yet left the cabinet when he heard the familiar footsteps of his wife, who was walking with heedless rapidity toward him.

"What is it?" he said to her, dryly. "We are busy."

"Excuse me," she turned to the German machinist, "I have to say a few words to my husband."

The German wanted to leave, but Levín said to him:

"Don't trouble yourself!"

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"The train goes at three?" asked the German. "I should not like to miss it."

Levín made no reply to him, and himself went out with his wife.

"Well, what have you to tell me?" he said, in French.

He was not looking at her face and did not wish to see that she in her position was trembling with her whole face and had a pitiful, crushed appearance.

"I — I want to say that it is impossible to live thus, that it is a torture —" she muttered.

"The people are in the buffet-room," he said, angrily. "Please make me no scenes!"

"Well, let us go there!"

They were standing in a passage-room. Kitty wanted to go into the neighbouring room, but there the English governess was teaching Tánya.

"Well, let us go into the garden!"

In the garden they met a peasant, who was cleaning a path. And, without thinking of the fact that the peasant saw her tearful and his agitated face, without thinking that they had the aspect of people who were escaping from some calamity, they walked ahead with rapid steps, feeling that they had to unburden their hearts and wake each other up, be left alone, and thus free themselves from the suffering which they were experiencing.

"It is impossible to live thus! It is a torment that I am suffering, and that you are suffering. What for?" she said, when at last they had reached a lonely bench, at the corner of a linden avenue.

"Tell me this much: was there in his tone anything indecent, impure, debasingly terrible?" he said, standing before her with his fist on his breast, in the same posture that he had taken up that night before her.

"There was," she said, with a trembling voice. "But, Konstantín, don't you see that I am not guilty? I wanted to assume such a tone ever since morning, but those peo-

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ple — Why did he come? How happy we were!" she said, choking with the sobs that convulsed her whole plump body.

The gardener saw, though nothing had been driving them and there was nothing to run away from, and though nothing particularly cheerful could have been found on the bench, — the gardener saw that they were returning home, past him, with pacified, beaming faces.

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XV.

AFTER taking his wife up-stairs, Levín went to Dolly's apartments. Dárya Aleksándrovna, for her part, was very much chagrined on that day. She was walking up and down in the room and talking angrily to the little girl who was standing in the corner and screaming.

"You will stand in the corner the whole day, and you will eat your dinner by yourself, and you won't be allowed to see a single doll, and I will not make you a new dress," she was saying, not knowing what other punishment to find for her.

"Yes, she is a bad girl!" she turned to Levín. "I wonder where she gets those nasty habits?"

"What has she done?" Levín asked, quite indifferently, for he wanted to consult her about his own affair, and was annoyed to have come at such an unpropitious time.

"She and Grísha went to pick raspberries and there — I cannot even tell you what she did there. You will be sorry for Miss Elliot a thousand times over. She does not look at anything, — a machine. *Figurez-vous que la petite—*"

And Dárya Aleksándrovich told him of Másha's crime.

"That does not prove anything; those are not at all bad habits, — it is simply naughtiness," Levín quieted her down.

"But you look out of sorts. What do you wish of me?" Dolly asked. "What is going on there?"

And in the tone of that question Levín heard that it

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would be easy for him to tell her what it was his intention to say to her.

"I was not there: I was alone with Kitty in the garden. We have had the second quarrel since — Stíva has been here."

Dolly looked at him with her intelligent, understanding eyes.

"Tell me, — your hand on your heart, — was there — not in Kitty, but in that gentleman, a tone which might be disagreeable, not disagreeable but terrible, insulting to a husband?"

"That is, how shall I tell you — Stand, stand in the corner!" she turned to Másha, who, observing a faint smile on her mother's face, had turned around a little. "The opinion of the world would be that he was behaving like all young men. *Il fait la cour à une jeune et jolie femme*, and a man of the world has only to be flattered by it."

"Yes, yes," Levín said, gloomily, "but did you notice it?"

"Not only I, but Stíva, too, has. He told me after tea: '*Je crois que* Veslóvski *fait un petit brin de cour à* Kitty.'"

"Very well, — now I am calm. I will drive him away," said Levín.

"What are you saying? Are you crazy?" Dolly exclaimed, in fright. "Konstantín, come to your senses!" she said, laughing. "Well, you may go to Fanny now," she said to Másha. "If you want me to, I will tell Stíva. He will take him away. We could say that you are expecting guests. He is altogether not in keeping with our house."

"No, no, I will myself — "

"But you will only quarrel?"

"Not at all. It will be so much fun for me," Levín said, with his eyes a-sparkle. "Pardon her, Dolly! She

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will not do it again," he said about the small criminal, who was not going to Fanny and stood irresolutely opposite her mother, looking stealthily at her and waiting to catch her glance.

Her mother looked at her. The girl burst out into tears, and buried her face in her mother's knees, and Dolly placed on her head her lean, tender hand.

"What have we, he and I, in common?" thought Levín, as he went away to find Veslóvski.

As he passed the antechamber, he ordered the carriage to be hitched to go to the station.

"A spring broke yesterday," replied the lackey.

"Then hitch up the tarantás, but be quick. Where is the guest?"

"He has gone to his room."

Levín found Vásenka just as he had taken out all his things from his portmanteau and, having spread out his romances, was putting on his gaiters, in order to go out riding.

Whether there was something peculiar in Levín's face, or that Vásenka himself felt that *ce petit brin de cour*, which he had undertaken, was out of place in that family, he was a little embarrassed (so far as a man of the world can be embarrassed) at sight of Levín.

"Do you ride in gaiters?"

"Yes, it is much cleaner that way," said Vásenka, as he placed his fat leg on a chair, hooked the lowest eyes and smiled a good-natured smile.

He was unquestionably a nice fellow, and Levín began to feel sorry for him and ashamed of himself, the host, when he observed the timidity in Vásenka's face.

On the table was lying a piece of a cane, which they had that morning broken at their gymnastic exercises trying to raise the tightly fitting parallel bars. Levín took that broken piece into his hands and began to break off the split end of it, not knowing how to begin.

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"I wanted — " He stopped, but suddenly, thinking of Kitty and of everything which had happened, he looked resolutely into his eyes, and said: "I have ordered the horses to be hitched up for you."

"What do you mean?" Vásenka began, in surprise. "Where are we to go?"

"You will go to the railway," Levín said, gloomily, chipping off the end of the cane.

"Are you going away, or has anything happened?"

"What has happened is that I am expecting guests," said Levín, more and more rapidly breaking off the ends of the split cane with his powerful fingers. "No, I am not expecting any guests, and nothing has happened, but I ask you to leave. You may explain to yourself my lack of civility as you please."

Vásenka straightened himself up.

"I ask *you* to explain to me — " he said, with dignity, having finally comprehended.

"I cannot explain to you," Levín said, softly and slowly, trying to conceal the trembling of his jaw. "And you had better not ask."

And, as the split ends were all broken off, Levín took hold with his fingers of the solid ends, tore the cane in two, and carefully caught the falling end.

Evidently the sight of these arms in tension, of those muscles which he had that morning felt during their gymnastic exercises, and of the sparkling eyes, the quiet voice, and the trembling jaw, persuaded Vásenka more than anything else. He shrugged his shoulders and, smiling contemptuously, made a bow.

"May I not see Oblónski?"

The shrug of the shoulders and the smile did not excite Levín. "What else is there left for him to do?" he thought.

"I will send him to you at once."

"What nonsense is this?" said Stepán Arkádevich,

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when he had heard from his friend that he was being driven out of the house and had found Levín in the garden, where he was promenading, waiting for the departure of the guest. "*Mais c'est ridicule!* What fly has stung you? *Mais c'est du dernier ridicule!* What of it if a young man? —"

But the spot where the fly had stung Levín was evidently smarting still, for he grew once more pale when Stepán Arkádevich wanted to explain the cause to him, and he hastened to interrupt him.

"Please explain no causes to me! I cannot do otherwise! I feel very much ashamed before you and before him. But, I suppose, it will not be very painful for him to leave, while to my wife and to me his presence is objectionable."

"But it is an insult to him! *Et puis, c'est ridicule!*"

"It is both insulting and painful to me! It is not at all my fault, and there is no reason why I should suffer."

"Really, I did not expect that of you! *On peut être jaloux, mais à ce point, c'est du dernier ridicule!*"

Levín quickly turned around and went away from him into the depth of the avenue, and continued to walk up and down all by himself. Soon he heard the rumble of the tarantás, and through the trees saw Vásenka sitting on some hay (unfortunately there was no seat in the tarantás) in his Scotch cap and leaping up with every jolt, as he passed down the avenue.

"What is that now?" thought Levín, when the lackey came running out of the house and stopped the tarantás. It was for the sake of the machinist, whom Levín had entirely forgotten. The machinist bowed to Veslóvski, said something to him, and then climbed into the tarantás, and both were driven off.

Stepán Arkádevich and the princess were provoked by Levín's act. And he himself felt not only the ridicule most strongly, but also that he was terribly guilty and

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disgraced; but, as he recalled what he and his wife had suffered, he asked himself what he would have done at another time, and he replied to himself that he would have acted in precisely the same way.

In spite of all that, at the end of that day all, with the exception of the princess, who did not forgive Levín for his deed, became exceedingly animated and happy, like children after their punishment, or like adults after an oppressive official reception, so that in the evening they talked, in the absence of the princess, of Vásenka's expulsion as of a remote event. And Dolly, who had her father's knack of telling funny stories, made Várenka roll with laughter when she told for the third or fourth time, always with new humourous additions, how she had just got ready to put on a new tie and was going to come out into the drawing-room, when she heard the rumble of a ramshackle cart. And who was in that cart? Vásenka himself, in his Scotch cap and with his romances, and with the gaiters, was sitting on some hay.

"If you had only ordered up the coach! No, and then I heard, 'Wait!' Well, I thought, they have taken pity on him. I looked out, and I saw that they put a fat German with him, and drove them off. And my tie was lost!"

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XVI.

Dárya Aleksándrovna carried out her intention and went to see Anna. She was very sorry to cause her sister chagrin and to do something unpleasant to her husband; she saw how right the Levíns were in not wishing to have anything to do with Vrónski; but she considered it her duty to visit Anna, and to show her that her feelings could not change, in spite of her altered condition.

Not to be dependent on the Levíns in this journey of hers, Dárya Aleksándrovna sent to the village to hire some horses; but when Levín heard of that, he went to her and reprimanded her for it.

"What makes you think that your journey will be disagreeable to me? Even if it were disagreeable to me, it would be the more so because you do not take my horses," he said. "You did not tell me once that you had decided to go there. And hiring horses in the village is in the first place disagreeable for me, and, what is most important, they will undertake the job, but will not carry you there so far. I have horses. And if you do not want to vex me, take mine."

Dárya Aleksándrovna had to give her assent, and on the appointed day Levín had for his sister-in-law a four-horse team and relays, composed of work-horses and mounts, — it is true, not a fine-looking affair, but one by which she could be taken there in one day. Now that the horses were needed for the princess, who was going to leave them, and for the midwife, this was rather embarrassing for Levín, but his duty of hospitality demanded that he

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should not permit Dárya Aleksándrovna to hire horses, while she was at his house, and besides, he knew that the twenty roubles, which they asked of her for this trip, were an important consideration to her; her financial affairs, which were in a very bad shape, were felt by the Levíns as though they were their own.

Taking Levín's advice, Dárya Aleksándrovna started before daybreak. The road was good, the carriage comfortable, the horses ran briskly, and on the box sat, in addition to the coachman, not a lackey, but the clerk, who was sent by Levín for safety's sake. Dárya Aleksándrovna fell asleep and awoke only when they drove up to an inn, where the horses were to be changed.

She drank her tea at the house of that same rich peasant with whom Levín used to stop on his journeys to Sviyázhski, and, after talking with the women about her children, and with the old man about Vrónski, whom he praised very much, she proceeded on her journey at ten o'clock. At home her many cares of the children never gave her any time to think. But now, during the uninterrupted drive of four hours, all formerly arrested thoughts suddenly crowded into her head, and she thought about her whole life as she had never done before, and considered it from all its various sides. Her thoughts seemed strange to her. At first she thought of the children, who gave her much concern, though the princess and Kitty (she had more faith in her) had promised to look after them. "If only Másha would not get naughty again, and Grísha could keep away from the horse that would kick him, and Lily would not get her stomach out of order!" But soon the questions of the present gave way to questions of the near future. She began to think of how they would have to rent new apartments in Moscow that winter, and get different furniture for the drawing-room, and have a fur coat made for the eldest daughter. Then there presented themselves to her

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questions of a more remote future, — when she would have to make men and women of her children. "It is not so bad with the girls," she thought, "but the boys?

"Fortunately, I now work with Grísha, but that is only because I am free now, and do not bear any children. Stíva, of course, is not to be depended upon. With the aid of good people will I bring them up; but if I bear children again — " And the thought occurred to her how unjust it was that woman should be cursed to bring forth children in sorrow. "It is not so bad to bear them, but what is painful is to carry them," she thought, as she recalled her last pregnancy, and the death of that last child. And she recalled her conversation with the young woman at the inn. To the question whether she had any children, the pretty woman had merrily replied:

"I had a girl, but God has delivered her, — I buried her during Lent."

"Are you sorry you have lost her?" Dárya Aleksándrovna had asked.

"Why should I be? The old man has enough grandchildren as it is. They are only trouble. A person can't work, or anything. It only binds you."

That answer had appeared despicable to Dárya Aleksándrovna, in spite of the good-natured gentleness of the young woman, but now she involuntarily recalled her words. In those cynical words there was a grain of truth.

"Yes, altogether," thought Dárya Aleksándrovna, as she looked back at her whole life during the last fifteen years of marriage, "the pregnancy, nausea, dulness of mind, indifference to everything, and, above all, homeliness. Even Kitty, young, pretty Kitty, looks worse, but I become positively homely when I am pregnant, — I know it. The childbirth, suffering, excruciating suffering, that last minute, — then the nursing, those sleepless nights, those terrible pains — "

Dárya Aleksándrovna shuddered at the very thought of

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the pain of the cracked nipples which she experienced with nearly every child. "Then the sicknesses of the children, that eternal fright; then the education, the evil inclinations" (she recalled little Másha's transgression in the raspberry bush), "their studies, the Latin, — all that is so incredible and hard. And, above all that, the deaths of these children." And again there arose in her imagination her eternally oppressed maternal heart, the cruel recollection of the death of her last infant boy, who died of the croup, his funeral, the universal indifference in the presence of the little pink coffin, and her heartrending, lonely anguish before the pale little brow with the curling locks, and before the open, surprised little mouth, which could be seen in the coffin just as they covered it with the pink lid with the embroidered cross.

"And what is it all for? What will come of it all? The result will be that I, who have not a moment of peace, now pregnant, now nursing, eternally cross and fussy, myself worn out and wearing out others, loathsome to my husband, will live my life, and there will grow up unfortunate, badly brought up, beggarly children. And even now I do not know what we should have done, if we had not passed the summer with the Levíns. Of course, Konstantín and Kitty show such delicacy of feeling that we do not notice it; but that cannot last. They will have children of their own, and they will not be able to aid us; they are crowded as it is. Well? Will papa, who has almost nothing left for himself, help us? And so I cannot bring up my children myself, but only with the aid of others, with humiliation. Well, let us take the most favourable aspect: the children will not die, and I shall in some way manage to educate them. At best they will not be worthless. That is all which I can wish for. How many sufferings, how much labour for that! My whole life is ruined!" She again thought of what the young woman had told her, and again she thought of it

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with loathing; but she could not help admitting that in those words there was a grain of coarse truth.

"Is it far yet, Mikháyla?" Dárya Aleksándrovna asked the clerk, in order to divert her attention from the thoughts that frightened her.

"From this village, they say, it is seven versts."

The carriage drove down the village street and over a small bridge. Across this bridge, talking melodiously and gaily, was walking a crowd of merry women, with bound sheaves on their backs. They stopped, gazing with curiosity at the carriage. All the faces that were turned toward her seemed to Dárya Aleksándrovna to be sound, happy, and provoking with the joy of life. "All live, all enjoy life," she continued to think, after passing the women, as they drove up-hill and she once more began to sway pleasantly on the soft springs of the old vehicle, "but I am like a prisoner let out from a world that is killing me with cares, and only now have had a moment's chance to collect my thoughts. All live, — these women, and sister Natalie, and Várenka, and Anna, to whom I am travelling now, — only not I.

"And they attack Anna. For what? Really, am I better? I have at least a husband whom I love. Not as I should like to love, but I love him, and Anna did not love hers. Where is her guilt? She wants to live. God has put that into our souls. It is not improbable that I should have done the same. I do not know even now whether I did well to listen to her during that terrible time when she came to Moscow. I ought to have abandoned my husband then, and begun life anew. I might have loved and been loved in the right way. Is it better now? I do not respect him. I need him," she thought of her husband, "and I endure him. Is that better? At that time I might have pleased, — my beauty was still with me," she continued to think, and she wanted to look into a mirror. She had a travelling mirror in her little

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bag, and she wanted to take it out; but, looking at the backs of the coachman and of the swaying clerk, she felt that she would be embarrassed, if one of them should turn around, and so she forbore to get the mirror out.

But even without looking into a mirror, she thought that it was not too late even now; and she recalled Sergyéy Ivánovich, who was exceedingly amiable to her, and Stíva's friend, good Turóvtsyn, who had helped her look after her children during the scarlet fever, and who was in love with her. And there was another, a very young man, who, as her husband had told her, found that she was prettier than her sisters. And the most passionate and impossible romances presented themselves to her. "Anna has acted nicely, and I will not reproach her for anything. She is happy, is making another man happy, and is not crushed, like myself, but is, no doubt, as fresh as ever, brilliant, open to everything," thought Dárya Aleksándrovna, and a cunning smile puckered her lips, especially because, thinking of Anna's romance, she thought in parallel lines of her own romance of nearly the same character with an imaginary, collective man, who was in love with her. She, like Anna, made a full confession of it to her husband. And Stepán Arkádevich's surprise and perplexity upon hearing that bit of news made her smile.

With these reveries she reached the turn in the highway which led to Vozdvízhenskoe.

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XVII.

THE coachman stopped the four-in-hand and looked to the right, at the rye-field, where near a cart some peasants were sitting. The clerk was on the point of leaping down, but changed his mind and shouted commandingly at a peasant, beckoning him to come up to him. The slight breeze, which was felt during the drive, died down when they stopped. The gadflies stuck to the sweaty horses that angrily switched them off. The metallic sound of the whetting of a scythe, which was borne from the direction of the cart, died down. One of the peasants got up and went up to the carriage.

"I declare, he is falling to pieces!" the clerk shouted angrily at the peasant, who was stepping slowly with his bare feet over the clods of the uneven, dry road. "Are you coming, or not?"

The curly-headed old man, whose hair was tied up with bast, with stooping neck, which was dark from perspiration, increased his gait, walked over to the carriage, and with his sunburnt hand took hold of the wing.

"Vozdvízhenskoe, to the manor, to the count," he repeated. "Just drive up the hill! turn to the left! straight down the Prospect, — you'll hit it. Whom do you want? Himself?"

"Are they at home, dear man?" Dárya Aleksándrovna said, indefinitely, not knowing how to ask even a peasant about Anna.

"I suppose they are," said the peasant, moving his

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bare feet, and leaving in the dust a distinct trace of his sole with the five toes. "I suppose they are," he repeated, apparently wishing to strike up a conversation. "Guests arrived yesterday, — a lot of guests — What do you want?" He turned to a lad that was calling him from the cart. "That's it! They lately passed by here on horseback, to look at the mowing. Now they must be at home. And who are you?"

"We come from a distance," said the coachman, climbing on the box. "So it is not far?"

"I tell you, it is right here. You just drive up —" he said, moving his hand over the carriage-wing.

A young, sturdy, thick-set lad came up to them.

"Is there any work at harvesting?" he asked.

"I do not know, my dear."

"As I say, you turn to the left, and you will hit it," said the peasant, who evidently was reluctant to dismiss the travellers, and wanted to have a chat.

The coachman started, but he had just turned in when a peasant called out:

"Wait! Oh, dear man!"

"Wait!" two voices cried out.

The coachman stopped.

"They are coming themselves! There they are!" shouted a peasant. "See them fly!" he said, pointing to four riders and two people in a wagonette, who were coming down the road.

Those were Vrónski with his jockey, Veslóvski, and Anna on horseback, and Princess Várvara with Sviyázhski in the wagonette. They were out for pleasure, and to take a look at the newly arrived reaping-machines.

When the carriage stopped, the riders slowed down to a walk. In front rode Anna with Veslóvski. Anna was riding at a calm walk on a short-legged stout English cob with closely cropped mane and short tail. Her beautiful head with the black hair peeping out beneath her tall hat,

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her full shoulders, her slender waist in a black riding-habit, and her whole calm, graceful posture startled Dolly.

At first it seemed improper to her that Anna should be on horseback. With the idea of a lady's horseback riding there was connected in Dárya's mind a representation of light, youthful coquetry, which, in her opinion, ill comported with Anna's position; but, when she saw her at close range, she at once made her peace with horseback riding. In spite of the elegance, everything was so simple, quiet, and dignified in Anna's posture, attire, and motions that nothing could be more natural.

Beside Anna, on a gray mettled cavalry horse, rode Vásenka Veslóvski, in his Scotch cap, with the fluttering ribbons, stretching out his fat legs and apparently admiring himself, and Dárya Aleksándrovna could not repress a merry smile, when she recognized him. Behind them rode Vrónski. Under him was a chestnut thoroughbred, which had evidently become heated during the gallop. He was working the reins, trying to check the horse.

Behind him rode a little man in jockey attire. Sviyázhski and the princess, in a bran-new wagonette, drawn by a large black trotter, were catching up with the riders. Anna's face, at the moment when she recognized Dolly in the small figure that was pressed into the corner of the old carriage, suddenly was lighted up with a smile of joy. She shouted, quivered in her saddle, and sent the horse forward at a gallop. When she reached the carriage, she jumped down unaided and, holding up her habit, ran up toward Dolly.

"I thought so, and did not dare to think it. What joy! You can't imagine my joy!" she said, now pressing her face against Dolly and kissing her, and now standing back and examining her with a smile.

"What joy, Aleksyéy!" she said, looking back at Vrónski, who had dismounted and was coming up toward them.

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Anna welcomes Dolly.

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Vrónski doffed his tall gray hat and went up to Dolly.

"You can't imagine how happy we are at your arrival," he said, giving a special significance to the words uttered by him, and in a smile disclosing his strong white teeth.

Vásenka Veslóvski, without getting down from his horse, took off his cap and greeted the guest, joyously making his ribbons flutter above his head.

"This is Princess Várvara," Anna replied to Dolly's questioning glance, when the wagonette rode up to them.

"Ah!" said Dárya Aleksándrovna, and her face involuntarily expressed dissatisfaction.

Princess Várvara was her husband's aunt, and she had known her for a long time, and had no use for her. She knew that Princess Várvara had passed all her life as a hanger-on at the houses of rich relatives; but her living now at the house of Vrónski, who was a stranger to her, offended her for the sake of her husband's relatives. Anna observed the expression of Dolly's face and became embarrassed, blushed, dropped the riding-habit, and stumbled on it.

Dárya Aleksándrovna walked over to the wagonette, which had stopped, and coldly greeted Princess Várvara. She also knew Sviyázhski. He asked how his odd friend was getting along with his young wife, and, casting a cursory glance at the badly matched horses and at the carriage with the patched wings, offered the ladies the wagonette to ride in.

"And I will ride in that vehicle," he said. "The horse is gentle, and the princess drives well."

"No, stay where you are," said Anna, coming up, "and we shall ride in the carriage," and, taking Dolly's arm, she led her away.

Dárya Aleksándrovna's eyes stared at that elegant carriage, which she had never seen before, at those handsome horses, and at those elegant, beaming faces which surrounded her. But most of all was she startled by the

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change which had taken place in her beloved friend Anna. Another, a less observing woman, who had not known Anna, and especially one who had not thought the thoughts which Dárya Aleksándrovna had revolved in her mind on her way up, would not have noticed anything especial in Anna. But now Dolly was struck by that temporary beauty, which is to be found in women only during moments of love, and which she now discovered in Anna's face.

Everything in her face, — the definiteness of the dimples on her cheeks and chin, the position of her lips, the smile which seemed to flit about her face, the sparkle of her eyes, the grace and rapidity of her motions, the fullness of the sounds of her voice, even the manner with which she gave an angry and yet kind answer to Veslóvski, who asked her permission to ride her cob, in order to teach him to gallop from his right leg, — everything was exceedingly attractive in her; and it seemed as though she herself knew it and rejoiced in it.

When both women were seated in the carriage, they suddenly became both of them embarrassed. Anna was embarrassed by that scrutinizing and inquisitive glance with which Dolly was looking at her. Dolly again felt ill at ease because, after Sviyázhski's words about the "vehicle," she suddenly was ashamed of the dirty old carriage, in which Anna had taken a seat beside her. Coachman Filípp and the clerk experienced the same sensation. To conceal his own embarrassment, the clerk bustled about, helping the ladies to get in, while Filípp, the coachman, grew gloomy and prepared himself in advance not to submit to their external superiority. He smiled an ironical smile, as he glanced at the black trotter, and decided in his mind that the black horse in the wagonette was good only for "*prominage*" and would not make forty versts in the heat with nothing but the harness on.

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The peasants had all risen from the cart and were looking with curiosity and merriment at the guest, making their remarks.

"They are glad, — have not seen each other for a long time," said the curly-headed peasant, with the bast knot.

"Uncle Gerásim, if the black stallion hauled the sheaves it would be a lively job!"

"Look there! Is that one in the trousers a woman?" said one of them, pointing at Vásenka Veslóvski, who was getting into the lady's saddle.

"No, a man. See how nimbly he jumped up!"

"Well, boys, are we not going to sleep?"

"Sleep to-day!" said the old man, looking sidewise at the sun. "Noon has passed, you see! Take the sickles and start!"

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XVIII.

ANNA was looking at Dolly's thin, emaciated face, with the dust lodged in the wrinkles, and was on the point of saying what she was thinking of, namely, that Dolly looked thinner; but, recalling that she herself looked better and that Dolly's glance told her so, she heaved a sigh and began to talk about herself. .

"You are looking at me," she said, "and wondering whether I can be happy in my new situation. Well, what shall I say? I am ashamed to confess it; but I — I am unpardonably happy. Something magical has happened to me, something like a dream, when you feel terribly and you shiver, and suddenly you awake and discover that there are none of those terrors. I have awakened. I have lived through agonizing, terrible times, but now I have been happy for a long time, especially since we have come down here!" she said, looking at Dolly with a timid, questioning smile.

"How glad I am!" Dolly said, smiling, but speaking involuntarily in a colder tone than she had intended to use. "I am very glad for your sake. Why did you not write to me?"

"Why? Because I did not dare to — you are forgetting my situation — "

"To me? Did not dare to? If you knew how I — I consider — "

Dárya Aleksándrovna wanted to tell her her thoughts of the morning, but for some reason that seemed out of place to her then.

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"Well, we shall speak of it later. What are all these buildings?" she asked, wishing to change the subject, and pointing to red and green roofs which could be seen beyond the verdure of living hedges of acacias and lilacs. "Looks like a town."

But Anna made no reply to her.

"No, no! How do you consider my situation? What do you think about it, what?" she asked.

"I assume —" began Dárya Aleksándrovna, but just then Vásenka Veslóvski, having started the cob with a gallop from the right foot, flopping heavily in his short jacket against the chamois leather of the lady's saddle, galloped past them. "He goes, Anna Arkádevna!" he shouted. Anna did not even look at him; and again it appeared to Dárya Aleksándrovna that the carriage was not a proper place to start that long conversation in, and so she abbreviated her thought.

"I consider nothing," she said, "but I have always loved you, and when I love, I love the whole person, such as he or she is, and not as I want that person to be."

Anna turned her eyes away from her friend's face and half-closed them (that was a new habit, which Dolly had not observed in her before), and fell to musing, trying to grasp the full significance of those words. And, apparently understanding them as she wished, she glanced at Dolly.

"If you had any sins," she said, "you would be pardoned for your visit and for these words of yours."

And Dolly saw that the tears stood in her eyes. She silently pressed Anna's hand.

"But what are these buildings? What a mass of them!" she repeated her question after a moment's silence.

"Those are the houses of the servants, the plant, the stables," replied Anna. "And there begins the park. All that had been neglected, but Aleksyéy has renovated it

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all. He is very fond of this estate and, what I had never expected of him, he is passionately carried away by the farming. Oh, he is such a rich nature! No matter what he undertakes, he does excellently. He not only does not feel any ennui, but he works with zeal. According to my knowledge of him, he has become a calculating, fine master, and he is even stingy as regards his estate. But only on the estate. Where tens of thousands are at stake, he does not consider them," she said, with that joyous and shrewd smile with which women frequently speak of the secret qualities of a beloved man, which they themselves have discovered. "Do you see that large structure? It is a new hospital. I think it will cost more than one hundred thousand roubles. That is now his *dada*. And do you know how that came about? The peasants asked him to let them have the meadows, I think, at a lower price, but he refused them, and I accused him of stinginess. Of course, not on account of that alone, but on account of everything taken together, he began that hospital, in order to prove, you see, that he is not stingy. If you wish, *c'est une petitesse;* but I love him even more for that. Now you will soon see the house. It was his grandfather's, and nothing has been changed in it on the outside."

"How beautiful!" said Dolly, looking with involuntary amazement at the beautiful columnated house, which stood out from the motley verdure of the old trees of the garden.

"Is it not nice? And from up-stairs in the house the view is superb."

They drove into the yard, which was paved with gravel and adorned with flower beds, and in which two workmen were bordering the loosened black earth of the shrubbery beds with rough porous stones, and stopped in the covered driveway.

"Oh, they are already here!" said Anna, looking at the

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mounts, which were just being taken away from the porch. "Isn't that a nice horse? It is a cob. My favourite. Bring it here, and give it a piece of sugar. Where is the count?" she asked two dressed-up lackeys, who had rushed out. "Oh, there he is!" she said, seeing Vrónski, who was coming out with Veslóvski to meet them.

"Where are you going to locate the princess?" Vrónski said in French, turning to Anna, and, without waiting for an answer, he once more exchanged greetings with Dárya Aleksándrovna, and now kissed her hand. "I suppose in the large balcony room?"

"Oh, no, that is too far! It will be better in the corner room, — we shall be able to see more of each other. Come now!" said Anna, who was giving her favourite horse the sugar which the lackey had brought out.

"*Et vous oubliez votre devoir,*" she said to Veslóvski, who, too, had come out on the porch.

"*Pardon, j'en ai tout plein les poches,*" he replied, smiling, putting his fingers down into the pocket of his jacket.

"*Mais vous venez trop tard,*" she said, wiping off with her handkerchief her hand which the horse, in taking the sugar, had wet.

Anna turned to Dolly:

"Have you come for any length of time? For one day? That is impossible!"

"I promised so, and the children — " said Dolly, feeling embarrassed, both because she had to take her little bag out of the carriage, and because she knew that her face was very dusty.

"No, Dolly, darling! Well, we shall see. Come, come!" and Anna led Dolly into her room.

That room was not the gala one, which Vrónski had proposed, but one of which Anna said that Dolly would excuse her for it. And this room, which demanded an apology, was filled with luxury, such as Dolly had never

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seen at home, and which reminded her of the best hotels abroad.

"Darling, how happy I am!" said Anna, seating herself for a moment in her riding-gown near Dolly. "Tell me about your family! Stíva I saw in passing. But he does not know how to tell about the children. How is my favourite Tánya? A big girl, I suppose?"

"Yes, very big," Dárya Aleksándrovna replied, curtly, herself surprised to be talking so coldly about her children. "We are having a nice time with the Levíns," she added.

"Now, if I could know," said Anna, "that you do not despise me — You could all of you come to stay with us. Stíva is a dear old friend of Aleksyéy's," she added, with a sudden blush.

"Yes, but we are so well —" Dolly replied, in confusion.

"That is so, I am speaking foolishly from so much joy. Darling, how happy I am to have you here!" said Anna, kissing her again. "You have not yet told me what you think of me, and I want to know everything. I am glad you will see me as I am. Above all, I do not want it to appear that I am trying to prove anything. I do not want to prove anything, but simply want to live: not to do anybody any harm but myself. I have a right to do so, have I not? However, that is a long story, and we shall have time to talk about everything. Now I must go to change my clothes, and to you I will send a girl."

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XIX.

When Dárya Aleksándrovna was left alone, she surveyed her room with the eye of a housekeeper. Everything which she had seen in driving up to the house and walking through it, and which she now saw in her room, produced on her the impression of abundance and dandyism, and of that new European luxury, of which she had read in English novels, but which she had never seen in Russia, and in the country. Everything was new, beginning with the new French wall-paper, and ending with the carpet, which covered the whole room. The bed had springs and a mattress, with a separate headpiece and Persian silk slips on small pillows. The marble washstand, the toilet, the couch, the tables, the bronze clock on the mantelpiece, the curtains, and the portières, — everything was expensive and new.

The foppish maid, who came to offer her services, was dressed and had her hair fixed more fashionably than Dolly, and was as new and as expensive as the whole room. Dárya Aleksándrovna was pleased with her politeness, neatness, and obliging ways, but she did not feel at ease with her; she was ashamed before her on account of the patched sack which she, to her misfortune, had taken along with her. She was ashamed of those very patches and darned places, of which she was so proud at home. At home it was clear that for six sacks she needed twenty-four arshíns of nainsook at sixty-five kopeks, which was more than fifteen roubles, besides the findings and the work, and these fifteen roubles had to be accounted

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for. But before the chambermaid she was not so much ashamed as ill at ease.

Dárya Aleksándrovna felt great relief when Ánnushka, whom she knew, entered the room. The foppish chambermaid was called to the mistress, and Ánnushka remained with Dárya Aleksándrovna.

Ánnushka was evidently very happy to see the lady, and talked incessantly. Dolly saw that she wanted to express her opinion about the position of her mistress, especially about the count's love and devotion to Anna Arkádevna, but Dolly stopped her carefully every time she began to speak of it.

"I have grown up with Anna Arkádevna, and she is dearer to me than anything. Well, it is not for us to judge. And to love like that —"

"So, please, if you can, get it washed," Dárya Aleksándrovna interrupted her.

"Yes, madam. Two women are especially employed to do the washing in the house, and it is all done by machinery. The count attends to everything himself. What a man —"

Dolly was glad when Anna came in to her room and by her arrival put a stop to Ánnushka's chattering.

Anna had put on a very simple batiste gown. Dolly carefully examined that simple gown. She knew what that simplicity meant, and at what price it was obtained.

"An old acquaintance," Anna said, in reference to Ánnushka.

Anna was no longer embarrassed. She was quite at her ease and calm. Dolly saw that she had completely recovered from the impression which her arrival had produced on her, and assumed that superficial, indifferent tone, when it seemed as though the door were locked that led to the apartment where her feelings and intimate thoughts were contained.

"Well, and how is your daughter?" asked Dolly.

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"Annie?" (Thus she called her daughter Anna.) "She is well. She has improved so much. Do you want to see her? Come, I will show her to you. We had such a lot of trouble," she began to tell her, "with the nurses. We had an Italian wet-nurse. She was good, but so stupid! We wanted to send her away, but the child is so used to her that we have been keeping her."

"And how have you arranged it?" Dolly began, meaning to ask what name the girl would bear; but, observing Anna's frowning face, she changed the meaning of the question. "How have you arranged it? Have you weaned her already?"

But Anna understood her.

"You did not mean to ask that? You wanted to know about her name. Am I not right? That troubles Alexyéy. She has no name, that is, she is a Karénin," said Anna, closing her eyes so much that only the meeting lashes could be seen. "However," with suddenly beaming face she proceeded, "we shall speak of it later. Come, I will show her to you. *Elle est très gentille.* She is creeping already."

In the nursery, the luxury, which had startled Dárya Aleksándrovna in the rest of the house, startled her even more. Here were little carts imported from England, and walking-stools, and a sofa for creeping, specially made in the shape of a billiard-table, and swings, and special new kinds of bathtubs. All these things were of English make, substantial and of good quality, and obviously very expensive. The room was large, high-studded, and light.

When they entered, the little girl was sitting in nothing but her shirt in a chair at the table and eating soup, which she had spilled over her whole chest. The child was being fed by a Russian girl, who was serving in the nursery, and who apparently was herself eating at the same time. Neither the wet-nurse nor the nurse were present; they were in the adjoining room, and from there

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proceeded their conversation in a strange French language, in which alone they were able to make themselves mutually understood.

On hearing Anna's voice, a dressed-up, tall Englishwoman, with a disagreeable face and clouded expression, entered the room, rapidly shaking her blond locks, and immediately began to justify herself, though Anna did not accuse her of anything. To each word of Anna's the Englishwoman hurriedly repeated several times, "Yes, my lady!"

The black-browed, black-haired, ruddy little girl, with a strong, red little body encased in a chicken skin, in spite of the stern expression with which she looked at the new face, pleased Dárya Aleksándrovna very much; she even envied her healthy looks. Another thing which pleased her much was her manner of creeping. Not one of her own children had ever crawled that way. The little girl was exceedingly sweet when she was put down on the carpet and had her dress tucked up behind. She looked at the grown people like a little animal with her shining black eyes, apparently happy to be admired, smiling, and holding her legs sidewise, and leaned energetically on her arms, and rapidly pulled up her little back, and again put forward her little hands.

But the general spirit of the nursery, especially of the Englishwoman, displeased Dárya Aleksándrovna very much. Only by considering that no good girl would enter the service of so irregular a family as was Anna's, could Dárya Aleksándrovna explain to herself how Anna, with her knowledge of people, could have taken for her child such an unsympathetic, disrespectable English girl. Besides, from a few words, Dárya Aleksándrovna understood at once that the wet-nurse, the nurse, and the child did not get along well, and that a visit from the mother was an unusual affair. Anna wanted to find the toys for the girl, but did not know where they were.

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But most remarkable of all was the fact that in replying to her question how many teeth she had, Anna made a mistake, as she knew nothing of the last two that had come.

"It is at times hard for me, but I am like a superfluous person here," said Anna, as she left the nursery and raised her train, in order to escape the toys that were standing at the door. "It was different with my first."

"I thought it would be the opposite," Dárya Aleksándrovna said, timidly.

"Oh, no! You know, I saw him, Serézha," Anna said, closing her eyes, as though looking far into the distance. "However, we shall talk later about that. Would you believe it, I am like a hungry person, before whom a full dinner is suddenly placed, and who does not know which to take first. The full dinner is you and the talks which I want to have with you, which I have not been able to have with any one; I do not know what to talk about first. *Mais je ne vous ferai grâce de rien.* I have to make a clean breast of it.

"Yes, I must give you a sketch of the company which you will find here," she began. "I will begin with the ladies. Princess Várvara. You know her, and I know your opinion and that of Stíva about her. Stíva says that the whole aim of her life consists in proving her superiority over Aunt Katerína Pávlovna; that is true, but she is good, and I am grateful to her. In St. Petersburg there was a moment when I needed a chaperon. She turned up. Really, she is good. She did much to make my situation more bearable. I see that you do not understand the whole gravity of my situation — there in St. Petersburg," she added. "Here I am quite at ease and happy. Well, of that later. I must count them all up. Then Sviyázhski, — he is a marshal and a very nice kind of a man, but he wants something of Aleksyéy. You understand, with his fortune, now that we have settled in the country,

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Aleksyéy can have much influence. Then Tushkévich, — you have seen him, — he was with Betsy. Now he has been given up, and so he has come to see us. He is one of those men, Aleksyéy says, who are very agreeable, if they are taken for what they want to appear, *et puis, il est comme il faut*, as Princess Várvara says. Then Veslóvski — you know him. A very dear boy," she said, and a roguish smile puckered her lips. "What kind of a wild story is that about Levín? Veslóvski was telling Aleksyéy, but we did not believe him. *Il est très gentil et naïf*," she said, again with the same kind of a smile. "Men need diversion, and Aleksyéy needs an audience, and so I esteem all that company. It has to be lively and jolly in our house, so that Aleksyéy should not wish for anything new. Then you will see the manager. A German, a very good man, who knows his business. Then the doctor, a young man, not exactly a nihilist, but he eats with his knife — a very good doctor. Then the architect — *Une petite cour*."

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XX.

"So here is Dolly, princess, — you wanted so much to see her," said Anna, walking down with Dárya Aleksándrovna to the large stone terrace, where in the shade Princess Várvara was sitting at an embroidery-frame, working on a chair for Count Aleksyéy Kirílovich. "She says that she does not want anything before dinner, but you order up a lunch, and I will go and find Aleksyéy, and will bring them all up."

Princess Várvara received Dolly kindly, and with some condescension, and immediately proceeded to explain to her that she had settled in Anna's house because she had always loved her better than had her sister, Katerína Pávlovna, the woman who had brought up Anna, and that now that everybody had abandoned Anna, she considered it her duty to help her in that transitional, most difficult period.

"When her husband gives her a divorce I will return to my solitude, but just now I can be useful, and am doing my duty, no matter how hard it is for me to do so, — not the way others are acting. And how nice of you, how well you have done, to have come! They live together like the best of married people; God will judge them, and not we. And how about Biryuzóvski and Avéneva? — And Nikándrov himself, and Vasílev with Mamónova, and Líza Neptúnov — Nobody said anything against them. And it finally ended by their being accepted by everybody. And then, *c'est un interieur si joli, si comme il faut. Tout a fait à l'anglaise. On se réunit au matin*

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au breakfast *et puis on se sépare.* All do what they please until dinner. Dinner is at seven. Stíva did very well to send you. He ought to stick to them. You know, through his mother and his brother he can do anything. And then, they do much good. Has he not told you about his hospital? *Ce sera admirable,* — everything is from Paris."

Their conversation was interrupted by Anna, who had found the company of men in the billiard-room and was returning with them to the terrace. To dinner much time was left and the weather was good, and so several means for passing the remaining two hours were proposed. There were many ways for passing the time at Vozdvízhenskoe, none of which were those in use at Pokróvskoe.

"*Une partie de* lawn tennis," Veslóvski proposed, smiling his pretty smile. "We shall again be together, Anna Arkádevna."

"No, it is warm. It will be better to walk to the garden and go out rowing and show Dárya Aleksándrovna the shores," proposed Vrónski.

"I agree to anything," said Sviyázhski.

"I think Dolly will be more pleased to take a walk, — am I not right? And then we can take the boat," said Anna.

They went down the path in two pairs, — Anna with Sviyázhski, and Dolly with Vrónski. Dolly was somewhat embarrassed and ill at ease in the entirely new surroundings in which she now found herself. In the abstract, theoretically, she not only justified, but even approved, Anna's act. As is frequently the case with blamelessly moral women, who become tired of the monotony of a moral life, she from a distance not only excused the sinful love, but even envied her. Besides, she loved Anna with all her heart. But in reality, when she saw her among those strange people, with their *bon ton*, which was so new to Dárya Aleksándrovna, she

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felt ill at ease. Most disagreeable it was for her to see Princess Várvara, who pardoned them everything for the comforts which she was enjoying. Thus, in the abstract, Dolly approved Anna's deed, but it was unpleasant for her to see the man for whom that deed was done. Besides, she had never liked Vrónski. She regarded him as very proud and saw nothing in him to be proud of except his wealth. But, against her will, he here, in his house, impressed her more than ever, and she could not be free with him. She experienced with him a feeling that was akin to what she had felt toward the chambermaid on account of her sack. As she had been not so much ashamed as ill at ease before the chambermaid on account of the patches, so in his presence she was more ill at ease than ashamed on account of herself.

Dolly felt herself embarrassed and was trying to find a subject for conversation. Though she thought that with his pride he would be displeased to hear praises of his house and garden, she, being unable to find anything else to say, nevertheless remarked that she liked his house very much.

"Yes, it is a very beautiful structure and in a good old style," he said.

"I like very much the courtyard in front of the veranda. Has it always been so?"

"Oh, no!" he said, and his face shone with enjoyment. "If you had seen that yard this spring!"

And he began, at first cautiously, and then becoming more and more enthusiastic, to turn her attention to various details of the adornments of the house and the garden. It was evident that, having devoted much labour to the improvement and beautification of his estate, Vrónski felt the necessity of praising it to a new person, and that he was sincerely glad to hear Dárya Aleksándrovna's praises.

"If you wish to take a look at the hospital and are not

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tired, it is not far from here. Let us go!" he said, looking into her face to convince himself that that did not annoy her.

"Will you go, Anna?" he turned to her.

"We will, won't we?" she turned to Sviyázhski. "*Mais il ne faut pas laisser le pauvre* Veslóvski *et* Tushkévich *se morfondre là dans le bateau.* We must send word to them."

"Yes, that is a monument which he will leave here," said Anna, turning to Dolly with the same cunning, knowing smile with which she had before spoken of the hospital.

"Oh, a capital affair!" said Sviyázhski. But, not to appear to be humouring Vrónski, he immediately added a slightly condemnatory remark.

"However, count, I wonder how it is that you, who have done so much in a sanitary way for the people, are so indifferent to the schools."

"*C'est devenu tellement comun, les écoles,*" said Vrónski. "You must understand that it was not that, — I simply became infatuated. This way we go to the hospital," he turned to Dárya Aleksándrovna, pointing to a side exit from the avenue.

The ladies opened their parasols and went out on the side path. After making several turns and passing through a gate, Dárya Aleksándrovna saw in front of her, on an elevation, a large, handsome, quaintly shaped structure, which was nearly completed. The still unpainted sheet iron roof gleamed blindingly in the bright sun. Near the finished building another was being erected; it was surrounded by timbers, and the workmen in aprons on the scaffolding were laying bricks, pouring the mortar out of buckets, and levelling it with levels.

"How fast your work is proceeding!" said Sviyázhski. "When I was here the last time, the roof was not yet up."

"Toward autumn all will be done. Inside it is nearly all fixed," said Anna.

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"What is that new building?"

"Quarters for the doctor and the apothecary," replied Vrónski. He saw the architect, in a short overcoat, walking over toward him, and so he excused himself from the ladies and went up to meet him.

He made a circuit about the lime-hole, where the workmen were getting their mortar, and stopped with the architect, talking with him in a heated manner.

"The gable is coming out lower," he replied to Anna, who asked him what the trouble was.

"I said that the foundation ought to have been raised," said Anna.

"Of course, it would have been better, Anna Arkádevna," said the architect, "but it is too late now."

"Yes, I am very much interested in it," Anna replied to Sviyázhski, who was expressing his surprise at her knowledge of architecture. "The new building has to correspond to the hospital. But it was thought of later and was begun without any plan."

After finishing his conversation with the architect, Vrónski joined the ladies and took them inside the hospital.

Though on the outside they were still working on the cornices and in the lower story they were painting, in the upper story nearly everything was done. They ascended a broad iron staircase to a landing, from which they entered the first large room. The walls were plastered in imitation of marble; the large single windows were all in; only the parquetry was not yet finished, and the carpenters, who were planing a square, which they were holding up, left their work in order to take off the twine by which their hair was held in place, and greet the company.

"This is the waiting-room," said Vrónski. "Here will be a desk, a table, a safe, and nothing else."

"This way! Let us go here! Don't go up to the window!" Anna said, touching the paint, to see whether it was dry. "Aleksyéy, the paint is dry already," she added.

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From the waiting-room they went into a corridor. Here Vrónski showed them the new system of ventilation. Then he showed them the marble bathtubs and the beds with unusual springs. Then he showed them, one after another, the sickrooms, the storeroom, the laundry-closet, then the new-fashioned stoves, then the noiseless wheelbarrows for transporting the necessary things along the corridor, and many more things. Sviyázhski appreciated all these things as a man who was acquainted with all new improvements. Dolly was simply amazed at what she had never seen before and, wishing to understand it all, asked about these things in detail, which afforded Vrónski manifest pleasure.

"Yes, I think it will be the only absolutely perfect hospital in Russia," said Sviyázhski.

"And will you not have a lying-in department?" asked Dolly. "That is so necessary in the country. I have often —"

In spite of his politeness, Vrónski interrupted her.

"This is not a lying-in establishment, but a hospital, and is intended for all kinds of diseases except the infectious," he said. "Just look at this!" and he rolled a lately imported invalid chair up to Dárya Aleksándrovna. "Look at it!" He seated himself in the chair and began to move it. "He can't walk, — he is too feeble, or he has some disease in his legs, and needs fresh air, — and so he sits down and rolls himself —"

Dárya Aleksándrovna was interested in everything. She liked everything, but most of all she liked Vrónski himself with that natural, naïve infatuation of his. "Yes, he is a very dear and good man," she occasionally thought, without listening to him, but looking at him and scanning his expression and mentally transferring herself into Anna. She liked him so very much now with his animation that she understood how Anna could have fallen in love with him.

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XXI.

"No, I think the princess is tired, and the horses do not interest her," Vrónski said to Anna, who had proposed that they go to the stud, where Sviyázhski wanted to see a new stallion. "Go yourselves, and I will take the princess home, and we shall talk together," he said, "if it pleases you," he turned to her.

"I do not understand anything about horses, and I shall be very glad," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, with some surprise.

She saw by Vrónski's face that he wanted something from her. She was not mistaken. The moment they entered the garden through the gate, he looked in the direction where Anna had gone, and, having convinced himself that she could neither hear nor see them, he began:

"You guessed rightly that I wanted to talk with you," he said, looking at her with laughing eyes. "I am not mistaken in thinking that you are Anna's friend." He took off his hat and, drawing out his handkerchief, wiped off his baldening head.

Dárya Aleksándrovna made no reply, and only looked at him in fright. When she was left alone with him, she suddenly felt terribly: his laughing eyes and the stern expression of his face frightened her.

Most varied suppositions of what he was getting ready to say flashed through her head: "He will beg me to come over to his estate with the children, and I shall have to

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refuse him; or he will want me to form in Moscow a circle for Anna — Or is it going to be about Vásenka Veslóvski and his relations to Anna? And maybe about Kitty, to say that he felt guilty?" She foresaw only something disagreeable, but did not guess what he really wanted to tell her.

"You have such influence on Anna, — she loves you so much," he said. "Help me!"

Dárya Aleksándrovna looked questioningly and timidly at his energetic face, which now appeared altogether, and now in spots, in the sunlight which penetrated through the shade of the lindens, and now was again cast into the shade. She was waiting for what he was still going to say; but he, catching his cane in the gravel, kept walking silently beside her.

"If you have come to see us, you, the only woman of all of Anna's former friends, — I do not count Princess Várvara, — I understand that you did not do so because you regard our position as normal, but because, comprehending all the gravity of this situation, you love her still and wish to aid her. Do I understand you right?" he asked, glancing at her.

"Oh, yes!" replied Dárya Aleksándrovna, folding her parasol, "but — "

"No," he interrupted her, and, forgetting that he was thus placing his interlocutor in an awkward position, he instinctively stopped, so that she, too, was compelled to stop. "No one feels more than I the whole gravity of Anna's situation. And that is natural, if you will do me the honour of regarding me as a man with a heart. I am the cause of that situation, and so I feel it."

"I understand," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, involuntarily admiring him for having said it so frankly and so firmly. "Her position in society is a hard one, I understand."

"In society it is a hell!" he muttered rapidly, with a

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gloomy scowl. "It is impossible to imagine any worse moral sufferings than those which she experienced during two weeks in St. Petersburg — and I beg you to believe it."

"Yes, but here, so long as neither Anna — nor you feel any need of society — "

"Society!" he said, with contempt. "What need can I have of society?"

"Until then — and that may be for ever — you are happy and at rest. I see by Anna that she is happy, quite happy, — she has already informed me so," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, smiling; and, saying this, she involuntarily came to doubt whether Anna was really happy.

But Vrónski did not seem to doubt it.

"Yes, yes," he said. "I know that she has revived after all her suffering; she is happy. She is happy in the present. But I? I am afraid of what awaits us — Excuse me, you wish to go?"

"No, never mind."

"Well, then let us sit down here!"

Dárya Aleksándrovna sat down on a garden bench, at the corner of the avenue. He stopped in front of her.

"I see that she is happy," he repeated, and the doubt of her being happy struck Dárya Aleksándrovna more powerfully still. "But can it last that way? Whether we have acted rightly or wrongly is another question; the die has been cast," he said, passing from the Russian language to the French, "and we are united for life. We are united by the most sacred ties of love. We have a child, and we may have more children. But the law and all the conditions of our situation are such that there arise thousands of complications, which she now, while resting her soul from all her sufferings and trials, does not see and does not wish to see. And that is natural. But I cannot help seeing them. My daughter is by law not mine, but Karénin's. I do not want this deception!" he said, with

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an energetic gesture of negation, looking gloomily and questioningly at Dárya Aleksándrovna.

She made no reply and only glanced at him. He continued:

"To-morrow a son of mine is born, and he is by law a Karénin, — he is not the heir of my name, nor of my fortune, and no matter how happy we may be in the family, and how many children we may have, there is no connection between me and them. They are Karénins. Consider the burdensomeness and terror of this situation! I tried to talk to Anna about it. That irritates her. She does not comprehend it, and I cannot tell *her* everything. Now let us look at it from another side. I am happy in her love, but I must have some occupation. I have found it and am proud of it, and regard it as more distinguished than the occupations of my former companions at court and in the service. And, no doubt, I shall never exchange this business for theirs. I work here, sitting in one spot, and I am happy and satisfied, and we need nothing else for our happiness. *Cela n'est pas un pis-aller;* on the contrary — "

Dárya Aleksándrovna observed that at that point of his explanation he was getting mixed, and she could not exactly make out his new departure, but she felt that, having once begun to speak of his intimate relations, of which he could not speak with Anna, he was now making a clean breast of everything, and the question of his activity in the country was in the same division of intimate thoughts as the question of his relations to Anna.

"And thus I shall continue," he said, as though awakening. "The main thing is that, working, I must have the conviction that what I am doing will not die with me, that I shall have heirs, — and that I have not. Imagine the position of a man who knows in advance that his own children from a beloved wife will not be his,

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but somebody else's, who hates them and does not want to know them. That is terrible!"

He grew silent, being apparently in great agitation.

"Yes, of course, I understand it. But what can Anna do?" asked Dárya Aleksándrovna.

"Yes, that brings me to the aim of my talk," he said, with difficulty regaining his composure. "Anna can help it, — that depends on her — Even to ask the emperor to legitimize one's children, it is necessary first to have a divorce. And that depends on Anna. Her husband was prepared to give it, — your husband had it all arranged. And even now, I know, he would not refuse it. All she would have to do would be to write to him. He then said openly that, if she expressed a wish, he would not refuse it. Of course," he said, gloomily, "that is one of those pharisaical cruelties of which only heartless men are capable. He knows what torment every memory of him is causing her, and, knowing this, he demands a letter from her. I can understand that it is painful for her. But the causes are so weighty that it is necessary to *passer par dessus toutes ces finesses de sentiment. Il y va du bonheur et de l'existence d'Anne et de ses enfants.* I am not speaking for myself, though it is hard, very hard for me," he said with an expression which menaced some one because it was hard for him. "So, princess, I am without scruples holding on to you, as to an anchor of safety. Help me to persuade her to write to him and demand a divorce!"

"Yes, of course," Dárya Aleksándrovna said, pensively, recalling her last meeting with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. "Yes, of course," she repeated, resolutely, thinking of Anna.

"Use your influence with her, and make her write! I do not want, and am almost unable, to speak to her about it."

"Very well, I will speak with her. But how is it she

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does not herself think of it?" said Dárya Aleksándrovna, for some reason suddenly thinking of Anna's strange and new habit of half-closing her eyes. And she recalled that Anna did so every time when the intimate sides of life were under discussion. "It is as though she closed her eyes against her own life, so as not to see the whole of it," thought Dolly. "By all means. For my own sake and for hers will I speak to her," replied Dárya Aleksándrovna, in response to his expressions of gratitude.

They rose and went to the house.

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XXII.

MEETING Dolly on her way back, Anna looked fixedly into her eyes, as though asking her what the conversation was about which she had had with Vrónski, but did not ask her anything with words.

"I think it is time for dinner," she said. "We have not yet had a chance of seeing each other. I am counting on the evening. We have all of us soiled ourselves in the buildings."

Dolly went to her room, and she felt droll. She had nothing to put on, for she already wore her best garment; but, in some way to indfcate her preparation for dinner, she asked the chambermaid to clean her dress, changed the gloves and the tie, and put a piece of lace on her head.

"This is all I have been able to do," she said smilingly to Anna, who came out to meet her in a third, again a very simple gown.

"Yes, we are here very affected," she said, as though to excuse herself for her splendour. "Aleksyéy is more satisfied with your visit than he ever is with anything. He is positively in love with you," she added. "And are you not tired?"

Until dinner there was no time to think of anything. When they entered the drawing-room, they found there Princess Várvara and the gentlemen in black coats. The architect wore a dress coat. Vrónski introduced the doctor and the manager to the guest. He had introduced the architect to her before, in the hospital.

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A fat majordomo, with his beaming round shaven face and starched white necktie, announced that dinner was served, and the ladies got up. Vrónski asked Sviyázhski to offer his arm to Anna Arkádevna, and himself went up to Dolly. Veslóvski had got ahead of Tushkévich in offering his arm to Princess Várvara, so that Tushkévich went alone, with the manager and the doctor.

The dinner, the dining-room, the dishes, the servants, the wine, and the food, not only corresponded to the general tone of the new luxury of the house, but seemed to be even more luxurious and new than anything else. Dárya Aleksándrovna watched all that new luxury, and, as a housekeeper, — though she did not hope to apply any of the things she saw to her own house, as all that luxury was above her manner of life, — she involuntarily entered into all the details and asked herself who did what, and how it was done. Vásenka Veslóvski, her husband, and even Sviyázhski, and many other people whom she knew, never thought of it and took on faith what every decent host tries to make his guests feel, that everything which is so well arranged in his house has cost him, the host, no labour, but is taking place of its own accord. But Dárya Aleksándrovna knew that of its own accord not even the porridge would be made in the morning for the children, and that, therefore, somebody's close attention must have been employed in so complex and beautiful an arrangement. And from the glance of Aleksyéy Kirillovich, as he scanned the table and made a sign with his head to the majordomo, and as he offered Dárya Aleksándrovna the choice between cold beet soup and bouillon, she understood that everything was done and was sustained by the cares of the host himself. On Anna it evidently did not depend any more than it did on Veslóvski. She, Sviyázhski, the princess, and Veslóvski were all alike guests, who cheerfully made use of what had been prepared for them.

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Anna was the hostess only in so far as she gave direction to the conversation. And this conversation, which is so difficult for a hostess presiding at a small table, in the presence of such persons as the manager and the architect, persons belonging to an entirely different world, who tried not to appear timid before so much luxury, and who were unable to take any considerable part in the general conversation, — this difficult conversation Anna carried on with her customary tact, naturalness, and even pleasure, as Dárya Aleksándrovna observed.

The conversation turned on Tushkévich's and Veslóvski's boating, and here Tushkévich began to tell about the last races of the St. Petersburg Yachting Club. But Anna, waiting for an interruption, immediately turned to the architect, in order to draw him out from his silence.

"Nikoláy Iványch was surprised," she said about Sviyázhski, "to see how quickly the new building has grown up since he was here the last time; but I am there every day, and I marvel how quickly it is rising."

"It is a pleasure to work with his Serenity," the architect said, with a smile (he was, with the consciousness of his dignity, a respectful, quiet man). "It is different from having to do with the Government officials. Where they would write up a ream of paper, I report to the count and talk with him about the matter, and all is done in three words."

"American methods," Sviyázhski said, smiling.

"Yes, there the buildings go up in a rational manner — "

The conversation passed over to the abuse of power in the United States, but Anna immediately changed it to another theme, in order to draw the manager out of his silence.

"Have you ever seen a reaping-machine?" she turned to Dárya Aleksándrovna. "We had been out to see one when you came. I saw it myself for the first time."

"How do they work?" asked Dolly.

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"Exactly like scissors. There is a board and a mass of small scissors, — like this."

Anna took a small knife and a fork into her beautiful, white, ring-bedecked hands, and began to illustrate. She evidently saw that nothing could be made out from her explanation; but, knowing that she talked pleasantly and that her hands were beautiful, she continued her explanation.

"More like a penknife," Veslóvski said, jestingly, without taking his eyes off her.

Anna gave a faint smile, but made no reply. "Am I not right, Karl Fédorych, in saying that it works like scissors?" she turned to the manager.

"*O ja*," replied the German. "*Es ist ein ganz einfaches Ding*," and he began to explain the construction of the machine.

"What a pity it does not bind. I saw one at the Vienna Exposition that bound with wire," said Sviyázhski. "Those would be more profitable."

"*Es kommt drauf an — Der Preis vom Draht muss ausgerechnet werden.*" And the German, who had been drawn out from his silence, turned to Vrónski. "*Das lässt sich ausrechnen, Erlaucht.*" The German put his hand to his pocket, where he had a pencil in a memorandum book, in which he made all kinds of calculations, but, recalling that he was at dinner, and noticing Vrónski's cold glance, he restrained himself. "*Zu complicirt, macht zu viel* trouble," he concluded.

"*Wünscht man was* double, *so hat man auch* trouble," said Vásenka Veslóvski, making fun of the German. "*J'adore l'allemand*," he turned with the same smile to Anna.

"*Cessez*," she said to him, half in jest and half in earnest.

"We had hoped to find you in the field. Vasíli Semónych." She turned to the doctor, a sickly man. "Were you there?"

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"I was, but I volatilized," the doctor replied, with gloomy jocularity.

"Then you must have had a fine constitutional."

"A superb one."

"Well, and how is the health of the old woman? I hope it is not the typhus?"

"No, not the typhus, but she is by no means in prime shape."

"What a pity!" said Anna, and, having thus paid her tribute of politeness to the inmates of the house, she now turned to her company.

"Still, according to your description it would be hard to build a machine, Anna Arkádevna," Sviyázhski said, jestingly.

"Why not?" said Anna, with a smile, which said that she knew that in her talk about the construction of the machine there was something sweet, which even Sviyázhski had noticed. This new feature of youthful coquetry struck Dolly as disagreeable.

"But on the other hand, in architecture Anna Arkádevna's knowledge is remarkable," said Tushkévich.

"Why, I heard Anna Arkádevna last night talking about joggles and panels," said Veslóvski. "Am I right?"

"There is nothing remarkable about that, when you see and hear so much," said Anna. "You, no doubt, do not know even what a house is made of."

Dárya Aleksándrovna saw that Anna was dissatisfied with that tone of playfulness which existed between her and Veslóvski, but that she involuntarily fell into it herself.

Vrónski acted here quite differently from Levín. He evidently did not ascribe any importance to Veslóvski's babbling, and, on the contrary, encouraged these jests.

"Yes, tell us, Veslóvski, how are the stones set?"

"Of course, by means of cement."

"Bravo! And what is cement?"

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"Something like paste — no, like putty," said Veslóvski, calling forth general laughter.

The conversation of the diners, with the exception of the doctor, the architect, and the manager, who were merged in gloomy silence, never abated, now gliding, now hitching, and now touching some one to the quick. One time Dárya Aleksándrovna was touched to the quick, and she grew so excited that she even blushed, and then only wondered whether she had not said something unnecessary or disagreeable. Sviyázhski was talking of Levín, mentioning his strange opinions about machinery being harmful to Russian farming.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing that Mr. Levín," Vrónski said, smiling, "but evidently he has never seen the machines which he condemns. And if he has seen and tried one, it may have been some home-made Russian, and not an imported one. What views can there be about them?"

"Why, Turkish views," Veslóvski said, with a smile, turning to Anna.

"I cannot defend his opinions," Dárya Aleksándrovna said, in excitement, "but I can say that he is a very cultured gentleman, and if he were here, he would know how to answer you; but I cannot."

"I love him very much, and we are great friends," Sviyázhski said, with a good-natured smile. "*Mais pardon, il est un petit peu toqué;* for example, he affirms that the County Council and the justices of the peace, — that all that is unnecessary, and does not wish to take part in anything."

"That is our Russian indifference," said Vrónski, pouring some water from the ice-decanter into a goblet, "not to feel the duties which our privileges impose upon us, and therefore to deny these duties."

"I do not know a man who is more strict in the performance of his duties," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, irri-

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tated by that tone of superiority, in which Vrónski spoke.

"I, on the contrary," continued Vrónski, who was evidently for some reason touched to the quick by this conversation, "I, on the contrary, such as I am, am very much obliged for the honour which has been done me, thanks to Nikoláy Iványch" (he pointed to Sviyázhski) "by electing me an honourable justice of the peace. I consider that for me the duty of attending sessions, of deliberating on a peasant's affair about his horse, is as important as anything which I may do. And I will regard it as an honour when I am chosen a member of the Council. Only in that manner am I able to return payment for the advantages which I enjoy as a landowner. Unfortunately, people do not understand the importance which the large landowners ought to have in the country."

It seemed strange to Dárya Aleksándrovna to see him so calm in his righteousness at his own table. She recalled that Levín, who was of the opposite opinions, was just as determined in his own judgments at his table. But she loved Levín, and so was on his side.

"So we may rely on you, count, at the next session?" asked Sviyázhski. "But you will have to start earlier, so as to get there by the 8th. If you did me the honour to visit me!"

"But I somewhat agree with your brother-in-law," said Anna. "Only not in the same way as he," she added, with a smile. "I am afraid that of late there have been too many of these public duties in our country. As formerly there used to be so many officials, that for every case there was a special official, so now there are public men. Aleksyéy has been here these six months, and he is already a member of, I think, five or six different public establishments, — a curator, a judge, a member of the Council, a juryman, an equerry, or something like that. *Du train que cela va,* the whole time will go on such mat-

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ters. And I am afraid that with such a multiplicity of affairs, it is mere form. Nikoláy Iványch, of how many organizations are you a member?" she turned to Sviyázhski. "I believe of more than twenty?"

Anna was speaking in jest, but in her voice could be heard irritation. Dárya Aleksándrovna, who carefully watched both Vrónski and Anna, immediately noticed that. She observed also that Vrónski's face during that conversation immediately assumed a serious and stubborn expression. Considering that, and the fact that Princess Várvara immediately, to change the subject, hastened to talk about St. Petersburg acquaintances, and recalling what Vrónski had inappropriately said in the garden about his activity, Dolly understood that with this question about public activity was connected a certain intimate quarrel between Anna and Vrónski.

The dinner, the wines, the service, all that was very nice, but all that was like what Dárya Aleksándrovna had seen at dinners of state and at balls, to which she was no longer used, and had the same character of impersonality and straining; and so, on a common day and in a small circle, all that produced a disagreeable impression upon her.

After the dinner they sat on the terrace. Then they began to play lawn-tennis. The players, dividing into two parties, took up their positions on a carefully levelled and rolled "croquet ground," on either side of a net with gilt posts. Dárya Aleksándrovna tried to play, but for a long time could not make out the game, and when she did, she was so tired that she sat down beside Princess Várvara and merely looked on. Her partner, Tushkévich, too, gave up the game; but the rest continued to play for a long time. Sviyázhski and Vrónski played very well and very seriously. They kept a sharp eye on the ball thrown to them, without undue haste or dallying nimbly ran up to it, waited for the rebound, and, striking the ball

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with the racket with precision and accuracy, sent it over the net. Veslóvski was playing worse than the rest. He was too excited, but with his merriment he cheered up the players. His laughter and shouts never abated. With the permission of the ladies, he, like the other gentlemen, had taken off his coat, and his large, handsome figure, in the white shirt-sleeves, with his ruddy, perspiring face and his excited motions, made a deep impression.

When Dárya Aleksándrovna that night went to bed and closed her eyes, she saw Vásenka Veslóvski flying about the "croquet ground."

During the game itself Dárya Aleksándrovna did not feel happy. She did not like the jocular relation between Vásenka Veslóvski and Anna, which lasted all that time, and that general unnaturalness of the adults when they, without children, were playing a childish game. But, not to spoil their fun and in order to pass the time in some way, she, after a rest, again joined the game and pretended to be amused. All that day it appeared to her that she was playing theatre with better actors than she was, and that her poor play was spoiling the whole business.

She had come with the intention of staying two days if she felt happy there. But in the evening, during the game, she decided to leave on the following day. Those painful maternal cares, which she had so loathed on her way up, now, after a day passed without them, appeared to her in a different light and attracted her.

When, after the evening tea and a boat-ride at night, Dárya Aleksándrovna returned alone to her room, took off her garments, and began to fix her thin hair for the night, she felt a great relief.

It even displeased her to think that Anna would soon come to her. She wanted to be left alone with her thoughts.

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XXIII.

DOLLY was on the point of lying down, when Anna in night attire came in.

During the day Anna had several times begun to talk about intimate affairs, and each time, after saying a few words, she had stopped. "Later, when we shall be alone, we shall talk of it. I have so much to tell you," she had said.

Now they were alone, and Anna did not know what to talk about. She sat at the window, looking at Dolly and rummaging through her mind for that store of intimate conversations, which had seemed inexhaustible to her, and could not find anything. It seemed to her at that moment that everything had been said.

"Well, how is Kitty?" she said, heaving a deep sigh and looking guiltily at Dolly. "Tell me the truth, Dolly, is she not angry with me?"

"Angry? No," Dárya Aleksándrovna said, smiling.

"Does she not hate and despise me?"

"Oh, no! But you know such a thing is never forgiven."

"Yes, yes," Anna said, turning away and looking through the open window. "But it was not my fault. Whose fault is it? And what is the fault? Could it have been otherwise? Well, what do you think? Could it have been that you should not be Stíva's wife?"

"Really, I do not know. But tell me — "

"Yes, yes, but we have not yet finished about Kitty. Is she happy? They say he is a fine man."

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"It is not enough to say that he is a fine man. I do not know a better."

"Oh, how glad I am! I am very glad! It is not enough to say that he is a fine man," she repeated.

Dolly smiled.

"But tell me about yourself. I have much to talk about with you. I talked with —" Dolly did not know what to call him. She felt awkward to call him count, or Aleksyéy Kiríllovich.

"With Aleksyéy," said Anna. "I know that you have been talking together. But I wanted to ask you straight out what you think of me, of my life?"

"How shall I say it at once? Really, I do not know."

"Still, do tell me! You see my life. But you must not forget that you see us in the summer, when you have arrived and we are not alone — We came here early in the spring and lived here all alone, and shall live alone, and I do not wish for anything better. But, think of it, I live alone, alone, and that will be — I see by everything that that will be frequently repeated, that he will be half the time away from the house," she said, rising and seating herself nearer to Dolly.

"Of course," she interrupted Dolly, who wanted to answer her, "of course, I will not retain him by force. I am not holding him. There are races to-day, — his horses are racing, and he is going there. I am very glad of it; but think of me, imagine my situation — What is the use of speaking of it?" She smiled. "So what was it he spoke to you about?"

"He talked with me about what I myself wanted to mention to you, and so it is easy for me to be his attorney: I wanted to talk to you about the possibility of" — Dárya Aleksándrovna hesitated — "improving your situation — You know how I look upon it — But still, if possible, you ought to marry him —"

"That is the divorce?" said Anna. "Do you know the

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only woman who came to see me in St. Petersburg was Betsy Tverskóy. You know her, don't you? *Au fond c'est la femme la plus depravée qui existe.* She had a liaison with Tushkévich, deceiving her husband in the basest manner possible. And she told me that she did not want to know me so long as my life was irregular. Don't imagine that I am making any comparisons — I know you, my dear. But I accidentally thought of it — Well, so what did he say?" she repeated.

"He said that he was suffering for your sake and for his own. You will, perhaps, say that it is egotism, but it is such legitimate and noble egotism! In the first place, he wants to legitimize his daughter and be your husband, — to have a right upon you."

"What wife can be such a slave as I am in my situation?" she interrupted her, gloomily.

"The main thing which he wants — is — is that you should not suffer."

"That is impossible! Well?"

"Well, and the most legitimate desire of his is that your children should have a name."

"What children?" Anna said, without looking at Dolly, and half-closing her eyes.

"Annie and the future ones —"

"He may rest calm on that point, — I will not have any more children."

"How can you say that there will be none?"

"There will be none because I do not want any."

And, in spite of all her agitation, Anna smiled as she noticed the naïve expression of curiosity, surprise, and terror on Dolly's face.

"My doctor told me after my illness. . . . . .

. . . . . ."

"Impossible!" Dolly said, opening her eyes wide. To her that was one of those discoveries, the results and conclusions from which are so enormous that at the first

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moment one only feels that it is impossible to grasp it all, but that one will have to think of it ever so much.

This discovery, which suddenly explained to her all those incomprehensible families, in which there were only one or two children, evoked in her so many thoughts, reflections, and contradictory feelings, that she was unable to say anything, and only looked at Anna with eyes wide open. That was precisely what she had been dreaming about, but now that she discovered that it was possible, she was terrified. She felt that it was too simple a solution of too complicated a problem."

"*N'est ce pas immoral?*" was all she said, after a moment's silence.

"Why? Remember, I have the choice between two things: either to be pregnant, that is sickly, or to be the friend and companion of my husband, — he is as much as a husband to me," Anna said purposely in a superficial and light tone of voice.

"Well, yes, yes," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, hearing the same arguments which she had adduced to herself, and no longer seeing in them their former persuasiveness.

"For you, for others," said Anna, as though divining her thoughts, "there may be some doubt; but for me — You must understand that I am not a wife; he loves me so long as he loves me. Well, how can I keep his love? By this."

She extended her white hands in front of her abdomen.

With extraordinary rapidity, as happens in moments of agitation, thoughts and recollections crowded in Dárya Aleksándrovna's head. "I did not attract Stíva," she thought, "he went away from me to others, and that first one, for whom he deceived me, did not keep him by being pretty and cheerful. He abandoned her and took up another. And will Anna really attract and keep Vrónski in that manner? If he is looking for that kind of thing, he will find even more attractive and jolly manners

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and toilets. And, no matter how white and how beautiful her bared arms may be, how beautiful her full figure and her excited face encased by that black hair, he will find fairer ones, just as my despicable, pitiable, dear husband looks for them and finds them."

Dolly made no reply and only heaved a sigh. Anna noticed that sigh, which was expressive of disapproval, and continued. She had in store other arguments, such powerful arguments that it would not be possible to gainsay them.

"You say that it is not good. But consider it!" she continued. "You are forgetting my position. How can I wish for children? I am not talking about the suffering, — I am not afraid of it. Think who my children will be! Unfortunate children who will bear a stranger's name. By force of their birth alone will they be placed under the necessity of being ashamed of their mother and father."

"It is for this that the divorce is necessary."

But Anna was not listening to her. She wanted to finish all those arguments which she had so frequently employed to persuade herself.

"What is my reason given me for if not to refuse to bring into the world unfortunate beings?"

She glanced at Dolly, but, without waiting for an answer, continued:

"I should always feel guilty toward those unfortunate children," she said. "So long as they do not exist, they are at least not unfortunate, and if they should be it would all be my own fault."

Those were the very arguments which Dárya Aleksándrovna had been using to herself; but now she heard and did not understand them. "How can one be guilty toward creatures that do not yet exist?" she thought. And suddenly the thought came to her: in what way could her favourite Grísha have been better off if he had

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never existed? And that appeared so wild and so strange to her that she kept shaking her head, in order to dispel that tangle of insane thoughts which were circling around in her head.

"No, I do not know, it is not good," was all she said, with an expression of loathing in her face.

"Yes, but you must not forget what you are, and what I am — Besides," added Anna, who, in spite of the wealth of her arguments and the slimness of Dolly's arguments, seemed to admit that something was wrong, "you must not forget the main thing, which is that I am not now in the same position that you are in. For you there may be a question whether you do not wish to have more children, while for me it is whether I wish to have them. And that is a great difference. You understand that I cannot have such a desire in my condition."

Dárya Aleksándrovna made no reply. She suddenly felt that she was already so far removed from Anna that between them existed questions on which they would never agree, and of which it was best not to talk at all.

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XXIV.

"So much the more is it necessary for you to improve your situation, if it is possible to do so," said Dolly.

"Yes, if it is possible," Anna suddenly said, with an entirely different, calm, and sad voice.

"Is a divorce not possible? I was told that your husband is willing."

"Dolly! I do not want to talk about that."

"Well, we sha'n't," Dárya Aleksándrovna hastened to say, as she noticed an expression of suffering on Anna's face. "But I see you look so very gloomy."

"I? Not in the least. I am very happy and satisfied. You saw, *je fais des passions.* Veslóvski —"

"Yes, to tell you the truth, I did not like Veslóvski's tone," said Dárya Aleksándrovna, wishing to change the subject.

"Oh, that's nothing! It tickles Aleksyéy and does no more; but he is a boy and entirely in my hands; you understand, I manage him as I please. He is just like your Grísha — Dolly!" she suddenly changed the subject, "you say that I look gloomy. You can't understand it. It is too terrible. I try not to look at all."

"But it seems to me that is necessary. You ought to do everything that can be done."

"But what can be done? Nothing. You say I should marry Aleksyéy, and that I am not thinking of it. I am not thinking of it!" she repeated, and a colour appeared on her face. She got up, straightened out her chest,

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heaved a deep sigh, and began to pace up and down the room with her light gait, stopping now and then. "Do I not think? Not a day, not an hour passes without my thinking and without my upbraiding myself for what I am thinking — because thinking of it can drive one mad. Drive one mad," she repeated. "When I think of it, I cannot fall asleep without the use of morphine. Very well, let us speak calmly of it. They talk about the divorce. In the first place, *he* will not give it to me. *He* is now under the influence of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna."

Dárya Aleksándrovna, straightening herself up in the chair and turning her head, watched Anna with an expression of suffering and of compassion on her face, as she continued to walk up and down.

"You must try," she said, in a soft voice.

"Very well, I try. What does it mean?" she said, giving expression to a thought which she had evidently thought more than once and had learned by heart. "It means that I who hate him, but still acknowledge myself to be guilty toward him, — and I consider him magnanimous, — that I must humble myself to write to him. Suppose, I make an effort, and I write to him. I shall either get an insulting reply or his consent. Very well, I have his consent — " Anna was at that time in a remote corner of the room, and she stopped there, doing something to the window curtain. "I get his consent, and my so— son? They will not give him to me. He will grow up, despising me, in the house of his father, whom I have abandoned. You must understand that I love Serézha and Aleksyéy equally well, I think, and either of them more than myself."

She walked to the middle of the room and stopped in front of Dolly, compressing her breast with her hands. In her white dressing-gown her figure appeared uncommonly large and broad. She bent her head and looked furtively with her sparkling, humid eyes at small, sparse

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Dolly, who was all a-tremble from agitation, and who looked pitiable in her darned sack and nightcap.

"Only these two beings do I love, and one excludes the other. I cannot combine them, and that is precisely what I need. And if I don't have that, everything else is a matter of indifference. None of it makes any difference. It will end in some way, and so I am not able, I do not like to speak of it. So do not reproach me, do not judge me at all. You with all your purity cannot understand what I am suffering."

She walked over to her, seated herself beside her, and, gazing into her face with a guilty expression, took her hand.

"What do you think? What do you think of me? Do not despise me! I do not deserve to be despised. I am really unhappy. If anybody is unhappy, it is I," she muttered and, turning away from her, burst out into tears.

When Dolly was left alone, she said her prayers and went to bed. She had pitied Anna with all her soul, so long as she had been speaking; but now she could not force herself to think of her. The memories of her house and of her children now arose in her imagination with a peculiar, new charm, as it were, surrounded by a new halo. That world of hers suddenly appeared so dear and sweet to her, that she did not wish on any account to pass a day more than was necessary outside of it, and decided that she would by all means leave on the morrow.

In the meantime Anna, having returned to her cabinet, took a wine-glass, poured into it a few drops of a medicine, an important part of which was formed by morphine, and, drinking it and having sat a little while motionless, in a calm and cheerful mood went to her sleeping-room.

When she entered it, Vrónski scanned her carefully. He wanted to see the traces of the conversation which, he

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knew, she must have had with Dolly, in whose room she had remained so long. But in her expression, which was excited and yet reserved, and which seemed to be concealing something, he did not find anything but beauty, which, though it was familiar to him, still continued to charm him, and her consciousness and desire to affect him by means of her beauty. He did not want to ask her what they had been talking about, but hoped that she would say something herself. All she said was:

"I am glad that you are pleased with Dolly. Yes?"

"But I have known her for a long time. She is very good, I think, *mais excessivement terre-à-terre.* Still, I am really glad to see her."

He took Anna's hand and looked interrogatively into her eyes.

She, interpreting this glance differently, smiled at him.

On the following morning, Dárya Aleksándrovna, in spite of the requests of the hosts, got ready to leave. Levín's coachman, in his old caftan and undriver-like hat, directing the ill-matched horses, in a vehicle with patched wings, gloomily and resolutely drove into the covered, sand-strewn driveway.

The leave-taking from Princess Várvara and the men was distasteful to Dárya Aleksándrovna. After her day's stay, both she and the hosts came to see that they did not fit together well, and that it was better for them to separate. Anna was the only one who felt sad. She knew that now, with Dolly's departure, no one would stir in her soul the feelings that had arisen during their meeting. It was painful for her to have those feelings evoked; but she, nevertheless, knew that that was the best part of her soul and that that part of her soul was becoming rapidly weed-grown in the life which she was leading.

On reaching the fields again, Dárya Aleksándrovna experienced an agreeable sensation of relief, and she felt like

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asking the men how they had liked it at Vrónski's, when Coachman Filípp suddenly began to speak himself.

"They are rich, oh, so rich, but they gave us only three measures of oats. They had picked them clean by cock-crow. What is three measures? Just a bite. Nowadays oats are at forty-five kopeks at the innkeeper's. With us, the horses of the guests get as much as they will eat."

"A stingy master," affirmed the clerk.

"Well, and did you like their horses?" asked Dolly.

"The horses are great. And the food is fine. But somehow I felt lonely there, Dárya Aleksándrovna, — I do not know how it was with you," he said, turning to her his handsome, kindly face.

"I, too. Well, shall we get back by evening?"

"We must."

When she came back home and found everything in excellent condition and particularly charming, she told them with great animation about her journey, about the good reception which she had had, about the luxury and the good taste of the lives of the Vrónskis, and about their amusements, and did not allow anybody to say a word against them.

"One must know Anna and Vrónski, — I have learned now more than ever about him, — in order to understand how sweet and how touching it all is," she said quite sincerely, forgetting entirely the undefinable feeling of dissatisfaction and embarrassment which she had experienced there.

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XXV.

VRÓNSKI and Anna passed the whole of the summer and part of the autumn in the country, still continuing under the same conditions and taking no measures whatsoever for securing the divorce. They decided not to go anywhere; but both of them felt, the longer they remained alone, especially in the fall, when there were no guests, that they would not endure that life, and that it was necessary to change it.

Their life, it seemed, was such that no better could have been wished for: there was an ample sufficiency of everything, there was health, and the child, and both had enough to do. Anna looked after herself as much, even when the guests had left, and busied herself very much with reading, — of novels and of serious books, such as were the fashion. She sent for all books that were praised in the foreign papers and periodicals, which she received, and read them with that attention which one has only in solitude. Besides, all the subjects with which Vrónski occupied himself she studied from books and special periodicals, so that frequently he turned to her with questions in agronomy, architecture, and even in matters of the stud and of sports. He was amazed at her knowledge and memory, and first, doubting, demanded confirmations; and she found in the books what he asked her about, and showed the passages to him.

The organization of the hospital, too, interested her. She not only helped along, but even arranged and invented many things herself. But her chief care still remained

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she herself — herself, in so far as she was dear to Vrónski and in so far as she could take the place of everything which he had left. Vrónski appreciated that desire of hers, — now the only aim of her life, — not only to please, but to serve him, but at the same time felt annoyed at the love-nets in which she tried to enmesh him. The more time went on, the more he saw himself caught in those nets, the more he wanted not so much to get out of them as to try whether they did not interfere with his freedom. If it had not been for that ever increasing desire to be free, and for the scenes which they had every time when he had to go to town to attend the sessions or the races, Vrónski would have been quite contented with his life.

The rôle which he had chosen, the rôle of a rich landowner, such as the pith of the Russian aristocracy ought to consist of, not only was completely to his liking, but now, after he had lived thus half a year, afforded him an ever growing pleasure. And his affairs, drawing him in more and more, proceeded excellently. In spite of the great sums which he had expended on the hospitals, the machines, the imported Swiss cows, and many other things, he was convinced that he was not lavishing his fortune, but increasing it. Where he was concerned in returns, in the sale of timber, grain, and wool, in the letting of land, Vrónski was as firm as a flint, and knew how to hold his price. In matters of the farming, both in that estate and in his other possessions, he stuck to the simplest, least risky methods, and was in the highest degree saving and calculating in farm details. He did not surrender himself to the cunning and the glibness of the German, who wanted to draw him into purchases and who presented all the calculations in such a light that at first it appeared that more was needed, but who after reflection showed that the same could be done with less money and yet bring immediate returns. He listened to his manager,

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and asked him for details and agreed with him only when the importations or the new structures were to be something entirely new in Russia, which would call forth admiration. Besides, he agreed to heavy expenditures only when there was a surplus of capital, and, in incurring these expenses, he looked after all the details and insisted on having the best for his money. Thus it was evident, from the manner in which he conducted his affairs, that he was not squandering, but increasing his fortune.

In October were to be held the elections of the gentry in the Government of Kásbin, where were located the estates belonging to Vrónski, Sviyázhski, Koznyshév, Oblónski, and a small part of Levín's farms.

These elections attracted public attention for many other reasons, as well as on account of the persons that were to take part in them. Much was said about them, and great preparations were made for them. Many inhabitants from Moscow, St. Petersburg, and from abroad, who never voted, came to attend these elections.

Vrónski had long ago promised Sviyázhski that he would be there.

Before the elections, Sviyázhski, who frequently called at Vozdvízhenskoe, came after Vrónski.

On the day preceding that departure the proposed journey had almost led to a quarrel between Anna and Vrónski. It was the gloomiest part of the fall, which is so oppressive in the country, and so Vrónski, preparing himself for the struggle, informed Anna of his intended journey with a stern, cold expression, such as he had never before employed toward her. But, to his surprise, she received that information very calmly, and only asked when he would be back. He looked attentively at her, unable to understand her calm. She smiled at his glance. He knew that ability of hers to recede into herself, and he knew that that happened only when she had decided

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on something for herself, without communicating her plans to him. He was afraid of that; but he was so anxious to avoid a scene that he made it appear as though he actually believed — and he partly believed sincerely — in her good sense.

"I hope that you will not be lonely."

"I hope so," said Anna. "I received yesterday a box of books from Gauthier. No, I shall not be lonely."

"She wants to assume that tone, — so much the better," he thought, "for it is always the same."

And, without having provoked her to a sincere explanation, he went away to the elections. That was the first time since their liaison that he had left her without having had a full explanation with her. On the one hand it disquieted him; on the other, he found that it was well so. "At first, as now, there will be something indistinct and concealed, but later she will get used to it. In any case, I can give up everything to her but my manly independence," he thought.

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XXVI.

In September Levín moved to Moscow on account of Kitty's childbirth. He had already passed a month without any work in Moscow, when Sergyéy Ivánovich, who had an estate in the Government of Káshin, and who took great interest in the forthcoming elections, was getting ready to attend them. He invited his brother to go with him. Levín had a vote in Seleznévski County and, besides, had some important business in the Government of Káshin in matters of the trusteeship of his sister, who was living abroad, and had to receive certain sums for the sale of land.

Levín was still undecided, but Kitty, who saw that he was getting tired of Moscow and advised him to go, without his knowledge ordered the tailor to make for him a uniform of the gentry, costing eighty roubles. And these eighty roubles paid out for the uniform were the chief cause that incited Levín to go. He went to Káshin.

Levín had now been in Káshin six days, attending the assembly each day and looking after his sister's affair, which it was hard to get settled. All the marshals were busy with the elections, and it was impossible to get anything done in that very simple matter which depended on the trusteeship. The other matter, his receiving the sums, also met with difficulties. After a lot of trouble about removing an injunction, the money was ready to be paid over; but the notary, a most obliging man, could not turn over the receipt, because it demanded the signature of the marshal, and the marshal, who had not laid

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on something for herself, without ...sions. All this plans to him. He was afraid of ... to another, these anxious to avoid a scene that he ...dly men, who fully he actually believed — and ...ation of the petitioner, — in her good sense. ...im, all that strain, which

"I hope that you w... ...n Levín a painful sensation,

"I hope so," said ...plessness which one experiences of books from G... to apply force. This he fre-

"She want... ...when talking with his good-natured ter," he th... ...torney, it seemed, was doing his utmost

And ... ...all his mental powers to get Levín out of tion ... "Try this," he said more than once, "and ti... ...and such a place," and the attorney made a ...obviate the fatal principle which seemed to ...way of everything; but he immediately added, "They will, all the same, delay matters; still, try it!" And Levín tried, walked, drove out. All were good and kind, but it turned out that what had been evaded suddenly grew out at the end and once more barred the way. What was most provoking was that Levín was absolutely unable to understand with whom he was struggling and who was to be the gainer from retarding his affair. Nobody seemed to know that, not even the attorney. If Levín could have understood it as he understood why at the railway it is impossible to get at the ticket-office otherwise than by standing in a row, he would not have felt so annoyed and provoked; but no one was able to explain to him why the obstacles which he met with in attending to his business existed.

But Levín had changed much since his marriage. He was patient, and if he did not understand why it was all arranged that way, he said to himself that, as he did not know everything, he was unable to pass judgment, and that, in all probability, it had to be that way, and so he tried not to get indignant.

Similarly, while attending the elections and taking part

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them, he tried to pass no judgment and not to dispute, as much as possible, to comprehend the matter in h the honest and good people whom he respected ngaged with so much seriousness and infatuation. is marriage Levín had discovered so many new us sides of life, which formerly, on account of us relation to them, had seemed insignificant to ven in the matter of the elections he assumed d to find a serious meaning.

Sergyéy Ivánovich explained to him the meaning and significance of the revolution which was contemplated at these elections. The marshal of the Government, in whose hands, according to the law, were so many important public affairs, — the trusteeship (the same from which Levín was suffering just then), and enormous sums of the gentry, and the male, the female, and the military gymnasia, and the popular education in conformity with the new law, and finally the County Council, — Government Marshal Snétkov was a man of the old type of the gentry, who had squandered an enormous fortune, a good man, honest in his way, but one who absolutely failed to understand the requirements of the time. He in everything and always took the part of the gentry, directly counteracted the dissemination of popular education, and gave a class character to the County Council, which was to have such an enormous importance. It became necessary to put in his place a new, contemporary, active man, one who was a modern, and to conduct matters in such a way as to derive all the advantages of self-government, which it was possible to get only out of the privileges granted to the gentry not as such, but as an element of the County Council. In the rich Government of Káshin, which in everything led the other Governments, there had now gathered such forces that if the matter was conducted properly, it might serve as a model for the other Governments, — for the whole of Russia. Consequently, the

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whole affair was of prime importance. In the place of Snétkov it was proposed to elect Sviyázhski, or, better still, Nevyedóvski, an ex-professor, a remarkably clever man and a great friend of Sergyéy Ivánovich.

The meeting was opened by the governor, who made a speech to the gentry, in which he enjoined them to elect the officers, not through favouritism, but according to their deserts and for the country's good, and expressed his hope that the Káshin noble gentry would, as in former elections, do their duty and justify the high confidence placed in them by the monarch.

Having finished his speech, the governor left the hall, and the gentry, noisily and with animation, and some of them even with enthusiasm, followed him and surrounded him while he was putting on his fur coat and talking amicably with the Government marshal. Levín, who wanted to get to the bottom of everything and not to lose a thing, was standing in the crowd, and he heard the governor say, "Please inform Márya Ivánovna that my wife is very sorry, that she is going to the asylum." And after that the gentry merrily picked out their fur coats, and all went to the cathedral.

In the cathedral Levín, with the rest, raised his hand and repeated the words of the protopope, swearing the most terrible oaths to perform everything which the governor expected them to do. The church service always affected Levín, and when he pronounced the words, "I kiss the cross," and looked back at the crowd of those young and old men, who were saying the same, he felt touched.

On the second and the third day they discussed certain sums of the gentry and the female gymnasium, which, as Sergyéy Ivánovich explained, were of no importance, and so Levín, who was busy with his affairs, did not follow them. On the fourth day, the Government sums were audited at the Government table. And here the old and

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the new party came for the first time into conflict. The commission, which was entrusted with the auditing of the sums, reported to the assembly that the sums were all correct. The Government marshal got up to thank the gentry for the trust placed in him, and tears appeared in his eyes. The gentry received him with loud acclamations and pressed his hand. But just then a nobleman of the party of Sergyéy Ivánovich said that he had heard that the commission had not examined the sums at all, as they regarded such an examination as an insult to the Government marshal. One of the members of the commission carelessly confirmed this statement. Then a small, apparently very young, but exceedingly sarcastic gentleman began to speak, saying that, no doubt, the Government marshal would be pleased to give an account of the sums, and that the superfluous delicacy of the members of the commission was depriving him of that moral satisfaction. Then the members of the commission retracted their statement, and Sergyéy Ivánovich began to prove logically that those sums had to be regarded as either audited by them, or as not audited, and developed that dilemma in detail. Sergyéy Ivánovich was answered by a talker from the opposite party. Then Sviyázhski spoke, and again the sarcastic gentleman. The discussions went on for a long time and ended in nothing. Levín was surprised to hear them debate the matter for so long a time, especially because, when he asked Sergyéy Ivánovich whether he assumed that the sums had been squandered, he replied:

"Oh, no! He is an honest man. But it was necessary to shake up that antiquated, paternal, family management of the affairs of the gentry."

On the fifth day the elections of the county marshals took place. In Seleznévski County Sviyázhski was elected without balloting by a unanimous vote, and on that day he gave a dinner.

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XXVII.

THE Government elections were set for the sixth day. The large and small halls were full of the gentry in various uniforms. Many came especially for that day. Acquaintances, who had not seen each other for a long time, from the Crimea, from St. Petersburg, from abroad, met in the halls. Debates were going on at the Government table, beneath the portrait of the emperor.

The gentry grouped themselves in the large and the small halls according to camps, and, from the hostility and suspiciousness of the glances, from the abatement of the conversation at the approach of strangers, from the fact that some, whispering to one another, walked away to distant corridors, it was evident that each side had secrets from the other. It was apparent that the gentry were divided into two classes: into the old and the new. The old wore for the most part old, buttoned gentry uniforms, with swords and hats, or their especial ex-uniforms of the navy, cavalry, or infantry. The uniforms of the old gentry were made in ancient fashion with little puffs on their shoulders; they were obviously too small, too short at the waist, and tight, as though the persons wearing them had outgrown them. But the young ones wore unbuttoned gentry uniforms with long waists and broad at the shoulders, with white waistcoats, or uniforms with black collars and laurels, — the embroidery of the Ministry of Justice. To the young party belonged also the court uniforms, which adorned the crowd.

But the division into the old and young did not coin-

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cide with the division into parties. A few of the young men, according to Levín's observation, belonged to the old party, and, on the other hand, some of the very oldest noblemen were whispering with Sviyázhski, and evidently were ardent adherents of the new party.

Levín was standing in a small hall, where the men were smoking and lunching, near a group of his own people, listening to what they were saying, and vainly straining all his mental powers in order to understand what was being said. Sergyéy Ivánovich was the centre around which the others grouped themselves. He was now listening to Sviyázhski and to Khlyústov, the marshal of another county, who belonged to their party. Khlyústov did not consent to going with his county to ask Snétkov to offer himself as a candidate, and Sviyázhski persuaded him to do so, and Sergyéy Ivánovich approved that plan. Levín did not understand why the hostile party was to ask the marshal, who was to be outvoted, to offer himself as a candidate.

Stepán Arkádevich, who had just had luncheon and something to drink, was wiping his mouth with a perfumed batiste bordered handkerchief, as he walked over to them in his uniform of a gentleman of the chamber.

"We are occupying a position," he said, spreading both his side-whiskers, "Sergyéy Ivánovich!"

And, as he listened to the conversation, he assented to Sviyázhski's view.

"If, as in former elections, all the counties should ask the Government marshal, he would be elected by all the white balls. That ought not to be. Now eight counties have agreed to ask him; but if two refuse to ask, Snétkov may refuse to be balloted upon. And then the old party may select another of their own, as their calculation will be disturbed. But if only one, Sviyázhski's county, will not ask, Snétkov will be balloted upon. He will even be elected, and they will purposely give him a plurality, so

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that the opposite party will lose their calculation, and when we put up a candidate of our own, they will themselves give him a plurality."

Levín understood, but not entirely, and was on the point of putting several questions, when suddenly all began to speak, to make a noise, and to move into the large hall.

"What is it? What? Whom? — Confidence? In whom? What? — They deny it? — Not the confidence. — Flérov is not admitted. What of it if he is under trial? — In that way nobody will be admitted. — That is base! — The law!" was what Levín heard on all sides. He started for the large hall with the rest, who were hurrying to some place and were afraid lest they should lose something, and, pushed by the gentry, he got so far as the Government table, where the Government marshal, Sviyázhski, and the other bosses were disputing something in a heated manner.

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XXVIII.

Levín was standing a distance off. A nobleman near him, who was breathing heavily, with a hoarse sound, and another, the thick soles of whose boots were creaking, made it impossible for him to hear distinctly. He heard from a distance the soft voice of the marshal, then the squeaky voice of the sarcastic gentleman, and finally Sviyázhski's voice. They were debating, so far as he could tell, the meaning of the law and the meaning of the words: "Who is under trial."

The crowd moved back to make a path for Sergyéy Ivánovich, who was coming up. Waiting for the sarcastic gentleman to finish his speech, Sergyéy Ivánovich said that the safest thing would be to refer to the article of the law, and so he asked the secretary to find it. In that article it said that, in case of disagreement, a vote ought to be taken.

Sergyéy Ivánovich read the article and began to explain the meaning of it; but just then a tall, fat, stooping landed proprietor, with dyed moustache, wearing a tightly fitting uniform with a collar which stuck into the nape of his neck, interrupted him. He went up to the table and, striking it with his ring, called out in a loud voice:

"Vote! With ballots! Don't talk! With ballots!"

Then suddenly a number of voices began to talk, and the tall nobleman with the ring, getting more and more enraged, cried louder and louder. But it was impossible to make out what he was saying.

He repeated what Sergyéy Ivánovich had proposed.

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But, apparently, he hated him and his whole party, and this feeling of hatred was communicated to the whole party and called forth the opposition of a similar, though more decent, rage from the other side. There rose noises, and for a minute everything was mixed, so that the Government marshal had to ask them to preserve order.

"Vote, vote! He who is a nobleman understands — We spill our blood — The confidence of the monarch — Not to count the marshal, he is not a clerk — That is another matter — Please, the ballots! Baseness!" the enraged, unearthly yells were heard on all sides. The glances and faces were even more enraged and unearthly than the talking. They expressed undying hatred. Levín absolutely failed to understand what it was all about, and marvelled at the passion with which the question was debated whether they were to ballot on the opinion about Flérov, or not. He did not know the syllogism, which Sergyéy Ivánovich explained to him later, that for the common good, the Government marshal had to be deposed; that for the deposition of the Government marshal, a majority of votes was needed; that to get a majority of votes Flérov had to get the right to vote; and that to declare him entitled to a vote, it was necessary to explain the meaning of the law.

"One vote may decide the whole matter, and one has to be serious and consistent if one wants to serve the common good," concluded Sergyéy Ivánovich.

But Levín did not know this, and it pained him to see those good men whom he respected in such a disagreeable, malicious temper. To free himself from that oppressive feeling, he, without waiting for the end of the debates, went to a hall where there was nobody but the lackeys at the buffet. On seeing the lackeys busy wiping the dishes and placing the plates and wine-glasses, and seeing their calm, animated faces, Levín experienced an unexpected sensation of relief, as though he had gone from an ill-

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smelling room into the fresh air. He began to walk to and fro, looking in delight at the waiters. It gave him pleasure to watch an old lackey, with gray side-whiskers, who, expressing contempt for the younger ones that were making fun of him, taught them the proper way of folding napkins. Levín was just getting ready to enter into a conversation with the old lackey, when the secretary of the gentry trusteeship, an old man, whose specialty was to know all the gentry of the Government by name and patronymic, distracted his attention.

"If you please, Konstantín Dmítrievich," he said to him, "your brother is looking for you. The opinion is being voted upon."

Levín went into the hall, received a white ball, and, following his brother, Sergyéy Ivánovich, went up to the table, where stood Sviyázhski, with a significant and ironical face, taking his whole beard into his fist, and smelling at it. Sergyéy Ivánovich put his hand into the box, put in his ball, and stepped aside, to give place to Levín. Levín came up, but, forgetting entirely what it was all about, and becoming embarrassed, he turned to Sergyéy Ivánovich with the question where he should put it. He asked it in a soft voice, just as they were talking near him, hoping that his question would not be heard. But those who spoke grew silent, and his improper question was heard. Sergyéy Ivánovich frowned.

"That is a matter of personal conviction," he said, sternly.

A few men smiled. Levín blushed, hurriedly stuck his hand under the cloth and put the ball on the right, as it happened to be in his right hand. After putting it in, he recalled that he ought to have stuck his left hand in also, and so he did, but it was too late, and, getting even more confused, he hurried away to the last rows.

"One hundred and six for and ninety-eight against!" resounded the voice of the secretary, who did not pronounce his *r*'s. Then laughter was heard: in the box a button

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and two nuts had been found. The nobleman was admitted, and the new party was victorious.

But the old party did not consider itself vanquished. Levín heard them ask Snétkov to be a candidate, and he saw a crowd of the gentry surrounding the Government marshal, who was saying something. Levín walked up to them. In reply to the gentry, Snétkov spoke of the confidence of the gentry, of their love for him, of which he was not worthy, because his deserts consisted merely in his devotion to the gentry, to whom he had given twelve years of service. He several times repeated the words, "I served to the best of my ability, in faith and truth, I appreciate and thank you," and suddenly stopped on account of the tears that choked him, and left the hall. Whether these words were due to the consciousness of their injustice toward him, or to his love of the gentry, or to the strained situation in which he now was, being surrounded by enemies, — the agitation was communicated to the crowd, the majority of the gentry felt touched, and Levín was overcome with a tender feeling for Snétkov.

At the door, the Government marshal stumbled against Levín.

"I beg your pardon, excuse me," he said, as though to a stranger; but, upon recognizing Levín, he smiled timidly. It seemed to Levín that he wanted to say something, but was unable to do so from agitation. The expression of his face and whole figure, in his uniform, crosses, and white gallooned trousers, as he was walking rapidly, reminded Levín of a baited beast which sees that things are in a bad shape. This expression on the face of the marshal appeared exceedingly touching to Levín, because he had been at his house only the night before, in matters of the trusteeship, and had seen him there in all the grandeur of a good man who is the head of a family. The large house with the old family furniture; the unfoppish, slightly dirty, but respectful old lackeys, evidently old serfs who

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had not yet changed masters; the fat, good-natured wife in laced cap and Turkish shawl, who was caressing her grandchild, her daughter's daughter; his son, a gymnasiast of the sixth form, who had arrived from the gymnasium and, greeting his father, kissed his large hand; the impressive, kindly remarks and gestures of the host, — all that had on the previous evening evoked in Levín involuntary respect and sympathy. Levín now felt for, and pitied, that old man, and he wanted to say something agreeable to him.

"So you are again our marshal," he said.

"Hardly," the marshal replied, looking around in fright. "I am tired — I am old. There are those who are younger and worthier than I: let them serve!"

And the marshal disappeared through a side door.

The most solemn moment arrived. They were about to begin voting. The bosses of either party counted the white and black balls on their fingers.

The debates about Flérov gave the new party not only the one vote of Flérov's, but also a gain of time, so that they could send for three noblemen who, by the ruses of the old party, had been deprived of the possibility of attending the elections. Two of the noblemen, who had a weakness for wine, had been filled up by Snétkov's henchmen, and from the third they had carried off his uniform.

When the new party heard of it, they managed, during the debate about Flérov, to send their men in a cab, in order to find a uniform for the one, and to fetch one of the drunken men to the assembly.

"I brought one, I sobered him up by pouring water over him," the landed proprietor, who had brought him, said to Sviyázhski. "He is fit enough."

"Is he not too drunk, — won't he fall down?" said Sviyázhski, shaking his head.

"No, he walks about like a good fellow. If only they will not fill him up here — I told the butler under no condition to give him anything."

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XXIX.

THE narrow hall in which they smoked and ate was full of the gentry. The agitation kept growing, and unrest was to be seen on all the faces. Most excited were the bosses, who knew all the details and the count of all the balls. They were the managers of the present battle. The rest, like the rank and file before a battle, were indeed preparing for the fray, but in the meantime looked for diversion. They ate lunches standing, or sitting at the table; others smoked cigarettes and walked up and down the long room and talked with friends whom they had not seen for a long time.

Levín did not feel like eating, and he did not smoke; he did not wish to be with his own people, that is, with Sergyéy Ivánovich, Stepán Arkádevich, Sviyázhski, and others, because they were engaged in an animated conversation with Vrónski, who wore his equerry's uniform. Levín had seen him at the elections the day before, and had carefully avoided him, as he did not want to meet him. He went up to a window and sat down to watch the groups and to listen to what was being said all around him. He felt sad, especially because everybody, as he saw, was animated, anxious, and busy, and only he and an old, old toothless man in a navy uniform, with mumbling lips, who was sitting near him, had no interest and no business.

"He is such a rascal! I told him so, but no. Of course! He could not collect it in three years," said energetically a stooping, undersized landed proprietor with

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pomatum-dressed hair which lay over the embroidered collar of his uniform, clattering with the heels of his new boots, which he had evidently put on for the elections. And the proprietor, casting a dissatisfied glance at Levín, turned around sharply.

"Yes, it is not a clean job, I must say," muttered a low-statured proprietor in a thin voice.

After these, a whole crowd of proprietors, who had been surrounding a fat general, hurriedly moved up toward Levín. They were evidently looking for a spot where they might talk over matters undisturbed.

"How dare he say that I stole his pants! He has, no doubt, spent them in drinks. Damn him with his princely title! He dare not open his mouth, — that is nasty!"

"But, please! They fall back on the article of the law," they were saying in another group, "the wife has to be inscribed as belonging to the gentry."

"The devil I care for that article! I am telling the truth. That's what we are the noble gentry for! Have faith!"

"Your Excellency, let us go! Fine champagne —"

"I have always advised Márya Seménovna to let the estate, because she will not recover the expenses," said, in a pleasant voice, a proprietor with a gray moustache wearing a colonel's uniform of an old general-staff. It was the same proprietor whom Levín had met at Sviyázhski's. He immediately recognized him. The proprietor, too, cast a glance at him, and they exchanged greetings.

"Very glad to see you. Of course, I remember very well. Last year, at the house of Nikoláy Ivánovich, the marshal."

"Well, and how does your farm go?" asked Levín.

"At a loss, as ever," replied the proprietor, with an humble smile, but with an expression of calm and conviction that it had to be so. He stopped near Levín. "How

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did you get into our Government?" he asked. "Did you come to take part in our *coup d'état?*" He spoke with firmness, but pronounced the French words badly. "The whole of Russia has congregated here: there are gentlemen of the chamber and almost ministers." He pointed to the representative figure of Stepán Arkádevich, who, in his white pantaloons and uniform of a gentleman of the chamber, was walking with a general.

"I must confess to you that I understand very little of the meaning of the elections of the gentry," said Levín.

The proprietor glanced at him.

"What is there to understand? There is no meaning. It is a fallen institution which continues its motion only by force of inertia. See, even the uniforms tell you: this is a gathering of justices of the peace, of life members, and so forth, and not of the gentry."

"Why, then, do you attend it?" asked Levín.

"From habit, that's all. Then, it is necessary to keep up connections. To a certain extent, a moral obligation. And, then, to tell the truth, I have some interests of my own. My brother-in-law wants to be voted in as a life member; he is not a wealthy man, and I have to see him through it. Why do these gentlemen attend it?" he said, pointing to the sarcastic gentleman, who was talking at the Government table.

"That is the new generation of the gentry."

"New it is; but not the gentry. They are landowners, and we are proprietors. As the gentry, they are laying hands upon themselves."

"But you say yourself that it is an obsolete institution."

"Obsolete it is, to be sure, still, it would not do any hurt to treat it with more respect. Take, for example, Snétkov — Whether we are good, or not, we have been growing for a thousand years. You know, it is as though you had to lay out a garden in front of your house, to level up, and in that place were growing a century old

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tree, — it may be all twisted and old, but you will not cut it down for the sake of the flower-beds, but will so lay out the beds as to make use of the tree. You can't grow it in a year," he said, cautiously, and immediately changed his subject. "Well, and how does your farm go?"

"Not well. About five per cent."

"Yes, but you do not count yourself in. You are yourself worth something. I will tell you about myself. So long as I did not farm, I received three thousand in the service. Now I work more than in the service, and like you get five per cent., God willing. But my own labours go for nothing."

"Why, then, do you do it? If there is a direct loss?"

"I just do it! What do you wish? It is habit, and you know that it has to be. I will tell you more," continued the proprietor, leaning against the window, and becoming talkative. "My son has no liking for the farm. He will evidently be a scholar. So there will be nobody to carry it on, and still I do it. This year I have set out an orchard."

"Yes, yes," said Levín, "that is quite true. I always feel that there is no real profit in my farming, and yet I work — I feel, as it were, a certain duty toward the land."

"Let me tell you," continued the proprietor, "a neighbour of mine, a merchant, came to see me. We took a walk over the estate and through the garden. 'Yes,' says he, 'Stepán Vasílevich, everything is in order here, but your garden is neglected.' But I had it in order. 'In my opinion these lindens ought to be cut down, and that must be done when they are in the sap: there are a thousand of them, and each will make two good bark pieces. Bark is high now, and you could get a lot of linden timber.'"

"And for that money he would buy cattle or he would

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buy land for a mere nothing, and would let it out to the peasants," Levín finished, with a smile, having apparently himself more than once come across such calculations. "And he will make himself a fortune; but you and I will be thankful to God if we can keep what we have and leave it to our children."

"I heard you were married," said the proprietor.

"Yes," Levín replied, with proud pleasure. "Yes, it is rather strange," he continued. "So we live without any profit, as though we were ordered, like the Vestals of old, to watch a certain fire."

The proprietor smiled under his white moustache.

"There are some among us, — take our friend Nikoláy Ivánovich, or Count Vrónski, who has settled among us, — who want to introduce an agronomic industry; but that will nowadays lead to nothing, except wasting capital."

"But why do we not do like the merchants? Why do we not cut down our gardens for the sake of the bark?" said Levín, returning to the thought which had startled him.

"Why, as you said, to watch the fire. But that is not an affair for the gentry. The work of the gentry is not done here, at the elections, but there, in our nooks. We have our class instinct, which tells us what we may do and what not. Even the peasants, as I look at them now and then, do so: a good peasant will try to get hold of as much land as he can. Let the land be ever so poor, he ploughs it. There is no profit in it, either. It's all a loss."

"Even so we do," said Levín. "Very, very glad to have met you," he added, observing Sviyázhski, who was coming up toward him.

"We have just met for the first time since we became acquainted at your house," said the proprietor, "and we have had a chat together."

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"Well, have you been condemning the new order?" Sviyázhski asked, with a smile.

"Naturally we have."

"We have eased our consciences."

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XXX.

SVIYÁZHSKI took Levín's arm, and went with him toward their friends.

Now it was impossible to avoid Vrónski. He was standing with Stepán Arkádevich and Sergyéy Ivánovich, and looking straight at Levín as he approached.

"Very glad to see you. I think I had the pleasure of meeting you — at the house of Princess Shcherbátski," he said, giving Levín his hand.

"Yes, I remember our meeting very well," said Levín; and, blushing purple, he at once turned aside and began to talk with his brother.

Smiling slightly, Vrónski continued to talk with Sviyázhski, apparently having no desire to enter into a conversation with Levín; but Levín, while speaking with his brother, kept looking around at Vrónski, wondering what to say in order to make him forget his rudeness.

"What is it now?" asked Levín, looking at Sviyázhski and at Vrónski.

"All about Snétkov. He has either to decline or accept," replied Sviyázhski.

"Has he accepted, or not?"

"The trouble is that he has done neither the one, nor the other," said Vrónski.

"If he declines it, who will be the candidate?" asked Levín, looking at Vrónski.

"Whoever wants it," said Sviyázhski.

"Will you?" asked Levín.

"Anybody but I," said Sviyázhski, in embarrassment,

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and casting a frightened glance upon the sarcastic gentleman, who was standing near with Sergyéy Ivánovich.

"Who, then? Nevyedóvski?" asked Levín, feeling that he was mixed up.

But that was worse still. Nevyedóvski and Sviyázhski were the two candidates.

"I under no condition," replied the sarcastic gentleman.

That was Nevyedóvski himself. Sviyázhski introduced him to Levín.

"What, are you getting excited, too?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, winking to Vrónski. "It is something like the races. One can bet on it."

"Yes, that excites one," said Vrónski. "And, having once taken up the matter, one feels like carrying it out. It is a struggle!" he said, frowning, and pressing his jaws together.

"What a business man Sviyázhski is! Everything is so clear with him."

"Oh, yes," Vrónski replied, absently.

There ensued a silence, during which time Vrónski — since it was necessary to look at something — glanced at Levín, at his feet, at his uniform, then at his face, and, upon noticing his gloomy eyes directed at him, he remarked, in order to say something:

"How is it that you, who are a constant dweller in the country, are not a justice of the peace? You are not wearing the uniform of a justice of the peace."

"Because I consider the office of the justice of the peace as a stupid institution," gloomily replied Levín, who had all the time been waiting for a chance to talk with Vrónski, in order to smooth over his rudeness when first they met.

"I do not think so; on the contrary," said Vrónski, in calm surprise.

"It is a toy," Levín interrupted him. "We need no justices of the peace. In eight years I have not had a

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single case. Yes, there was something, but it was decided topsyturvy. We have a justice of the peace within forty miles of me. In a case which is worth two roubles I have to send an attorney, who costs me fifteen."

And he told Vrónski how a peasant had stolen some flour of the miller and how he had sued the miller for slander, when he had told Levín about it. All that was irrelevant and stupid, and Levín himself felt it.

"Oh, he is such an original!" said Stepán Arkádevich, with his sweetest almond smile. "However, let us go! I think they are voting."

And they scattered.

"I cannot understand," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, who had noticed his brother's awkward sally, "I cannot understand how one can be so entirely devoid of political tact. That is what we Russians do not have. The Government marshal is our adversary, and you are with him *ami cochon* and ask him to be a candidate. And Count Vrónski — I will not make a friend of him; he invited me to dinner, — I will not call on him, but he is on our side, so why make an enemy of him? Then you ask Nevyedóvski whether he will be a candidate. That is not proper."

"Oh, I do not understand a thing! All that is nonsense," Levín replied, dejectedly.

"You say it is all nonsense, but when you busy yourself with it you get all mixed up."

Levín grew silent, and both entered the large hall.

The Government marshal, in spite of seeing that there was treason in the air and that not all asked him to be a candidate, nevertheless decided to offer himself to be voted on. Everything in the hall died down; the secretary proclaimed in stentorian voice that Captain of the Horse Guards Mikhaíl Stepánovich Snétkov was to be voted on.

The county marshals walked with the plates, in which were the balls, from their own tables to the Government table, and the elections began.

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"Put it on the right," Stepán Arkádevich whispered to Levín as he went with his brother back of the marshal to the table. But Levín now forgot the calculation, as it had been explained to him, and was afraid that Stepán Arkádevich might have made a mistake when he said, "On the right!" Snétkov was an adversary, he thought. As he walked over to the box, he was holding the ball in his right hand, but, thinking that he had made a mistake, he in front of it transferred the ball to his left hand and apparently deposited it on the left. An expert, who was standing near the box, and who could tell by the mere motion of the elbow where a ball would be deposited, involuntarily frowned. He had nothing to practise his perspicacity on.

Everything was hushed, and only the counting of the balls could be heard. Then a single voice announced the number of ayes and noes.

The marshal was elected by a considerable plurality. All became noisy and rushed headlong toward the door. Snétkov entered, and the gentry surrounded him, in order to congratulate him.

"Well, is it all over now?" Levín asked Sergyéy Ivánovich.

"It is only beginning," Sviyázhski smilingly said for Sergyéy Ivánovich. "The candidate for marshal may get a larger number of balls."

Levín had again forgotten all about it. All he remembered was that there was some kind of a fine point in it, but he was too tired to think what it was. He began to feel a pining and wanted to get out of the crowd.

As nobody paid any attention to him, and he, it seemed, was not wanted by anybody, he slowly directed his steps to the small room, where refreshments were served, and again felt relief when he saw the lackeys. The old lackey offered him something to eat, and Levín accepted it. After eating a cutlet with string beans and talking with the

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lackey about former masters, Levín, who did not wish to return to the hall, where he felt ill at ease, went up to the gallery, to take a stroll there.

The galleries were full of dressed-up ladies who were bending over the balustrade and trying not to lose a single word of what was being said below. Near the ladies stood and sat elegant lawyers, teachers of the gymnasium in glasses, and officers. Everywhere they talked about the elections, and about how the marshal was worn out, and about how fine the debates were; in one group Levín heard his brother praised. A lady was saying to a lawyer:

"How glad I am to have heard Koznyshév! It is worth while going without a meal! Superb! How clearly and distinctly he talks! In your court nobody talks that way. Máydel is the only one, but he is far from being as eloquent."

Having found an unoccupied place at the balustrade, Levín bent over it and began to look and to listen.

All the gentry were sitting behind small partitions, in their respective counties. In the middle of the hall stood a man in a uniform, and he proclaimed in a loud voice:

"Staff-Captain Evgéni Ivánovich Apúkhtin is to be voted on as a candidate for Government marshal of nobility!"

There ensued a dead silence, and there was heard a feeble, old man's voice:

"Declines!"

"Councillor of Court Peter Petróvich Bol to be voted on," the voice began once more.

"Declines!" was heard a youthful, squeaky voice.

Again the same, and again, "Declines." Thus it lasted for about an hour. Levín, leaning against the balustrade, was looking on and listening. At first he was surprised and wanted to understand what it all meant; later, when he made up his mind that he could not grasp it, he began

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to feel tired. Then, recalling all the agitation and malice which he had seen on all the faces, he began to feel sad: he decided to leave, and so went down-stairs. As he walked through the vestibule of the gallery, he met a gloomy gymnasiast with bloodshot eyes, who was walking to and fro. On the staircase he met two persons, a lady, who was running rapidly on her heels, and a light-footed associate prosecuting attorney.

"I told you that you would not be too late," said the prosecuting attorney, just as Levín stepped aside to let the lady pass.

Levín was already on the staircase which led out to the street, and was taking the check for his fur coat out of his vest pocket, when the secretary caught him.

"Please, Konstantín Dmítrievich, they are voting."

The candidate who was now up was Nevyedóvski, who had so definitely declined before.

Levín went to the door of the hall: it was locked. The secretary knocked at it; the door was opened, and two flushed landed proprietors darted toward Levín.

"It is more than I can stand," said one of the flushed proprietors.

After the proprietor dashed the Government marshal. His face was terrible from fright and exhaustion.

"I told you not to let anybody out!" he shouted to the doorkeeper.

"I was letting somebody in, your Excellency!"

"O Lord!" and, heaving a deep sigh, the Government marshal, shambling past in his white pantaloons, and lowering his head, went into the middle of the room and up to the large table.

Nevyedóvski received a majority, as had been expected, and he was the Government marshal. Many were merry, many were satisfied and happy, many delighted, and many dissatisfied and unhappy. The Government marshal was in despair, which he was unable to conceal. When Nevye-

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dóvski left the hall, a crowd surrounded him and followed him with expressions of ecstasy, just as on the first day it had followed the governor, who had opened the elections, and just as it had followed Snétkov, when he was elected.

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XXXI.

THE newly elected marshal and many of the triumphant party of the new men that day dined with Vrónski.

Vrónski had arrived at the elections because he had felt lonely in the country and wanted to assert his liberty before Anna, and in order to repay Sviyázhski by supporting him at the elections for all the trouble he had taken for Vrónski at the elections of the County Council, and, most of all, in order to perform strictly all the duties of his position as a landowner and nobleman, which he had chosen for himself. He had not at all expected that this matter of the elections would interest him so much, would so absorb his attention, and that he would be able to do the work so well. He was an entirely new man in the circle of the gentry, but apparently had success and was not mistaken in supposing that he had already gained influence among the gentry. What aided him to exercise that influence were his wealth and nobility, his excellent quarters in the city, which had been turned over to him by an old acquaintance of his, Shírkov, who attended to some financial matters and had established a flourishing bank at Káshin; Vrónski's excellent cook, whom he had brought with him from the country; his friendship with the governor, who was a comrade and a protégé of his; but most of all his simple, equable relations with everybody, which soon compelled the majority of the gentry to change their opinion about his supposed haughtiness. He felt himself that outside of that mad gentleman, who had married Kitty Shcherbátski and who *à propos de bottes*

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had with insane malice told him a mass of irrelevant nonsense, every member of the gentry with whom he became acquainted became his advocate. He saw clearly that others acknowledged the fact and that he had done very much for Nevyedóvski's success. And now, at his table, while celebrating Nevyedóvski's election, he experienced the pleasant sensation of triumph for his chosen man. The elections themselves fascinated him so much that he decided in three years, after he should be married, to allow himself to be voted on, — just as, after winning a prize through his jockey, he had had a desire to race himself.

Now was being celebrated the prize of the jockey. Vrónski was sitting at the head of the table; on his right sat the young governor, a general of the suite. For everybody else he was the host of the Government, who had solemnly opened the elections and who had made a speech and had evoked respect and awe in many persons, as Vrónski had observed; for Vrónski he was Máslov Kátka, — that had been his nickname in the Corps of Pages, — who felt embarrassed in his presence, and whom Vrónski wanted to *mettre à son aise*. On his left sat Nevyedóvski with his youthful, imperturbable, sarcastic face. With him Vrónski was simple and considerate.

Sviyázhski accepted his defeat merrily. It was not even a defeat for him, for he himself said, turning with a glass to Nevyedóvski, that it was impossible to find a better representative of the new direction, which the gentry ought to follow. And so, everything that was honest, as he said, stood on the side of the success of the day and triumphed for him.

Stepán Arkádevich, too, was happy because he was having a jolly time and because everybody was satisfied. Sviyázhski comically repeated the tearful speech of the marshal, and observed, turning to Nevyedóvski, that his Excellency would have to choose another, a more complicated auditing of the sums than tears. Another droll

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nobleman said that lackeys in stockings had been sent for to serve at the Government's marshal, and that now they would have to be sent back if the new Government marshal did not give a ball with lackeys in stockings.

Turning to Nevyedóvski, everybody at the dinner addressed him as "Our Government Marshal" and "Your Excellency."

That was said with the same pleasure with which a young woman is addressed as "Madame" and by her husband's name. Nevyedóvski acted as though he were indifferent, and even despised being called so, but it was evident that he was happy and only held himself in check in order not to give expression to his delight, which did not comport with that new, liberal *milieu*, in which he happened to be.

At dinner several telegrams were written to people who were interested in the progress of the elections. And Stepán Arkádevich, who was in an exceedingly happy frame of mind, sent to Dárya Aleksándrovna a telegram of the following contents: "Nevyedóvski elected by twenty balls. Congratulate. Inform them." He dictated it in a loud voice, remarking, "I must give them the pleasure." But Dárya Aleksándrovna, on receiving the telegram, only sighed for the rouble which he had spent on it, and at once understood that that had happened toward the close of the dinner. She knew that Stíva had the weakness at the end of dinners to "*faire jouer le télégraphe.*"

Everything, together with the superb dinner and the wines, not from Russian wine-cellars, but of foreign bottling, was exceedingly noble, simple, and jolly. The circle of twenty men had been selected by Sviyázhski from among the liberal, new partisans, and were, at the same time, clever and decent men. Toasts were drunk — these, too, were semi-jocular — for the new Government marshal, and for the governor, and for the director of the bank, and for "our charming host."

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Vrónski was satisfied. He had not at all expected such an agreeable tone in the province.

At the end of the dinner it grew jollier still. The governor asked Vrónski to attend the concert which his wife, who wished to make his acquaintance, had arranged for the benefit of the "brotherhood."

"There will be a ball there, and you will see our beauty. Really, she is remarkable."

"Not in my line," replied Vrónski, who was fond of that English expression; but he smiled and promised to be there.

Just before leaving the table, when all began to smoke, Vrónski's valet walked over to him with a letter on a tray.

"From Vozdvízhenskoe, by courier," he said, with a significant expression.

"He remarkably resembles Associate Prosecuting Attorney Sventítski," one of the guests said in French about the valet, while Vrónski, frowning, was reading the letter.

The letter was from Anna. Even before reading it he knew its contents. Having assumed that the elections would be over in five days, he had promised to be back on Friday. Now it was Saturday, and he knew that the letter would contain reproaches for not having come back on time. The letter which he had sent her the night before had apparently not yet reached her.

The contents of the letter were precisely what he had expected them to be, but the form was unexpected and especially disagreeable to him: "Annie is very ill. The doctor says that it may be inflammation. I, being alone, am losing my head. Princess Várvara is not a help, but a hindrance. I expected you back two days ago and yesterday, and now I send to find out where you are and what you are doing. I wanted to go myself, but changed my mind, knowing that that would displease you. Send some kind of an answer that I may know what to do."

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The child was ill, and she wanted to leave. The daughter was ill, and that hostile tone!

This innocent merriment of the elections, and that gloomy, oppressive love, to which Vrónski had to return, struck him by their contrast. But it was necessary to go, and so he left for home that very night, by the first train.

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XXXII.

Before Vrónski's departure for the elections, Anna reflected that those scenes which were repeated every time when he went away could only cool him off, instead of attaching him to her, and decided to make every effort over herself in order to bear the separation from him calmly. But that cold, stern glance, which he cast upon her when he came to inform her of his departure, offended her, and he had hardly left when all her calm was annihilated.

When she later, in her solitude, thought about that glance, with which he expressed his right to freedom, she arrived, as always, at the consciousness of her humiliation. "He has a right to leave when and where he pleases, — and not only to depart, but also to leave me. He has all the rights, and I have none. But, knowing this, he ought not to have done it. But what was it that he did? He looked at me with a cold, stern expression. Of course, it is indefinable, intangible, but that did not happen before, and that look means a great deal," she thought. "That look proves that he is beginning to cool off."

And although she was convinced that the alienation was beginning, she could do nothing, — could in no way change her relations to him. Just as formerly, she could retain him only by her love and attractiveness. And, again as formerly, by occupations in the daytime and morphine at night, could she drown those terrible thoughts of what would happen if he ceased loving her. It is true,

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there was one means, and that was, not to retain him, — for that she wanted nothing but his love, — but to get closer to him, to be in such a condition that he should not abandon her. That means was the divorce and marriage. And she began to wish for it, and she decided that she would consent to it the first time he or Stíva talked of it.

In such thoughts she passed without him five days, those during which he was to have been away from her.

Walks, conversations with Princess Várvara, visits to the patients, and chiefly reading, the reading of one book after another, occupied all her time. But on the sixth day, when the coachman returned without him, she felt that she was in no way able to suppress her thoughts of him and of what he was doing there. Just then her daughter grew ill. Anna began to tend on her, but even that did not divert her attention, the more so since the sickness was not dangerous. No matter how much she tried, she could not love the girl, and she was unable to feign love. On the evening of that day, when she was left alone, she experienced such terror on his account that she decided to journey to the city, but, upon reflecting carefully, wrote that contradictory letter which Vrónski had received, and, without re-reading it, sent it by a special messenger. On the next morning she received his letter, and regretted her own. She waited in dread for the repetition of that stern glance which he had cast upon her at the leave-taking, — especially when he should hear that the girl was not dangerously ill. Still, she was glad that she had written to him. Anna now acknowledged to herself that he was getting tired of her, that he regretfully gave up his freedom, in order to return to her, and yet she was glad that he would come. Let him be vexed, but he would be with her, and she would see him and would know every motion of his.

She was sitting in the drawing-room, beneath a lamp,

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with Taine's new book, and reading, listening to the sounds of the wind outside, and waiting at any moment for the arrival of the carriage. Several times it seemed to her that she heard the sound of wheels, but she was mistaken; finally, not only the sound of wheels was heard, but also the call of the coachman and a dull sound in the covered driveway. Even Princess Várvara, who was playing a solitaire, confirmed it, and Anna, blushing, rose, but, instead of going down-stairs, as she had done twice before, she stopped. She suddenly felt ashamed of her deception, and still more terrified about receiving him. The feeling of offence had already passed; she was only afraid of the expression of his dissatisfaction. She recalled that her daughter had not been ill for two days. She was even annoyed at her for having become well just as she had sent that letter. Then she recalled that he was there, all of him, with his hands, his eyes. She heard his voice. And, forgetting everything, she ran away to meet him.

"How is Annie?" he timidly asked from down-stairs, looking at Anna, who was running toward him.

He was sitting on a chair, and the lackey was pulling off his warm boot.

"All right, she is better."

"And you?" he said, shaking himself.

She took his hand into both of hers and drew him up to her bosom, without taking her eyes off him.

"Well, I am very glad," he said, coldly examining her, her coiffure, her attire, which he knew she had put on for his sake.

All that pleased him, but it had pleased him so often! And that stern, stone-like expression, of which she had been so afraid, was arrested on his face.

"Well, I am very glad. And you, are you well?" he said, wiping his wet beard with his handkerchief, and kissing her hand.

"It makes no difference," she thought, "so long as he

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is here, and if he is here he cannot help but love me, he dare not do otherwise."

The evening passed happily and cheerfully in the presence of Princess Várvara, who complained to him that Anna in his absence had been taking morphine.

"What could I do? I was unable to sleep — My thoughts would not let me. When he is here I never take it, — hardly ever."

He told about the elections, and Anna knew how to draw him out with her questions to tell about what gave him pleasure, about his success. She told him everything which interested him at home. And all her news was very cheering.

But late in the evening, when they were left alone, Anna, seeing that she had taken full possession of him, wanted to wipe out the heavy impression produced by the letter. She said:

"Confess: you were sorry to get my letter, and you did not believe me!"

The moment she had said it, she understood that, no matter how lovingly inclined he was toward her, he had not forgiven her that.

"Yes," he said. "Your letter was so strange. Annie was sick, and you wanted to come to me."

"That was all true."

"I do not doubt it."

"Yes, you do. I see you are dissatisfied."

"Not for a moment. I am dissatisfied, it is true, because you will not acknowledge, it seems, that there are duties — "

"Duties to attend a concert — "

"But let us not speak of it!" he said.

"Why not speak of it?"

"All I want to say is, that there may be unavoidable business. For example, I shall have to go to Moscow on account of the house — Oh, Anna, why are you so

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irritable? Do you not know that I cannot live without you?"

"If so," Anna said, in a suddenly altered voice, "you are getting tired of this life — Yes, you will come for a day and you will leave, just as men do — "

"Anna, that is cruel. I am prepared to give all my life — "

But she was not listening to him.

"If you go to Moscow, I will, too. I will not stay here. Either we separate, or we live together."

"You know that that is my sole desire. But for that — "

"We need a divorce? I will write to him. I see I cannot live this way — But I will go with you to Moscow."

"You act as though you threatened me. There is nothing I wish so much as never to be separated from you," Vrónski said, with a smile.

And not only a cold glance, but even an evil glance of a persecuted and enraged man sparkled in his eyes, as he said those words.

She saw that glance and correctly interpreted its meaning.

"If so, it is a misfortune!" that glance said. It was a momentary impression, but she never forgot it.

Anna wrote a letter to her husband, asking for a divorce, and toward the end of November, parting from Princess Várvara, who had to go to St. Petersburg, moved with Vrónski to Moscow. Waiting each day for an answer from Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, and for the ensuing divorce, they now settled together like a married couple.

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PART THE SEVENTH

I.

It was now the third month that the Levíns had been staying in Moscow. The time had long ago passed when, according to the most definite calculations of the people who knew something about these matters, Kitty was to have borne a child; but she was still carrying it, and there was no indication that the time was nearer now than it had been two months earlier. The doctor, and the midwife, and Dolly, and the mother, and especially Levín, who could not think of the approaching event without terror, began to experience impatience and unrest; Kitty was the only one who felt completely at ease and happy.

She was now clearly conscious of the germination of a new feeling of love for the future, for her already present, child, and with joy listened to that feeling. The child was no longer entirely a part of her, but occasionally lived its own, independent life. Frequently that pained her, but, at the same time, she felt like laughing at the strange, new joy.

All those whom she loved were with her, and all were so good to her and tended on her so carefully, and only the agreeable sides of everything so constantly presented themselves to her, that, if she did not know and did not feel that it must soon come to an end, she would not have wished for a better and pleasanter life. The one thing that spoiled the charm of that life was that her husband

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was not such as she had loved him and as he had been in the country.

She had loved his calm, gentle, hospitable tone in the country. In the city, on the contrary, he seemed to be restless and on his guard, as though he were afraid that some one might offend him or, what was worse, her. There, in the country, he knew that he was in his place and so was in no hurry and was never without some occupation. Here, in the city, he was always in a hurry, as though afraid that he might miss something, and yet he had nothing to do. And so she was sorry for him. To others, she knew, he did not appear so wretched; on the contrary, whenever Kitty looked at him in society, as one sometimes looks at a beloved person, trying to see him as others see him, in order to determine the impression which he produced on others, she saw, even with terror for her jealousy, that he was far from being miserable and that he appeared very attractive by his decency, his somewhat old-fashioned, bashful politeness to women, his powerful figure, and his individual, as she thought, and expressive face. But she saw him not from without, but from within; she saw that he was not himself in the city; otherwise she could not explain his condition to herself. Now and then she rebuked him in her heart for his inability to live in the city; but at times she admitted that it was indeed hard for him so to arrange his life there as to be satisfied with it.

Really, what was he to do? He did not like to play cards. To the club he did not go. To have anything to do with jolly men, such as Oblónski, — she had come to know what that meant, — it meant to drink and go somewhere after their potations. She could not think without terror whither men went under such circumstances. To go into society? But she knew that for that it was necessary to derive pleasure from the company of young women, and that she did not wish. To sit at home, with her, her mother, and her sisters? No matter how

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agreeable and jolly it was to hear eternally the same conversations, — "The Álins, the Nádins," as the old prince called these conversations between the sisters, — she knew that he was bored by them. What, then, was there left for him to do? To continue writing his book? He had tried to do so, and had gone to the library to make extracts and look up references for his book; but, as he was telling her, the more he did nothing, the less time did he have on hand. Besides, he complained to her that he had been talking too much about his book in Moscow, and that, consequently, all his thoughts had got mixed, and he had lost all interest in it.

The only advantage from the city life was that they never had any quarrels. Either because the conditions of the city were different, or because they had both become more careful and sensible in that respect, they had no quarrels in Moscow through jealousy, of which they had been so afraid when they came to the city.

In this respect there had even happened a very important event for both of them, — Kitty's meeting with Vrónski.

An old princess, Márya Borísovna, Kitty's godmother, who had always been fond of her, wanted to see her by all means. Kitty, who, on account of her condition, did not go anywhere, drove with her father to the venerable old lady and there met Vrónski.

All Kitty could reproach herself for at this meeting was that for a moment, when she recognized the familiar form in the civilian clothes, her breath stopped, the blood rushed to her heart, and a bright colour, she felt it, covered her face. But that lasted only for a few seconds. Her father, who purposely began to speak to Vrónski in a loud tone, had not yet finished his sentence, when she was already prepared to look at Vrónski, to speak with him, if necessary, just as she spoke with Princess Márya Borísovna, and, above all, to act in such a way that her very

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least intonations and smiles should be approved by her husband, whose invisible presence she seemed to feel over herself at that moment.

She exchanged a few words with him, even calmly smiled at his joke about the elections, which he called "our parliament." (It was necessary to smile, in order to show that she had appreciated the joke.) But she immediately turned to Princess Márya Borísovna, and did not once look at him, until he at last got up to take his leave; then she looked at him, but apparently only because it was impolite not to look at a man when he was bowing.

She was grateful to her father for saying nothing about her meeting with Vrónski; but she saw by his peculiar tenderness after the visit, during their customary walk, that he was satisfied with her. She, too, was satisfied with herself. She had not at all expected that she would have the strength to hold back somewhere in her soul all the recollections of her former feeling for Vrónski, and not only to appear, but actually to be, absolutely indifferent and calm.

Levín blushed a great deal more than she had done when she told him that she had met Vrónski at Princess Márya Borísovna's. It was very hard for her to tell him that, and harder still to continue talking about the details of their meeting, as he did not ask any questions, but only continued to look at her with a knit brow.

"I am very sorry you were not there," she said. "Not because you were not there in the room — I should not have been so natural in your presence — I am blushing now a great deal more, a great, great deal more," she said, blushing until the tears came. "But that you could not have looked through a chink."

Her truthful eyes told Levín that she was satisfied with herself, and, although she blushed, he immediately quieted down and began to ask her precisely what she wanted him

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to ask. When he had found out everything, down to the detail that she could not help blushing the first second, and that later she had been as much at ease with him as with any chance acquaintance, Levín cheered up entirely and said that he was very glad of it and that he would not again act so stupidly as at the elections, but that he would try at the first meeting with Vrónski to be as friendly with him as possible.

"It is so painful to think that there is a man, almost an enemy of yours, whom it is so hard to meet," said Levín. "I am very, very glad."

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II.

"So please call on the Bols," Kitty said to her husband, when he came in to see her at eleven o'clock, previous to leaving the house. "I know that you are going to dine at the club, — papa has registered you there. And what are you going to do in the morning?"

"I will just step in to see Katavásov," replied Levín.

"Why so early?"

"He has promised to introduce me to Métrov. I want to talk with him about my work; he is a famous St. Petersburg scholar," said Levín.

"Yes, was it not his article that you have praised so much? Well, and then?" asked Kitty.

"Then, maybe, I will go to the court-house, to look after my sister's affairs."

"And to the concert?" she asked.

"I do not want to go by myself!"

"Do go! They are giving those new things — That has interested you so much! I would go by all means."

"Well, in any case I shall look in before dinner," he said, looking at his watch.

"Put on your Prince Albert, so that you can call at once on Countess Bol."

"Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Oh, certainly! He called on us. Do take the trouble! You will call, and sit down, and talk five minutes about the weather, and get up, and leave."

"Really, you can't understand how much out of practice I am: it makes me feel ashamed. How stupid! A

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stranger comes, sits down, stays there without any business, disturbs them, gets himself excited, and then leaves."

Kitty laughed.

"But you used to make calls when you were a bachelor?" she said.

"I used to, but I always felt ill at ease, and now I am so much out of practice that, God knows, I should prefer to go two days without dinner than make this visit. It is so awkward! It seems to me that they will be offended and will say, 'What makes you come to us if you have no business?'"

"No, they will not be offended. I promise you that," said Kitty, looking laughingly at his face. She took his hand. "Well, good-bye — Go there, if you please!"

He was on the point of leaving, having kissed his wife's hand, when she stopped him.

"Konstantín, do you know, all I have left now is fifty roubles."

"Well, I will stop at the bank and get some. How much?" he said, with an expression of dissatisfaction, with which she was so familiar.

"No, wait!" She held his hand. "Let us have a talk! That makes me feel uneasy. It seems to me I am not spending any money uselessly, and yet it melts away. There is something we are not doing right."

"Not at all," he said, clearing his throat and looking furtively at her.

She knew what that clearing of the throat meant. It was a sign of his strong dissatisfaction, not with her, but with himself. He was really discontented, not because much money had been spent, but because he was reminded of something which he wished to forget, knowing that there was something wrong about it.

"I ordered Sokolóv to sell the wheat and to take an advance payment for the mill. There will be money in any case."

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"Yes, but I am afraid that it is altogether too much — "

"Not at all, not at all," he repeated. "Well, good-bye, my darling!"

"Really, I sometimes am sorry that I listened to mamma. How nice it would be in the country! For I have only worn you all out, and we waste money — "

"Not at all, not at all. Not even once since my marriage has anything happened to make me say that it would have been better otherwise than it actually is."

"Really?" she said, looking into his eyes.

He had said that without any thought, only to comfort her. But when he looked at her and saw that those truthful, sweet eyes were directed at him with a questioning glance, he repeated the same with all his heart.

"I am positively forgetting her," he thought. And he thought of what awaited them soon.

"Will it be soon? How do you feel?" he whispered, taking both her hands.

"I have expected it so often, that now I do not think and I do not know."

"Does it not frighten you?"

She smiled disdainfully.

"Not a particle," she said.

"If anything should happen, I shall be at Katavásov's."

"No, nothing will happen, and don't think of it! I will drive out with father to the boulevard. We shall stop at Dolly's. I shall expect you before dinner. Oh, yes! Do you know, Dolly's situation is getting absolutely impossible. She is deep in debt, and there is no money. Mamma, Arséni" (thus they called the husband of her sister Natalie), "and I talked of it yesterday, and we decided to put both of you against Stíva. It is absolutely impossible. We can't talk with papa about it — But if you and he — "

"What can we do?" asked Levín.

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"All the same you will see Arséni, — so talk with him: he will tell you what we have decided upon."

"I agree in advance with Arséni. I will call on him. By the way, if I am to go to the concert, I will go straight from Natalie's. Well, good-bye!"

On the porch, his old servant, Kuzmá, who had been with him during his bachelor days, stopped him.

"Beauty" (that was the left shaft-horse, which had been brought up from the country) "has been shod, but he is still limping," he said. "What is your pleasure about him?"

During the first of his stay in Moscow, Levín had been interested in the horses, which had been brought up from the country. He wanted to arrange that part as well and as cheaply as possible; but it turned out that his own horses were more expensive than the cabs, and cabs were being used all the time.

"Send for the veterinary! Maybe he is footsore."

"And what about Katerína Aleksándrovna?" asked Kuzmá.

Levín was no longer startled, as he had been during the first of his stay in Moscow, that in order to go from the Vozdvízhenka to the Sívtsev Vrazhók it was necessary to hitch a span of strong horses to a heavy carriage, to take that carriage the distance of a quarter of a verst through slushy snow, and to stand there waiting for four hours, paying five roubles for that. Now it seemed quite natural to him.

"Tell the cabman to bring a span for our carriage," he said.

"Yes, sir."

And having, thanks to the city conditions, so simply and so easily solved a difficulty, which in the country would have demanded so much personal labour and attention, Levín went out on the porch and, calling up a cab, took his seat in it and had himself driven to Nikítskaya

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Street. On his way he no longer thought of his money matters, but of how he would make the acquaintance of the St. Petersburg scholar whose specialty was sociology, and would speak with him about his book.

Only during the first part of his stay at Moscow had Levín been struck by those unproductive, but unavoidable expenses, which seemed so strange to a country dweller, and which were demanded of him on all sides. Now he was used to them. In this respect there happened with him what, they say, generally happens with drunkards: "The first glass they balk on; the second flies like a falcon, and after the third — like tiny birds." When Levín changed the first one hundred-rouble bill to purchase liveries for the lackey and the porter, he involuntarily reflected that these useless liveries, — that were unavoidable, to judge from the way the princess and Kitty were surprised at the suggestion that they could get along without the liveries, — that these liveries would cost as much as two summer labourers, that is, about three hundred workdays, from Easter to Shrovetide, of hard labour from early in the morning until late into the night, — and that hundred-rouble bill he still balked on. But the next one, which was changed for the purpose of buying provisions for a dinner given his relatives, which cost twenty-eight roubles, indeed caused Levín to calculate that twenty-eight roubles represented nine chétverts of oats, which, sweating and groaning, had been mowed, bound, threshed, winnowed, sifted, and put into sacks, — this next hundred-rouble bill, nevertheless, went easier. But the bills which he changed now no longer called forth any such considerations, and went like tiny birds. The consideration whether the labour spent on the acquisition of money corresponded to the pleasure caused by what was purchased for it, had been lost long ago. So, too, he forgot the farm rule that the rye ought not to be sold under a certain price. The rye, the price of which he had been holding up

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for so long a time, was sold at fifty kopeks a chétvert less than what it had been sold for two months before. Even the consideration that with such expenses it would be impossible to live through the year without making debts had lost its significance. All that was wanted was to have money in the bank, without asking where it came from, so that one might know that there would be enough to buy beef with for the morrow. And so far that consideration had been observed by him: he had always had some money in the bank. Just then the money in the bank was all gone, and he did not know exactly where to get some more. It was that which had put him out for a moment when Kitty had spoken of the money; but he had no time to think of it. As he was driving, he was thinking of Katavásov and of his meeting Métrov.

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III.

DURING this last stay Levín again cultivated the acquaintance of his university comrade, Professor Katavásov, whom he had not seen since his marriage. Katavásov pleased him on account of the clearness and simplicity of his world philosophy. Levín thought that the clearness of Katavásov's philosophy was due to the paltriness of his nature, while Katavásov thought that the inconsistency of Levín's thought was due to the insufficient training of his mind; but Katavásov's clearness was agreeable to Levín, and the abundance of Levín's undisciplined ideas was agreeable to Katavásov, and they were fond of meeting and debating.

Levín read to Katavásov several passages from his book, and Katavásov liked them. Having met Levín the day before at a public lecture, he had told him that the famous Métrov, whose article had so pleased Levín, was in Moscow, and that Métrov was interested in what he had told him about Levín's book, and that Métrov would be at his house on the next morning, at eleven o'clock, when he would be happy to meet him.

"You are positively improving, my dear. Glad to see you," said Katavásov, meeting him in the small drawing-room. "I heard the bell, and I thought, 'Impossible, it cannot be that he should come on time' — Well, what about the Montenegrins? Fighters by nature."

"What is it?" asked Levín.

Katavásov gave him the latest news in a few words, and, entering the cabinet, introduced him to a medium-

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sized, solidly built man of pleasant appearance. That was Métrov. The conversation for awhile turned on politics and on how the higher spheres in St. Petersburg were looking at the late events. Métrov communicated to them the words said upon that occasion by the emperor and by one of the ministers, which information he had received from a trustworthy source. Levín was trying to imagine the situation when those words might have been uttered, and the conversation on that subject came to an end.

"Yes, he has written almost a whole book on the natural conditions of the farm labourer in relation to the soil," said Katavásov. "I am not a specialist, but, as a naturalist, I was interested to see that he does not take humanity as standing outside the operation of zoological laws, but that, on the contrary, he sees its relations to its surroundings and in these relations looks for the laws of development."

"That is very interesting," said Métrov.

"In reality I began by writing a book on the science of agriculture, but involuntarily, as I was interested in the chief tool of agriculture, the farm labourer," said Levín, blushing, "I arrived at quite unexpected results."

And Levín began cautiously, as though feeling his ground, to expound his views. He knew that Métrov had written an article against the universally accepted doctrine of political economy, but he did not know to what degree he might expect sympathy from him toward his new views; nor could he guess it from the intelligent, calm face of the scholar.

"But wherein do you see the peculiar properties of the Russian farm labourer?" asked Métrov, "in his zoological properties, so to speak, or in those conditions in which he is?"

Levín saw that in the very question was expressed an idea with which he did not agree; but he continued to expound his theory, which was that the Russian farm

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labourer had a peculiar view of the soil, which was quite different from that held by the other nations. And, in order to prove his proposition, he hastened to add that in his opinion this view of the Russian nation was due to its consciousness of being called to settle enormous, unoccupied stretches in the East.

"It is easy to be led into error by making conclusions as to the general destiny of a nation," said Métrov, interrupting Levín. "The condition of the labourer will always depend on his relation to the soil and to capital."

And, without allowing Levín to finish his thought, Métrov began to expound to him the peculiarity of his own doctrine.

What the peculiarity of his doctrine consisted in, Levín did not understand, for he did not even trouble himself to understand it: he saw that Métrov, like the rest, in spite of his article in which he overthrew the doctrine of the economists, still looked upon the condition of the Russian labourer from the standpoint of capital, wage, and interest. Though he had to acknowledge that in the eastern, the most considerable, part of Russia interest was zero, that the wages of nine-tenths of the eighty millions of the Russian population were expressed merely by earning their food, and that capital existed only in the shape of the most primitive tools; yet he looked at every labourer from that standpoint only, though in many things he did not agree with the economists, and had a new theory of wage-earning, which he expounded to Levín.

Levín listened reluctantly and at first retorted to him. He wanted to interrupt Métrov, in order to express his idea, which in his opinion would have made all farther exposition superfluous. But, having later convinced himself that they differed so widely in their views that they would never understand each other, he no longer contradicted him, but only listened. Though he was no longer interested in what Métrov was saying, he none the less

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experienced a certain pleasure in listening to him. His egoism was flattered because such a learned man so readily and with such attention and confidence in Levín's comprehension of the matter expressed his ideas to him, now and then merely hinting at a whole side of the question. He ascribed it to his own worth, not knowing that Métrov, who had talked about it with all his near friends, took especial delight in speaking on that subject to every new man, and that he in general was very fond of talking to everybody about any matter which interested him, but which had not yet become clear to himself.

"However, we shall be late," said Katavásov, looking at his watch the moment Métrov had finished his exposition.

"We have to-day a meeting in the Society of Friends in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Svíntich," Katavásov said, in response to Levín's question. "Peter Ivánovich and I intended to go there. I promised to read a lecture on his zoological labours. Come with us! It will be very interesting."

"That is so, it is time to go," said Métrov. "Come with us, and from there, if you are so minded, you might go to my house. I should like to hear you read your book."

"Why, no. It's just beginning, — not yet finished. But I shall be glad to attend the meeting."

"Well, sir, have you heard? I have made a separate report," said Katavásov, who was putting on his dress coat in the adjoining room.

And they began to talk about a university question.

This university question had been a very important event in Moscow during that winter. Three old professors in the council did not accept the opinion of the younger men; the younger men made a separate report. The opinion expressed in this report was, in the opinion of one class of men, something terrible, and in the opin-

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ion of others, very simple and just, and the professors were divided into two parties.

One party, to which Katavásov belonged, saw in the action of the others nothing but base denunciation and deceit; the others regarded the affair as a piece of youthful impudence and disrespect to the authorities. Though Levín did not belong to the university, he had, during his stay in Moscow, several times heard and talked about that subject, and had his own opinion about the matter; he took part in the conversation, which was continued in the street, until all three reached the university building.

The meeting had already begun. At the cloth-covered table, where Katavásov and Métrov took up their seats, sat six men, and one of them was reading something, bending close over his manuscript. Levín seated himself on one of the unoccupied chairs which were standing around the table, and in a whisper asked a student, who was sitting near him, what they were reading. The student cast a dissatisfied glance at Levín and said:

"Biography."

Though Levín was not interested in the biography of the learned man, he involuntarily listened and found out a few interesting facts and something new about the life of the famous scholar.

When the reader finished, the chairman thanked him and read the poem which the poet Ment had written for this anniversary and a few words in which he thanked the poet. Then Katavásov in his loud, screeching voice read his note about the learned labours of the scholar whose anniversary was being commemorated.

When Katavásov got through, Levín looked at his watch and saw that it was nearly two, and he thought that he would not have time to read his work to Métrov, and, besides, he did not feel now like doing it. During the reading he had also been thinking of their conversation. It was now clear to him that, although Métrov's

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ideas might have some significance, they could be cleared up and brought into order only by individual work in the chosen field of each, and that nothing could come from an exchange of ideas. Having decided to decline Métrov's invitation, Levín at the end of the meeting went up to him. Métrov introduced Levín to the chairman, with whom he had been speaking about the political news. Métrov then told the chairman the same thing that he had told Levín before, and Levín made the same remarks that he had already made in the morning, but for variety's sake also expressed his new opinion, which had just wandered into his head. After that they again started on the university question. As Levín had heard it all before, he hastened to tell Métrov that he was sorry that he was not able to accept his invitation, bowed to them, and went away to Lvov's.

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IV.

Lvov, who was married to Natalie, Kitty's sister, had passed all his life in the capitals and abroad, where he had been educated and had served as a diplomatist.

The year before he had left his diplomatic career, not on account of some unpleasantness (he had never had any with anybody), and entered the service of the Palace Department, in order to give the best education possible to his two boys.

In spite of the sharp contrast in habits and views, and in spite of the fact that Lvov was older than Levín, they had become well acquainted with each other during that winter and were fond of one another.

Lvov was at home, and Levín entered his room without being announced to him.

Lvov, in a belted house-coat and chamois-leather shoes, was sitting in a chair and through his blue eye-glasses reading a book which was standing on a desk, and in his beautiful hand holding carefully aside a cigar which was half-turned to ashes.

His handsome, thin, still youthful face, to which the curly, shining, silvery hair gave a still greater expression of thorough breeding, brightened with a smile, when he saw Levín.

"Superb! I wanted to send for you. How is Kitty? Sit down here, — it is more comfortable — " He rose and moved up a rocker. "Have you read the last circular of the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg?* I find it beautiful," he said, with a slightly French accent.

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Levín told him what he had heard from Katavásov about what they were talking in St. Petersburg, and, after chatting on politics, told him of his acquaintance with Métrov and about going to the meeting. That interested Lvov very much.

"I envy you for being admitted to that interesting learned world," he said. And, becoming more animated, he at once passed over to the French language, in which he felt more at ease. "Of course, I have not the time for that. My service and my occupation with my children deprive me of it; besides, I am not ashamed to admit that my education has been neglected."

"I do not think so," said Levín, with a smile. He was, as always, touched at his humble opinion of himself, which was not at all feigned, in order to appear or be modest, but quite sincere.

"Certainly! I feel now how little I am educated. In order to educate my children I have to refresh my memory and simply learn anew. For it is not enough to have teachers, — there has to be also a supervisor, just as on your farm there have to be labourers and superintendents. Here I have been reading, — he pointed to Busláev's Russian Grammar, which was lying on the desk, — they demand it of Mísha, and it is so hard — Explain this to me! It says here — "

Levín wanted to explain to him that that could not be understood, but had just to be learned; but Lvov did not agree with him.

"You are making fun of it!"

"On the contrary, you can't imagine how, looking at you, I learn that which I shall soon need, — the education of children."

"Well, there is nothing to learn," said Lvov.

"All I know," said Levín, "is that I have not seen better brought up children and that I wish no better ones for myself."

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Lvov evidently wanted to repress an expression of joy, but nevertheless beamed with a smile.

"All I wish is for them to be better than I am. You do not know all the difficulty," he began, "which I have had with my boys, who were spoiled by that life abroad."

"You will easily mend that. They are such capable children. The chief thing is their moral education: that is what I learn from watching your children."

"You talk of the moral education. You can't imagine how difficult that is! You have just succeeded in vanquishing one side, when other sides arise, and there is again a struggle. If we had no support in religion, — you remember, we have been talking about that, — no father would be able to bring up his children with his unaided strength."

This conversation, which always interested Levín, was interrupted by the entrance of beautiful Natálya Aleksándrovna, who was dressed for driving out.

"I did not know that you were here," she said, apparently having no compunction, and even rejoicing, at having interrupted that eternal, boring conversation.

"How is Kitty? I am dining at your house to-day. Listen, Arséni," she turned to her husband, "you will take the carriage — "

And between husband and wife began a discussion of how they would pass the day. As the husband had to go out to meet somebody connected with the service, and his wife was to attend the concert and a public meeting of the Southeastern Committee, they had many things to determine and to think about. Levín, as a near friend of the house, was to take part in these plans. It was decided that Levín should go with Natalie to the concert and to the public meeting, and from there they would send the carriage to the office for Arséni, and he would call for her to take her to Kitty; or, if he should not be

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...h with business, he would send the carriage and ...ould go with her.

spoiling me," Lvov said to his wife; "he assures ...r children are beautiful, whereas I know that ...any bad qualities."

...s to extremes, — I always have said so," "If you are looking for perfection, you ...isfied. Papa is right when he says that ...g educated there was an extreme: we ...tresol, and the parents lived in the ...he other way: the parents are put ..., and the children are kept in the ...s do not have to live nowadays, except ...ildren."

...ut if that is more agreeable?" said Lvov, smiling ...is pretty smile, and touching her hand. "Any one who did not know you would think that you are not a mother, but a stepmother."

"No, extremes are not good in any case," calmly said Natalie, putting his paper-knife in a definite place on the table.

"Come here, perfect children!" Lvov said to the handsome boys that were entering. They bowed to Levín and walked over to their father, evidently wishing to ask him for something.

Levín wanted to talk with them and to hear what they were going to say to their father, but Natalie began to talk with him, and there entered Lvov's comrade in the service, Makhótin, in court uniform, in order to go out with him to meet somebody, and there began an incessant conversation about Herzegovina, about Princess Korzínski, about the city council, and about the sudden death of Princess Apráksin.

Levín had entirely forgotten the commission. He thought of it only in the antechamber, on his way out.

"Oh, Kitty has given me a commission to talk to you

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about something concerning Oblónski," he said, when Lvov stopped on the staircase, seeing off his wife and Levín.

"Yes, yes, mamma wants us, the brothers-in-law, to attack him," he said, blushing. "But then, why should I do it?"

"Then I will attack him," Natalie, dressed in her white dog cloak, said, with a smile, after they got through talking. "Come now, let us go!"

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V.

At the matinée two interesting pieces were presented.

One was a fantasia, "King Lear in the Wilderness," the other a quartette devoted to Bach's memory. Both things were new, and in the new style, and Levín wanted to form his own opinion about them. After taking his sister-in-law to her chair, he stopped at a column and made up his mind to listen as attentively and faithfully as possible. He tried not to have his attention diverted and not to have his impression spoiled by looking either at the swaying of the arms of the white-tied director of the orchestra, which always so disagreeably distracts the musical attention, or at the ladies in their bonnets, who carefully wrap their ears with ribbons for the concert, or at all those persons who are not occupied with anything or are occupied with the most varied of interests, only not with music. He tried to avoid meeting connoisseurs of music and talkers, and stood looking down before him and listening.

But the more he listened to the fantasia of "King Lear," the more remote did he feel himself from the possibility of forming any definite opinion. There eternally began, as though accumulating, a musical expression of feeling, but it soon crumbled into bits of new beginnings of musical feeling, and at times simply into exceedingly complicated sounds, which were connected in no other way than by the arbitrary will of the composer. But even the very bits of these musical expressions, though good at times, were disagreeable because they were quite

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unexpected and the hearer was unprepared for them. Mirth, and sadness, and despair, and tenderness, and triumph, appeared without the least right to do so, like the feelings of a madman. And just as suddenly as in the case of the madman did these feelings pass away again.

Levín experienced, during the whole time of the performance, a sensation which was akin to what a deaf person experiences when looking at dancers. He was quite perplexed when the piece was over and felt very much fatigued from the strained, unrewarded attention. On all sides was heard loud applause. All got up and began to walk and to talk. Wishing to explain his perplexity from the impression it had produced on others, Levín went away to find some connoisseurs, and was glad to see one of the famous musical critics, who was talking with his acquaintance, Pestsóv.

"Wonderful!" Pestsóv said, in his deep bass. "Good day, Konstantín Dmítrievich. Particularly picturesque and sculptural, so to speak, and rich in colour is the passage where you feel the approach of Cordelia, where woman, *das Ewig-weibliche*, enters into a conflict with fate. Don't you think so?"

"But what has Cordelia to do with it?" Levín asked, timidly, having entirely forgotten that the fantasia represented King Lear in the wilderness.

"There appears Cordelia — here it is!" said Pestsóv, striking his fingers against the atlas programme, which he was holding in his hand, and giving it to Levín.

It was only then that Levín recalled the title of the fantasia and hastened to read the Russian translation of Shakespeare's poetry, which was printed on the back of the programme.

"Without the programme you cannot follow it," said Pestsóv, turning to Levín, as his interlocutor had left, and he had no one to talk to.

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During the recess a discussion was started between Levín and Pestsóv as to the good qualities and the defects of the Wagnerian tendency in music. Levín was trying to prove that the mistake of Wagner and of all of his followers lay in the fact that their music wanted to pass over into the sphere of a foreign art; and that poetry made the same mistake when it described the features, which painting ought to do, and, as an example of such a blunder, he adduced the sculptor who took it into his head to chisel out of marble poetical shadows of pictures rising on the pedestal about the figure of the poet. "These shadows are so little shadows in the case of the sculptor that they even cling to the staircase," said Levín. He was fond of that phrase, but he did not remember whether he had not uttered it before, and that too in the presence of Pestsóv, and so, saying this, he became embarrassed.

Pestsóv, on the contrary, tried to prove that art was one, and that it could attain its highest manifestations only in the combination of the various kinds.

The second number of the concert Levín was unable to hear. Pestsóv, who had stopped near him, kept talking to him almost all the time, condemning the piece for its superfluous, insipid, puffed-up simplicity, and comparing it with the simplicity of the Pre-Raphaelites in painting. As Levín was leaving, he met a number of other acquaintances, with whom he talked about politics, and music, and common acquaintances; among others he met Count Bol, on whom he had entirely forgotten to call.

"Well, go now!" said Natalie, whom he told about it, "maybe you will not be received. Then you will go with me to the meeting. You will have time."

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VI.

"MAYBE they are not receiving?" said Levín, entering the vestibule of the house of Countess Bol.

"They are, if you please!" said the porter, resolutely taking off his fur coat.

"How annoying," thought Levín, sighing, and taking off one glove and smoothing out his hat. "What am I going for? What shall I talk to them about?"

Passing through the first drawing-room, Levín at the door met Countess Bol, who with an anxious and stern face was giving some orders to a servant. When she saw Levín, she smiled and asked him to come to the adjoining, smaller drawing-room, where voices were heard. There two of the countess's daughters and a Moscow colonel, whom Levín knew, were sitting on chairs. Levín walked over to them, exchanged greetings, and sat down near the sofa, holding his hat on his knee.

"How is your wife's health? Were you at the concert? We could not go. Mamma had to attend a mass for the dead."

"Yes, I heard — What a sudden death!" said Levín.

The countess came, seated herself on the sofa, and also asked him about his wife and about the concert.

Levín replied and repeated his remark about the suddenness of Princess Apráksin's death.

"Still she was always of feeble health."

"Were you at the opera last night?"

"Yes, I was."

"Lucca was very fine."

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"Yes, very fine," he said. As it did not make any difference to him what might be thought of him, he began to repeat what he had heard a hundred times about the peculiarities of the singer's talents. Countess Bol pretended that she was listening. Then, after he had said enough and stopped, the colonel, who had been silent until then, began to talk. The colonel, too, said something about the opera and about the illumination. Finally, after saying something about the proposed *folle journée* at Turin's, the colonel laughed, made a stir, got up, and went away. Levín got up, too, but he saw by the countess's face that it was not yet time for him to go. Two minutes more he ought to give them. He sat down.

But, as he was thinking all the time how stupid it was, he could not find a subject for conversation, and so kept silent.

"Are you not going to the public meeting? They say it is interesting," began the countess.

"I promised my sister-in-law to call for her," said Levín.

There ensued a silence. Mother and daughter exchanged glances.

"I think it is time now," thought Levín; and he got up. The ladies pressed his hand and asked him to tell *mille choses* to his wife.

Handing him his overcoat, the porter asked, "Where are you pleased to live?" and immediately wrote the answer down into a large, well-bound book.

"Of course, it is all the same to me, but it is, none the less, a shame and terribly stupid," thought Levín, consoling himself by the reflection that everybody did the same. He went to the public meeting of the committee, where he was to find his sister-in-law, in order to drive home with her.

In the public meeting of the committee there were many people and nearly all society. Levín came in time

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for the résumé, which, as everybody said, was very interesting. When the reading of the résumé was over, society people came together, and Levín met Sviyázhski, who invited him by all means to come in the evening to the Society of Agriculture, where a famous report would be read, and Stepán Arkádevich, who had just returned from the races, and many other acquaintances, and talked and listened to various opinions in regard to the meeting, the latest play, and a case at law. But, evidently on account of his wearied attention, which he was beginning to experience, he made a blunder when he spoke of the case at law, and of that mistake he frequently thought later on. Speaking of the punishment which was to be meted out to a foreigner, who was being tried in Russia, and of how unjust it would be to send him out of the country, Levín repeated what he had heard an acquaintance of his say the day before.

"I think that to send him out of the country is the same as punishing the pike by letting it into the water," said Levín. Only later he recalled that the thought which he had heard from an acquaintance and had given out as his own was from Krylóv's fable, and that his acquaintance had repeated it from a feuilleton in a paper.

After taking his sister-in-law home and finding Kitty well and happy, Levín went to the club.

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VII.

LEVÍN came to the club just in time. Guests and members arrived with him. Levín had not been in the club for a long time; he had not been there since, after leaving the university, he had lived in Moscow and had gone into society. He remembered the club, the external details of its arrangement, but had forgotten the impressions which he used to experience before, whenever he had gone to the club. But the moment he drove into the spacious semicircular yard and, leaving the sleigh, ascended the porch, and the porter, in sash, meeting him, noiselessly opened the door and bowed; the moment he saw in the porter's room the galoshes and fur coats of the members, who considered it easier to take their galoshes off down-stairs than to take them up; the moment he heard the mysterious sound of a bell, that preceded him, and, on ascending the steep, carpet-covered staircase, saw the statue at the landing, and at the upper door the third, aged porter, whom he used to know, in his club livery, leisurely and yet without hesitation opening the door and examining the guest, — Levín was overcome by his former impression of the club, — an impression of rest, contentment, and decency.

"Please, your hat!" the porter said to Levín, who had forgotten the club rule, which was that the hats were to be left in the porter's room. "You have not been here for a long time. The prince registered you yesterday. Prince Stepán Arkádevich has not yet arrived."

The porter knew not only Levín, but also all his con-

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nections and his family, and immediately mentioned to him the names of those he was well acquainted with.

Levín walked through the first passage hall with its screens and with its partitioned room on the right, where sat the fruit dealer, and, getting past an old man who was walking slowly, entered the dining-room, which was noisy with people.

He went by the tables, which were nearly all of them occupied, and scanned the guests. Here and there he met a great variety of old and young men, some of them mere acquaintances, others friends of his. There was not a single angry or troubled face. All seemed to have left their cares and worries with their hats in the porter's room, and were getting leisurely ready to enjoy the material pleasures of life. Here were also Sviyázhski, and Shcherbátski, and Nevyedóvski, and the old prince, and Vrónski, and Sergyéy Ivánovich.

"Ah! You are late!" the prince said, smiling, and giving him his hand over his shoulder. "How is Kitty?" he added, adjusting his napkin, which he had stuck between two buttons of his waistcoat.

"All right, she is well; all three of them are dining at home."

"Ah, the Álins, the Nádins. Well, there is no seat here with us. Go to that other table and reserve a seat at once," said the prince. Turning around, he cautiously received a plate of burbot soup.

"Levín, this way!" a good-natured voice shouted a little distance off. It was Turóvtsyn. He was sitting with a young military man, and near them were two upturned chairs. Levín gladly went up to them. He had always been fond of good-natured carouser Turóvtsyn, — with him was connected the memory of his explanation with Kitty, — and on that evening, after all the strained and clever conversations, the good-natured figure of Turóvtsyn was particularly agreeable to him.

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"That is for you and for Oblónski. He will be here in a minute."

The military man, who was keeping himself unusually erect, with merry, ever laughing eyes, was a St. Petersburgian, Gágin by name. Turóvtsyn introduced them to one another.

"Oblónski is eternally late."

"Ah, there he is!"

"Did you just get here?" Oblónski asked, walking rapidly toward them. "Good evening. Have you had some vódka? Well, let us go!"

Levín got up and went with him to the large table, on which stood all kinds of brandies and appetizers. It would seem that out of a score of appetizers it would not have been difficult to choose one suitable to the taste, but Stepán Arkádevich asked for an especial one, and a liveried lackey, who was standing there, at once brought him what he demanded. They drank a wine-glass each, and returned to the table.

While they were yet at the fish soup, Gágin ordered champagne, which he told the waiter to pour into four glasses. Levín did not refuse the wine offered him, and himself ordered a second bottle. He was hungry, and ate and drank with much zest, and with even greater enjoyment took part in the merry and simple conversation of his company. Gágin, lowering his voice, told a new St. Petersburg anecdote, and this anecdote, though indecent and stupid, was so funny that Levín laughed out loud so that the neighbours looked around at him.

"That is something like 'I cannot bear that!' Do you know it?" asked Stepán Arkádevich. "Oh, it is charming! Another bottle!" he said to the waiter; and he began to tell the story.

"Peter Ilích Vinóvski begs you to accept this," an old lackey interrupted Stepán Arkádevich, bringing up two thin glasses of effervescing champagne, and turning to

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Stepán Arkádevich and to Levín. Stepán Arkádevich took the glass, and exchanging glances with a bald-headed, red-haired, bearded man at the other end of the table, nodded his head to him, with a smile.

"Who is it?" asked Levín.

"You saw him once at my house, do you remember? A good fellow."

Levín did the same as Stepán Arkádevich and took the glass.

Stepán Arkádevich's anecdote was also funny. Levín told his own anecdote, which, too, found favour. Then they began to talk about horses, about the races of the day, and about how nicely Vrónski's Atlas had won the first prize. Levín did not notice how the dinner passed.

"Ah, there they are!" Stepán Arkádevich said, at the end of the dinner, bending over the back of his chair and extending his hand to Vrónski, who was walking toward him with a tall colonel of the Guards. On Vrónski's countenance was beaming the same good-natured merriment of the club. He bent gaily over Stepán Arkádevich's shoulder, whispering something to him, and with the same merry smile gave his hand to Levín.

"Very glad to meet you," he said. "I was looking for you at the elections, but I was told that you had left."

"Yes, I left the same day. We have just been talking about your horse. I congratulate you," said Levín. "That was a good record."

"Yes. But you have horses yourself."

"No, my father had horses; but I remember all about them."

"Where have you been dining?" Stepán Arkádevich asked him.

"We are at the second table, behind the columns."

"They have been congratulating him," said the tall colonel. "The second imperial prize; if I only had such luck at cards as he has with his horses!

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"What is the use of losing time now? I am going to the infernal region," said the colonel, leaving the table.

"That is Yáshvin," Vrónski replied to Turóvtsyn, sitting down near them on a chair just vacated. He drank a glass offered to him, and ordered a bottle. Either under the influence of the club impression, or of the wine consumed, Levín got into conversation with Vrónski about the best breed of cattle, and was very glad to observe that he did not experience any hostility toward that man. He even told him, among other things, that he had heard from his wife about her meeting with him at Princess Márya Borísovna's.

"Ah, Princess Márya Borísovna, — now this one is fine!" said Stepán Arkádevich. And he told an anecdote about her, which amused everybody. Vrónski in particular laughed so good-naturedly that Levín felt himself fully reconciled to him.

"Well, are you through?" said Stepán Arkádevich, getting up, and smiling. "Let us go!"

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VIII.

LEAVING the table, Levín felt that his arms were swaying easily and regularly during his walk. He went with Gágin across the high-studded rooms to the billiard-room. In the large hall he fell in with his father-in-law.

"Well? How do you like our temple of idleness?" said the prince, taking his arm. "Come, let us take a walk!"

"I was just going myself to take a look at it. It is interesting."

"Yes, it is interesting for you. But my interest is of a different sort. You are looking at these old men," he said, pointing to a stooping member with pendent lip, who, with difficulty shambling along in his soft boots, was coming toward them and passed them, "and you think that they were all born such slumps."

"What do you mean by slumps?"

"You do not know the name. It is our club term. You know, when they roll eggs, and there are a lot of them rolled, they call it a slump. And so it is with us fellows: we keep coming to the club until we become slumps. Yes, you are laughing, while we are just waiting to become slumps. Do you know Prince Chechénski?" asked the prince, and Levín saw by his face that he was going to tell him something funny.

"No, I do not."

"How is that? Well, the well-known Prince Chechénski. It makes no difference. He always plays billiards. Three years ago he was not yet a slump, and he braced

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himself and called others slumps. Once he came, and our porter — you know him, Vasíli? Well, that fat one. He is very witty. So Prince Chechénski asked him, 'Well, Vasíli, who is there? Any of the slumps?' And he replied, 'You are the third!' Yes, sir, so he did!"

Talking and exchanging greetings with acquaintances whom they met, Levín and the prince walked through all the rooms, — the large one, where already stood the tables and the usual partners were playing a small game; the divan-room, where men were playing chess, and where was sitting Sergyéy Ivánovich, talking with somebody; the billiard-room, where at the bend of the room, near the sofa, drinking champagne, was assembled a jolly crowd which Gágin had joined; they also took a peep into the infernal region, where at a table, at which Yáshvin was already seated, there were crowded a number of adherents. Trying not to make any noise, they also entered the dark reading-room, where under the shaded lamps sat one young man with an angry face, fingering one periodical after another, and a bald-headed general, who was buried in his reading. They also entered the room which the prince called the intellectual room. There three gentlemen were talking heatedly about the last bit of political news.

"Prince, if you please, it is ready," said one of his partners, who found him here, and the prince went away. Levín sat down and listened for awhile, but, suddenly recalling all the conversations of the morning, began to feel dreadfully bored. He got up hurriedly and went to find Oblónski and Turóvtsyn, with whom it was jolly.

Turóvtsyn was sitting with a mug of something to drink on a high sofa in the billiard-room, and Stepán Arkádevich and Vrónski were discussing something at the door, in a distant corner of the room.

"She does not exactly feel lonely, but that indefiniteness, that indeterminateness of her position — " was what Levín

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heard, and he wanted to walk off; but Stepán Arkádevich called him up.

"Levín!" said Stepán Arkádevich, and Levín saw that his eyes were, not tearful, but humid, as was always the case with him, whenever he had drunk wine, or felt sentimental. Just now both were true. "Levín, don't go away!" he said, giving a firm pressure to his elbow, evidently intent on not letting him slip away.

"This is my sincere, almost my best friend," he said to Vrónski. "You, too, are even nearer and dearer to me. And I know and wish that you could be close friends, because you are both of you excellent men."

"Well, all there is left for us to do is to kiss," Vrónski said, with a good-natured jest, giving him his hand.

He quickly grasped the hand offered to him, and gave it a firm pressure.

"I am very, very glad," said Levín, pressing his hand.

"Waiter, a bottle of champagne," said Stepán Arkádevich.

"I, too, am very glad," said Vrónski.

But, in spite of Stepán Arkádevich's desire, and of their own mutual desire, they had nothing to talk about, and both felt it.

"Do you know, he is not acquainted with Anna," Stepán Arkádevich said to Vrónski. "I want by all means to take him to her. Let us go, Levín!"

"Really?" said Vrónski. "She will be very glad. I would go home at once," he added, "but Yáshvin makes me uneasy, and I want to stay here until he gets through."

"Why, is it bad?"

"He is losing all the time, and I am the only one who can hold him back."

"Well, shall we have a game at pyramids? Levín, will you play? Very well," said Stepán Arkádevich. "Place the pyramids," he turned to the marker.

"It has long been in place," replied the marker, who

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had already put the balls in the triangle and for a pastime was rolling a red ball.

"Well, let us begin!"

After the game, Vrónski and Levín seated themselves at the table with Gágin, and Levín began, upon Stepán Arkádevich's insistence, to bet on aces. Vrónski was sitting at the table, surrounded by acquaintances that kept coming up to him, or went down to the infernal region to see how Yáshvin was getting along. Levín was experiencing a pleasant relief from the mental fatigue of the morning. He was happy because the enmity against Vrónski had come to an end, and the impression of calm, decency, and pleasure never abandoned him.

When the game was over, Stepán Arkádevich took Levín's arm.

"Let us go to Anna's! Now! Eh! She is at home. I have promised her to bring you. Where were you going in the evening?"

"Nowhere in particular. I promised Sviyázhski to go to the Society of Agriculture. Very well, let us go!" said Levín.

"Excellent, let us go! Find out whether my sleigh has come," Stepán Arkádevich turned to a lackey.

Levín went up to the table, paid the forty roubles which he had lost, then paid his club bill to the old lackey, who was standing at the door post, and who in some mysterious manner knew precisely how much it was, and, swaying his hands in a peculiar way, crossed all the halls on his way out.

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IX.

"OBLÓNSKI'S sleigh!" The porter called out in an angry bass. The sleigh drove up, and both seated themselves. Only at first, so long as the sleigh had not yet left the club gate, did Levín experience the impression of the club rest and enjoyment and the indubitable decency of everything surrounding him; but the moment the sleigh got out into the street, and he felt the jolts on the uneven road, heard the angry call of a cabman whom they met, and saw in the dim illumination the red signs of a saloon and of a small shop, this impression was destroyed, and he began to reflect on his acts, and asked himself whether he was doing well to go to see Anna. What would Kitty say? But Stepán Arkádevich did not give him a chance to meditate, and, as though divining his doubts, tried to dispel them.

"How glad I am that you will meet her! You know Dolly has been wishing that for a long time. Lvov has been calling on her. Though she is my sister," continued Stepán Arkádevich, "I can say boldly that she is a remarkable woman. You will see for yourself. Her position is a very hard one, especially now."

"Why especially now?"

"We are having palavers with her husband about the divorce. He is willing, but there is a hitch concerning her son, and the matter, which ought to have been ended long ago, has been going on for three months. The moment there is a divorce, she will marry Vrónski. How

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stupid it is, that old custom of circling around, Rejoice Isaiah, which nobody believes in, and which is in the way of people's happiness!" Stepán Arkádevich interposed. "Well, then their position will be defined, like mine and yours."

"What is the difficulty about?" asked Levín.

"Oh, it is a long and tiresome story! Everything is so undetermined with us. The point is that she has been living for three months in Moscow, where everybody knows him and her, waiting for the divorce; she does not go out, and she sees no women, except Dolly, because, you see, she does not want people to come to see her for charity's sake; that stupid Princess Várvara has left her, considering it indecent. Now, any other woman in such a situation would not be able to find any resources in herself. But she, — you will see for yourself how she has arranged her life, and how calm and dignified she is. To the left in the lane, opposite the church!" Stepán Arkádevich shouted to the coachman, bending out of the sleigh window. "Pshaw, how hot it is!" he said, throwing wider open his unbuttoned fur coat, in spite of the twelve degrees Réaumur.

"She has a daughter, so she is, no doubt, busy with her?" said Levín.

"You, it seems, think of every woman only as of a female, *une couveuse*," said Stepán Arkádevich. "Busy, so it must necessarily be with the children! No, she is bringing her up beautifully, I think, but you won't hear about her. She is busy, in the first place, writing. I see, you are smiling ironically, but hold on. She is writing a book for children; she does not tell everybody about it, but she has read it to me, and I have given the manuscript to Vorkúev — you know that publisher — he is himself a writer, I think. He knows what is what, and he says that it is a remarkable book. But you think that it is a bluestocking? Not at all. She is first and foremost

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a woman with a heart, you will see. She now has an English girl and a whole family, which takes up her time."

"What is it, something philanthropic?"

"You want to see something bad in everything. Not philanthropic, but from the heart. They had, that is, Vrónski had, an English trainer, a great hand at his business, but a drunkard. He has drunk himself into a delirium tremens and has abandoned his family. She saw them, helped them, took an interest in them, and has now the whole family on her hands; she does not treat them as if she were above them, giving them money only; she is herself training the boys in Russian, for the gymnasium, and has taken the girl to her house. You will see for yourself!"

The sleigh drove into the yard and Stepán Arkádevich gave a loud ring of the bell at the entrance, near which the sleigh was standing.

And, without asking the servant who opened the door whether she was at home, Stepán Arkádevich entered the vestibule. Levín followed him, doubting more and more whether what he was doing was good.

Looking into the mirror, Levín saw that he was red; but he was convinced that he was not intoxicated, and walked over the carpeted staircase behind Stepán Arkádevich. Up-stairs Stepán Arkádevich asked the lackey, who bowed to him as to a close friend of the house, who was with Anna Arkádevna, and heard from him that it was Vorkúev.

"Where are they?"

"In the cabinet."

Crossing a small dining-room with dark-stained wood walls, Stepán Arkádevich went over a soft carpet into the semiobscure cabinet, which was lighted up by one lamp with a large dark shade. Another, a refractor lamp, was burning on the wall, illuminating a full-sized portrait of a woman, to which Levín involuntarily directed his atten-

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tion. It was Anna's portrait, made in Italy by Mikháylov. While Stepán Arkádevich walked behind the screen, and the male voice, which had been speaking, broke off, Levín continued to look at the portrait, which, in the brilliant illumination, stood out of the frame, and could not tear himself away from it. He forgot even where he was and, without hearing what was being said, did not take his eyes away from the remarkable picture. It was not a portrait, but a living, charming woman, with flowing black hair, bared shoulders and arms, and a pensive smile on the lips, which were covered by a soft down, looking victoriously and gently at him with her eyes that bewildered him. She was not alive only because she was more beautiful than a living woman could be.

"I am very glad," he suddenly heard near him a voice, which was evidently addressing itself to him, — the voice of that very woman whom he was admiring in the portrait. Anna came out from behind the screen to meet him, and Levín saw in the semiobscurity of the cabinet the very woman of the portrait, in a dark, striped blue gown, not in the same position, nor with the same expression, but on the same height of beauty on which she had been caught by the artist in the portrait. She was less brilliant in reality, but then in her living form there was something new and attractive which was not in the portrait.

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X.

SHE had got up to meet him, without concealing her joy at seeing him. And in that calm with which she extended to him her small, energetic hand, introduced him to Vorkúev, and pointed to the auburn-haired, pretty girl, who was sitting there at some work, and whom she called her protégée, Levín saw the familiar and agreeable manners of a grand society lady, always calm and natural.

"Very, very glad to see you," she repeated, and in her mouth these words for some reason assumed a special significance for Levín. "I have known and liked you for a long time, both on account of your friendship with Stíva, and for your wife's sake — I have seen but little of her, but she left on me the impression of a charming flower, that's it, of a flower. And she will soon be a mother!"

She was talking freely and leisurely, now and then transferring her glance from Levín to her brother, and Levín felt that the impression produced by him was a good one, and immediately felt easy, simple, and agreeable in her company, as though he had known her from childhood.

"Iván Petróvich and I have taken up seats in Aleksyéy's cabinet," she said, answering Stepán Arkádevich's question whether he could smoke, "for the very purpose that we might smoke," and, looking at Levín, she moved up toward herself a turtle cigar-case, instead of asking him whether he smoked, and took out a pachitos.

"How is your health to-night?" asked her brother.

"So so. The nerves are as usual."

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"Is it not uncommonly fine?" said Stepán Arkádevich, noticing that Levín was gazing at the portrait.

"I have never seen a better portrait."

"And a remarkable likeness, don't you think so?" said Vorkúev.

Levín looked from the portrait to the original. An especial gleam lighted up Anna's face while she felt his glance upon her. Levín blushed and, to conceal his embarrassment, wanted to ask her how long it was since she had seen Dárya Aleksándrovna last; but just then Anna began to speak:

"Iván Petróvich and I have just been talking about Vashchénkov's last pictures. Have you seen them?"

"Yes, I have," said Levín.

"But, pardon me, I interrupted you. You wanted to say —"

Levín asked her how long it was since she had seen Dolly.

"She was here yesterday. She is very angry with the gymnasium on account of Grísha. The Latin teacher, it seems, has not been just to him."

"Yes, I have seen the pictures. I did not like them very much," Levín returned to the conversation which she had begun.

Levín was no longer talking with the same artisan-like relation to things, with which he had spoken in the morning. Every word in his conversation with her assumed a special significance. It was agreeable to talk to her, and more agreeable still to listen to her.

Anna spoke not only naturally and cleverly, but cleverly and carelessly, ascribing no value to her thoughts, and giving great value to the thoughts of her interlocutor.

The conversation turned on the new tendency in art, on the new illustration of the Bible by a French artist. Vorkúev accused the artist of realism which had been carried to the point of coarseness. Levín said that the

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French had carried convention in art to the farthest point possible, and so saw a special merit in the return to realism. They saw poetry in the fact that they did not lie.

Never before had a clever utterance by Levín given him so much pleasure as this one. Anna's face suddenly beamed when she suddenly appreciated the idea. She began to laugh.

"I am laughing," she said, "as one laughs seeing an excellent likeness. What you say fully characterizes French art at the present time, both their painting and their literature: Zola, Daudet. But probably it was always true that the conceptions are constructed from imaginary conventional figures, and later all the combinations are made, the imaginary figures cloy them, and they begin to invent more natural, more just figures."

"That is quite true!" said Vorkúev.

"So you have been to the club?" she turned to her brother.

"Yes, yes, there is a woman!" thought Levín, quite oblivious, and looking stubbornly at her beautiful, mobile face, which now was suddenly completely changed. Levín did not hear what she was talking about, as she was bending over her brother, but he was surprised at the change of her expression. Her countenance, so beautiful before in her repose, suddenly expressed strange curiosity, anger, and pride. But that lasted only a minute. She half-closed her eyes, as though recalling something.

"Well, that does not interest anybody," and, turning to the English girl, she said:

"Please order the tea in the drawing-room!"

The girl rose and went out.

"Well, has she passed her examination?" asked Stepán Arkádevich.

"Beautifully. A very capable girl, and a sweet disposition."

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"You will end by loving her more than your own child."

"There you hear a man talking. In love there is no more and no less. I love my daughter with one love, and her with another."

"I have been telling Anna Arkádevna," said Vorkúev, "that if she put one-hundredth part of the energy which she is spending on that English girl on the common cause of the education of Russian children, she would be doing a great and useful work."

"Say what you please, but I could not. Count Aleksyéy Kirílovich encouraged me very much" (pronouncing the words "Count Aleksyéy Kirílovich" she looked imploringly and timidly at Levín, and he involuntarily answered her with a respectful, affirmative glance) — "encouraged me to busy myself with the school in the country. I went there several times. They were very sweet, but I could not get myself interested in the matter. You talk of energy. Energy is based on love, and love is not to be purchased, not to be commanded. Now, I have come to love this girl, and I do not know myself why."

And she again cast a glance at Levín. And her smile and glance, — everything told him that she addressed her words to him only, esteeming his opinion, and at the same time knowing in advance that they understood each other.

"I understand that fully," replied Levín. "It is impossible to put your heart in the schools and, in general, in similar institutions, and I think that that is the reason why those philanthropic establishments always give such poor results."

She kept silence, then smiled.

"Yes, yes," she affirmed. "I never could. *Je n'ai pas le cœur assez large* to fall in love with a whole asylum of homely little girls. *Cela ne m'a jamais réussi.* There are so many women who have made a *position sociale* for

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themselves out of it. Especially now," she said, with a melancholy, trustful expression, externally addressing her brother, but apparently having only Levín in mind. "And just now that I need some kind of an occupation, I am unable to do so." And, suddenly frowning (Levín understood that she was frowning at herself for talking about herself), she changed the subject. "I know about you," she said to Levín, "that you are not a good citizen, and I have defended you the best I knew how."

"How did you defend me?"

"According to the attacks. However, would you not like to have some tea?"

She rose and took into her hand a morocco-bound book.

"Give it to me, Anna Arkádevna!" said Vorkúev, pointing to the book. "It deserves it."

"Oh, no! It is so unfinished."

"I told him," Stepán Arkádevich turned to his sister, pointing to Levín.

"Why did you do it? My writing is something like those baskets and that carving which Líza Mertsálov sold me from the prisons. She had charge of the prisons in that society," she turned to Levín. "And those unfortunates were doing marvels of patience."

And Levín saw a new feature in that woman who was pleasing him so very much. In addition to intellect, grace, and beauty, she possessed truthfulness. She did not wish to conceal from him the whole gravity of her situation. Saying this, she sighed, and her face, suddenly assuming a stern expression, looked as though it were petrified. With such an expression on her countenance she was even more beautiful than ever; but that expression was new: she was outside that circle of expressions which beamed with happiness and engendered happiness, and which had been caught in the portrait by the artist. Levín once more glanced at the portrait, and at her figure, as she, taking her brother's arm, was walking with him

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through the high doorway, and felt for her tenderness and pity, which were surprising to him.

She asked Levín and Vorkúev to go to the drawing-room, and herself remained behind to have a talk with her brother. "About the divorce, about Vrónski, about what is going on in the club, about myself?" thought Levín. And he was so much agitated by the question of what she was talking about with Stepán Arkádevich that he almost did not hear what Vorkúev was telling him about the good points in the novel for children, which Anna Arkádevna had written.

At tea the same pleasant, pithy conversation was continued. Not only was there not a moment when it became necessary to hunt for a subject for conversation, but, on the contrary, all felt that they did not get time enough to say everything they wanted to, and that they gladly restrained themselves, in order to listen to what another was saying. And everything they said, not only she herself, but also Vorkúev and Stepán Arkádevich, everything seemed to Levín, thanks to her attention and remarks, to receive a special significance.

While following the interesting conversation, Levín kept admiring her, — her beauty, her culture, and at the same time her simplicity and full-heartedness. He listened, talked, and all the time thought of her, of her internal life, trying to divine her sentiments. And though formerly he had severely criticized her, he now, by a strange procession of ideas, justified her and pitied her and was afraid that Vrónski did not fully understand her. At eleven o'clock, when Stepán Arkádevich got up in order to leave (Vorkúev had left before), it appeared to Levín that he had just arrived. Levín got up, too, though regretfully.

"Good-bye!" she said, holding him back by his hand and looking into his eyes with an attractive glance. "I am very glad *que la glace est rompue*."

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She let his hand go and half-closed her eyes.

"Tell your wife that I love her as much as ever, and that if she cannot forgive me my situation, I wish her never to forgive me. To forgive it is necessary to pass through what I have passed, and God forfend that she should!"

"By all means, yes, I will tell her —" Levín said, blushing.

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XI.

"WHAT a remarkable, sweet, and pitiable woman!" he thought, coming out with Stepán Arkádevich into the frosty air.

"Well, I told you so," Stepán Arkádevich said to Levín, seeing that he was vanquished.

"Yes," Levín replied, pensively, "an unusual woman! Not only clever, but also a woman of much heart. I am exceedingly sorry for her."

"Now, God willing, everything will soon be settled. Next time don't prejudge!" said Stepán Arkádevich, opening the door of the sleigh. "Good night, we are not going the same way."

Thinking all the time of Anna and of all those very simple conversations which they had held, and recalling all the details of her facial expression on that occasion, and entering more and more into her situation, and feeling pity for her, Levín reached home.

At his house Kuzmá informed him that Katerína Aleksándrovna was well and that her sisters had just left, and handed him two letters. Not to have his attention diverted, Levín read them in the antechamber. One was from Sokolóv, the clerk. Sokolóv wrote that it was impossible to sell the wheat, as they were giving only five and a half roubles, and that he did not know where to get more money. The other letter was from his sister. She reprimanded him for not having yet settled her affair.

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"Well, we shall sell it at five and a half, if they will not give us any more," Levín at once decided the first question with extraordinary ease, though before it had appeared so very difficult to him. "It is remarkable how all my time is taken up here," he thought about the second letter. He felt himself guilty toward his sister for having failed to do what she had been asking him about. "Again to-day I did not go to court, but to-day I really had no time." And, making up his mind that he would do it on the next day, he went to his wife. On his way to her, he quickly passed in review his whole day. All the events of the day consisted in conversations, — conversations which he had heard, and those in which he had taken part. These conversations all had turned on subjects which, if he were in the country, he would not be interested in, but in which he was interested here. And they had all been good talks; only on two occasions had it not been quite pleasant. The one was when he had said something about the pike, and the other was when there had been something wrong in the tender pity which he felt for Anna.

Levín found his wife dejected and lonesome. The dinner of the three sisters would have been a jolly affair, but then they waited and waited for him, and all were bored, and the sisters went home, and she was left alone.

"Well, what have you been doing?" she asked, looking into his eyes, which had a peculiar suspicious sparkle in them. But, not to disturb him in his recital, she concealed her suspicion and with an approving smile listened to his story of how he had passed the evening.

"Well, I was very glad to have met Vrónski. I felt quite at ease with him. You understand, I will now try never to see him again, but this awkwardness should stop," he said, and, recalling that he, *trying never to see him again*, had been to see Anna, he blushed. "Here, we say that the common people drink; I do not know who

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drinks more, the common people or our class; the people drink on a holiday, but — "

But Kitty was not interested in the reflection on how the people drank. She saw him blush, and she wanted to know why.

"And where were you then?"

"Stíva asked me so much to go with him to Anna Arkádevna."

And saying this, Levín blushed more than ever, and his doubts whether he had done right or wrong going to Anna were definitely settled. Now he knew that he ought not to have done so.

Kitty's eyes were dilated in a peculiar way and sparkled at the mention of Anna's name, but, making an effort over herself, she concealed her agitation and deceived him.

"Ah!" was all she said.

"I am sure you will not be angry with me because I went to see her. Stíva asked me to, and Dolly has been wishing it," continued Levín.

"Oh, no," she said, but in her eyes he saw the effort she was making, which portended nothing good.

"She is a very sweet, a very, very pitiable, good woman," he said, talking about Anna and her occupations, and about what she had told him to communicate to her.

"Yes, of course, she is to be pitied very much," said Kitty, when he was through. "From whom did you get a letter?"

He told her and, believing her calm tone, went to get undressed.

On returning, he found Kitty in the same chair. When he walked over to her, she glanced at him and burst out into tears.

"What? What is it?" he asked, knowing full well what it was.

"You have fallen in love with that bad woman, — she

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has charmed you. I saw it in your eyes. Yes, yes! What will come of it all? You drank and drank in the club, and you played, and then you went — to whom? Let us go away from here — I will leave to-morrow!"

For a long time Levín was unable to pacify his wife. Finally he calmed her, only after confessing that the feeling of pity in conjunction with the wine had knocked him off his feet so that he succumbed to Anna's cunning influence, and that he would avoid her. There was one thing of which he made a frank confession, and that was that, living so long in Moscow with nothing but talking, eating, and drinking, he had lost his senses. They talked until three o'clock in the morning. Only then did they make up sufficiently to be able to fall asleep.

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XII.

After seeing her guests off, Anna did not sit down, but kept walking to and fro in the room. Though she had unconsciously been doing everything possible during that evening to evoke in Levín a feeling of love for herself (just as she had of late been doing in respect to all young men); and though she knew that she had succeeded so far as was possible with a married man in the period of one evening; and though she had taken a liking for him (in spite of the sharp contrast, from the standpoint of a man, between Vrónski and Levín, she, as a woman, saw in them the same general traits, for which Kitty also had fallen in love with both Vrónski and Levín), she stopped thinking of him the moment he left the room.

One, and only one, thought pursued her obtrusively in all its aspects: "If I thus affect others, even this loving married man, why is *he* so cold to me? No, he is not exactly cold, for he loves me, — I know that. But there is something new that separates us. Why has he kept away the whole evening? He sent word by Stíva that he could not leave Yáshvin, and had to watch his game. Is Yáshvin such a child? But let us suppose that it is true. He never tells an untruth. But in this truth there is something else. He is glad to have an opportunity to show me that he has other obligations. I know him, and I agree with him. But why prove it to me? He wants to prove to me that his love of me ought not to interfere with his freedom. But I need no proofs, — I need love. He ought to comprehend all the gravity of my position

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here in Moscow. Do I live? I do not: I am only waiting for the solution, which is being put off more and more. Again there is no answer! And Stíva says that he cannot go to see Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. I cannot write him again. I cannot do a thing, can begin nothing, change nothing; I am holding myself back and waiting, inventing all kinds of pastimes, — the English family, writing, reading, — but that is all only a deception, that is only that morphine. He ought to pity me," she said, feeling that tears of pity for herself were coming to her eyes.

She heard Vrónski's impetuous ringing of the bell and hurriedly dried her tears; she not only dried her tears, but also seated herself at the lamp and opened a book, pretending that she was calm. She had to show him that she was dissatisfied with him for not having come back as he had promised, — only that she was dissatisfied, — but in no way to betray her sorrow to him and, above all, her pity for herself. She could pity herself, but he had no right to pity her. She did not wish for any struggle, rebuked him for desiring it, but involuntarily put herself in the attitude for a struggle.

"Well, did you not feel lonely?" he said, with animation and merriment, walking over to her. "What a terrible passion gaming is!"

"No, I did not feel lonely, and have long ago learned not to feel lonely. Stíva and Levín were here."

"Yes, they said they would go to see you. Well, how did you like Levín?" he said, seating himself near her.

"Very much. They have just left. What has Yáshvin been doing?"

"He had been winning, — seventeen thousand. I called him out, and he went away with me; then he returned, and now he is losing."

"So why did you stay there?" she asked, suddenly raising her eyes up to him. The expression of her countenance was cold and inimical. "You told Stíva that you

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would stay in order to take Yáshvin away, and yet you have left him."

The same cold readiness for the strife was expressed on his countenance.

"In the first place, I did not ask him to tell you anything; in the second, I never tell an untruth. And, above everything else, I wanted to stay, and so I stayed," he said, frowning. "Anna, why, why?" he said after a minute of silence, bending over toward her and opening his hand, in the hope that she would place hers in it.

She was glad to see that appeal for her tenderness. But a strange power of evil did not permit her to abandon herself to her instinct, as though the conditions of the strife did not allow her to submit.

"Of course, you wanted to stay, and so you did. You do everything you want. But why do you tell me so? For what purpose?" she said, getting more and more excited. "Does anybody dispute your rights? You want to be right, and you may be."

His hand closed up; he leaned back, and his face assumed an even more stubborn expression than before.

"For you it is a matter of stubbornness," she said, looking fixedly at him and suddenly finding a name for that expression on his face, which so irritated her, "that's it, stubbornness. For you the question is whether you will be the victor in respect to me, while for me —" Again she felt pity for herself, and she almost burst out weeping. "If you only knew what it is for me! When I feel as I do now, that you treat me hostilely, yes, hostilely, — if you only knew what that means to me! If you only knew how close to a calamity I am at such moments, how afraid, how afraid I am of myself!" And she turned aside, concealing her sobs.

"What is it all about?" he said, terrified at her expression of despair, and again leaning over and taking her hand and kissing it. "What for? Am I looking for

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diversions outside the house? Do I not avoid the company of women?"

"Of course!" she said.

"Tell me, what shall I do to make you satisfied? I am prepared to do anything to make you happy," he said, touched by that despair. "What would I not do to free you from any grief, such as you are experiencing now, Anna!"

"Nothing, nothing!" she said. "I do not know myself: whether it is the lonely life, the nerves — Well, let us not talk of it! You have not told me yet about the races," she said, trying to conceal the triumph of victory, which was none the less on her side.

He asked for supper and began to tell her the details of the races; but in his tone, in his glances, which grew more and more cold, she saw that he did not forgive her that victory, and that the feeling of stubbornness, against which she had been struggling, had again established itself in him. He was colder to her than before, as though he regretted his having surrendered to her. And she, recalling the words that had given her the victory, namely, "I am close to a terrible calamity and I am afraid of myself," she saw that the weapon was dangerous and that she would not be able to employ it again. And she felt that, side by side with their love, which united them, there had established itself a spirit of strife, which she was unable to expel either from his or still less, from her own heart.

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XIII.

THERE are no conditions such that a man cannot get used to them, especially when he sees that all those around him live in the same manner. Levín would not have believed three months before that he would have been able calmly to fall asleep under the conditions in which he now was; that, living an aimless, disorderly life, and at that above his means, after a bout of drunkenness (he could not call by any other name that which had taken place at the club), after the unwarranted amicable relations with a man with whom his wife had once been in love, and after the still more unwarranted visit on a woman, who could not be called otherwise than lost, and after his infatuation for that woman and his grieving his wife, — that under these conditions he would be able to fall calmly asleep. But, under the influence of fatigue, of a sleepless night, and of the wine consumed, he slept soundly and calmly.

At five o'clock the creak of a door awakened him. He jumped up and looked about him. Kitty was not in the bed beside him. But behind the partition there was a light in motion, and he heard her steps.

"What? What is it?" he muttered, half-asleep. "Kitty, what is it?"

"Nothing," she said, coming out from behind the partition, with a candle in her hand. "I did not feel well," she said, smiling a peculiarly sweet and significant smile.

"What is it? Has it begun? Has it?" he muttered, in fright. "I must send for them," he said, beginning to dress himself in a hurry.

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"No, no," she said, smiling, and holding him back with her hand. "No doubt it is all right. I just felt a little sick. But it has passed."

And she went up to the bed, put out the light, lay down, and grew calm. Though the quiet of what to him seemed to be a repressed breathing, and more than anything, the expression of peculiar tenderness and excitement, with which she, coming out from behind the partition, had said, "Nothing," were suspicious to him, he was so sleepy that he at once fell asleep. Only later he recalled the quiet of her breathing and comprehended everything which had been going on in her dear, sweet soul, as she lay near him without stirring, in expectancy of the greatest event in the life of a woman. At seven o'clock he was awakened by the touch of her hand on his shoulder and by a soft whisper. She seemed to be struggling between pity of waking him and the desire of speaking to him.

"Konstantín, don't get frightened! It is nothing. But I think — We must send for Lizavéta Petróvna."

The candle was again lighted. She sat up on the bed and held in her hand the knitting on which she had been working for the last few days.

"Please do not get frightened, — it is nothing. I am not in the least afraid," she said, upon noticing his frightened face. She pressed his hand to her breast and then to her lips.

He jumped up in a hurry, oblivious of himself and without taking his eyes off her, put on his morning-gown, and stopped, all the time looking at her. He had to go, but was unable to tear himself away from her glance. Had he not loved her face, and known her expression, her glance? Still, he had never seen her such. How base and terrible he appeared to himself, as he recalled the grief which he had caused her the evening before, and how base before her, such as she now was! Her ruddy

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face, surrounded by the soft hair that protruded from her nightcap, was beaming with joy and determination.

No matter how little unnaturalness and conventionality there was in Kitty's character, Levín was nevertheless struck by what now was revealed to him, when suddenly all the coverings were taken off, and the very pith of her soul beamed in her eyes. And in that simplicity and bareness, she, the one he loved, was even more in evidence. She looked at him with a smile; but suddenly her brows twitched, she raised her head, and, walking rapidly over to him, took his hand, and pressed close to him, wafting upon him her hot breath. She was suffering and seemed to be complaining to him for her suffering. And, as was his wont, he at the first moment thought that it was all his fault. But in her glance there was tenderness, which said that she was far from reproaching him, and loved him for her suffering. "If it is not my fault, whose is it?" he involuntarily thought, trying to find the guilty one, in order to punish him; but there was no guilty person. She was suffering, complaining, and triumphing in this suffering, and glad of it, and loving it. He saw that in her soul something beautiful was taking place, but what it was he could not comprehend. It was above his comprehension.

"I have sent word to mamma. And you go as quickly as you can for Lizavéta Petróvna — Konstantín! — It's all right, it has passed."

She went away from him and rang the bell.

"Go now! Pásha is coming. I am all right."

And Levín saw in surprise that she took up the knitting, which she had brought in the night, and began to work at it.

Just as Levín was passing through one door, he heard the girl coming in through the other. He stopped at the door and heard Kitty giving detailed orders to the girl and helping her to move the bed.

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He dressed himself and, while the horses were being hitched, as there were not yet any cabs in the street, ran into the sleeping-room, running not on tiptoe, but on little wings, as he thought. Two girls were busily changing things around in the sleeping-room. Kitty was walking about and knitting.

"I am going at once for the doctor. A carriage has gone for Lizavéta Petróvna, but I will look in there myself. Is there anything you need? Yes, shall I go for Dolly?"

She looked at him, apparently not hearing what he was saying.

"Yes, yes, go!" she said, rapidly, frowning and waving her hand at him.

He had already reached the drawing-room, when a pitiful groan, which broke off at once, was heard in the sleeping-room. He stopped and for a long time could not understand what it was.

"Yes, it is she," he said to himself; and, clasping his head, he ran down-stairs.

"O Lord, have mercy upon me! Forgive me! Aid me!" he repeated the words which suddenly came to his lips. And he, an unbelieving man, repeated these words not with his lips alone. Now, at this minute, he knew that not only his doubts, but even his inability to believe through reason, of which he was conscious in himself, did not in the least interfere with his addressing himself to God. All that was now scattered from his soul like dust. To whom was he to address himself if not to Him in whose hands he felt himself to be, his soul, and his love?

The horse was not yet hitched, but, feeling in himself a great strain of his physical powers and of attention to what was before him to do, he did not wait for his horse, but started out on foot, ordering Kuzmá to catch up with him.

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At the corner of the street he met a night sleigh hurrying somewhere. In the small sleigh sat Lizavéta Petróvna, dressed in a velvet cloak, and with her head wrapped in a kerchief. "Thank God, thank God!" he muttered, delighted to see her small, light-complexioned face, which now had a peculiar, serious, even stern expression. He did not tell the driver to stop, but ran back beside the sleigh.

"Two hours, you say? No more?" she asked. "You will find Peter Dmítrievich, only don't hurry him! Get some opium at the apothecary's!"

"So you think that it will come out all right? God have mercy upon me, and aid me!" muttered Levín, seeing his sleigh, which was coming out through the gate. He leaped into it, beside Kuzmá, and ordered him to drive to the doctor's.

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XIV.

THE doctor was not yet up, and the lackey said that he had gone to bed late and had ordered them not to wake him, but that he would get up soon. The lackey was cleaning lamp-chimneys, and seemed to be very busy with them. This preoccupation of the lackey with the chimneys and his indifference for what was taking place at Levín's house at first startled him, but upon reflection he saw that no one could know, or was obliged to know, his sentiments, and that, therefore, it was necessary to act calmly, cautiously, and resolutely, in order to break through that wall of indifference and attain his end. "Don't hurry, and forget nothing!" Levín said to himself, feeling more and more the accession of his physical powers and of his attention to what he had to do.

On hearing that the doctor was not yet up, Levín considered several plans, and finally dwelt on the following: he would send Kuzmá with a note to another doctor, and himself would go to an apothecary's for the opium, and if, on returning, the doctor should not yet be up, he would bribe the lackey or, if he did not consent, would by force wake the doctor, cost what it might.

At the apothecary's a lean-looking assistant was, with the same indifference with which the lackey had been cleaning the lamp-chimneys, pasting a wafer on some pills for a coachman, who was waiting, and refused to let Levín have the opium. Trying not to be in a hurry and not to get excited, and giving the names of the doctor and of the midwife, and explaining to him what the

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opium was wanted for, Levín endeavoured to persuade him The assistant asked in German whether he might dispense it and, having received the permission from behind the partition, he took down a small bottle and a funnel, slowly poured the opium from the larger into the smaller bottle, pasted on a label, sealed the bottle, in spite of Levín's entreaties not to do all that, and was on the point of wrapping it up. That was more than Levín could stand; he resolutely tore the bottle out of his hands and ran out through the large glass door.

The doctor was not yet up, and the lackey, now busy putting down a carpet, declined to wake him. Levín leisurely took out a ten-rouble bill and, speaking slowly, but yet not losing any time, gave him the money and explained to him that Peter Dmítrievich (how great and important insignificant Peter Dmítrievich now appeared to Levín!) had promised to come at any time, and that he would certainly not get angry, and so begged him to wake him at once.

The lackey consented, walked up-stairs, and asked Levín to the waiting-room.

Levín could hear the doctor coughing, walking, washing himself, and saying something in the adjoining room. Three minutes passed; Levín thought that more than an hour had elapsed. He could not wait any longer.

"Peter Dmítrievich, Peter Dmítrievich!" he exclaimed, with a voice of entreaty, through the opened door. "For God's sake, forgive me! Receive me just as you are. It has been more than two hours."

"Directly, directly!" replied the voice, and Levín was amazed to hear the doctor saying that with a smile.

"For one minute."

"Directly."

Two more minutes passed, while the doctor was putting on his boots, and two minutes more, while he was putting on his clothes and combing his hair.

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"Peter Dmítrievich!" Levín began once more, in a pitiful voice, but just then the doctor came out, all dressed and his hair combed. "These people have no conscience," thought Levín. "To comb his hair, while we are perishing!"

"Good morning!" the doctor said, giving him his hand, and as though teasing him with his composure. "Don't be in a hurry! Well, sir?"

Trying to be as exact as possible, Levín began to tell him all kinds of unnecessary details about his wife's condition, constantly interrupting his recital by entreaties that the doctor should go with him at once.

"Don't be in such a hurry! You do not know about it. No doubt I am not needed, but I have promised, and so I suppose I shall have to go. But there is no hurry. Be seated if you please! Would you not like a cup of coffee?"

Levín looked at him, asking with his glance whether he was making fun of him. But the doctor did not have in his mind making fun of him.

"I know, sir, I know," the doctor said, smiling, "I am myself a father of a family; but you men are at such moments the most miserable of beings. I have a patient, whose husband upon such occasions runs away to the stable."

"But what do you think, Peter Dmítrievich? Do you think that it will all come out all right?"

"All the data are for a favourable issue."

"So you will come at once?" said Levín, looking resentfully at the servant, who was bringing in coffee.

"In an hour, or less."

"No, for God's sake!"

"Well, let me drink some coffee!"

The doctor began to drink his coffee. Both were silent.

"I must say the Turks are getting badly beaten. Have

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you read yesterday's telegram?" asked the doctor, munching at a roll.

"No, I can't!" said Levín, leaping up. "So you will be there in fifteen minutes!"

"In half an hour."

"Your word of honour?"

When Levín returned home, he met the princess, who had arrived at the same time with him, and they went together to the door of the sleeping-room. The princess had tears in her eyes, and her hands were trembling. When she saw Levín, she embraced him and burst out weeping.

"Well, dear Lizavéta Petróvna," she said, grasping the hand of Lizavéta Petróvna, who came out to them with a beaming and anxious countenance.

"It is going all right," she said. "Persuade her to lie down! It will be better."

Ever since Levín had got up and had come to understand how matters stood, he had prepared himself to bear everything which might come, without any reflection, without any anticipations, by tightly shutting up all his thoughts and feelings, and without making his wife nervous. Without allowing himself to think of what would happen and how it would all end, and judging from answers to his inquiries how long it might last, Levín in his imagination prepared himself to suffer and to hold his heart in his hands for about five hours, and that seemed possible to him. But, when he returned from the doctor and saw her sufferings once more, he kept repeating more and more often, "O Lord, forgive, aid me!" and began to sigh and raise up his head, and he was assailed by terror that he would not be able to endure and would burst out weeping or would run away. It was agonizing to him. And only one hour had passed.

But after that hour there passed another, a third, all five hours, which he had assumed as the farthest limit,

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and the situation was still unchanged; and he continued to suffer, for there was nothing else to do but suffer, thinking each minute that he had reached the extreme limit of patience, and that his heart would at any moment burst from compassion.

But minutes passed, and hours and again hours, and his suffering and terror grew and became more and more strained.

All those usual conditions of life, without which it is impossible to imagine anything, no longer existed for Levín. He lost the consciousness of time. Now the minutes, — those minutes when she called him up, and he held her clammy hand, which now compressed his with extraordinary strength, and now repulsed him, — appeared to him like hours, and now the hours appeared like minutes. He was surprised when Lizavéta Petróvna asked him to light a candle behind the screen, and he learned that it was already five o'clock in the evening. If he had been told that it was only ten o'clock in the morning, he would not have been surprised. He knew just as little where he was as when things happened. He saw her feverish face, now perplexed and suffering, and now smiling and reassuring him. He saw also the princess, red, strained, with the dishevelled locks of her gray hair, and in tears, which she made an effort to swallow, biting her lips; and he saw Dolly, and the doctor, smoking fat cigarettes, and Lizavéta Petróvna, with a firm, resolute, and reassuring face, and the old prince, walking up and down in the parlour with a dejected face. But how they came in and went out, where they were, he did not know. The princess was now with the doctor in the sleeping-room, and now in the cabinet, where somehow there appeared a table set; now it was not she, but Dolly.

Then Levín remembered having been sent somewhere. Once he was sent out to carry a table and a sofa somewhere. He did this with zeal, thinking that it was for

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her, and only later he learned that he was fixing a place to sleep in at night. Then he was sent to the cabinet to ask the doctor for something. The doctor made a reply and then began to speak of the disorder in the city council. Then he was sent to the princess's sleeping-room to bring from there an image in gilt silver foil, and he climbed with the princess's old chambermaid into a safe to get it, when he broke the lamp, and the chambermaid consoled him about his wife and about the lamp, and he brought the image and placed it at Kitty's head, sticking it carefully behind her pillow. But where, when, and wherefore all that was done, he did not know. Nor did he understand why the princess took his hand and looked pitifully at him and asked him to calm himself, and why Dolly tried to persuade him to eat something and took him out of the room, and why the doctor, too, looked seriously and compassionately at him and offered him some drops.

All he knew and felt was that what was taking place was very much like what the year before had taken place in the hotel of the provincial city, on the death-bed of his brother Nikoláy. But that had been sorrow, and this was joy. But that sorrow and this joy were alike outside all habitual conditions of life and were, in that habitual life, openings, as it were, through which something superior was disclosed. And equally hard and painful was that which was taking place, and just as unattainably did the soul, while contemplating this superior event, rise to that height which before it had never understood, and whither reason could not follow it.

"O Lord, forgive and aid me!" he kept repeating to himself, feeling, in spite of the long and apparently complete alienation, that he was turning to God with the same confidence and simplicity as in the days of his childhood and first youth.

During all that time he was possessed of two distinct moods: one, outside her presence, with the doctor, who

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was smoking one fat cigarette after another, and who put them out against the edge of the full ash-tray, with Dolly, and with the prince, when the conversation turned on the dinner, on politics, on Márya Petróvna's disease, and when Levín suddenly for a moment forgot what was taking place, and felt as though he had just awakened; and the other mood, in her presence, at her bedside, where his heart wanted to burst from compassion, and yet could not do so, and he incessantly prayed to God. And every time, when from a moment of forgetfulness he was torn away by a cry that reached him from the sleeping-room, he fell into the same strange error, which had assailed him in the first moment: every time when he heard the cry, he jumped up, ran away to justify himself, and recalled on his way that he was not to blame, and he wanted to defend and aid. But, looking at her, he saw once more that it was impossible to help her, and so was terrified and said, "O Lord, forgive and aid me!" And the more time progressed, the stronger did the two moods get: the more calm, entirely oblivious of her, did he get outside her presence, and the more agonizing became both her sufferings and the consciousness of his impotence before them. He jumped up, and wished to run away somewhere, and yet to run to her.

Now and then, when she called him up again and again, he felt like rebuking her. But, when he saw her submissive, smiling face, and heard her words, "I have worn you out," he murmured against God; but, immediately thinking of God, he prayed to be forgiven and saved.

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XV.

He did not know whether it was late or early. The candles were all burning low. Dolly had just been in the cabinet, and proposed to the doctor that he should lie down. Levín sat down and listened to the doctor's story about a charlatan of a magnetizer and looked at the ashes of his cigarette. There was a period of rest, and he forgot himself. He was listening to the doctor's story, and he understood it. Suddenly there resounded an unearthly yell. The cry was so terrible that Levín did not even jump up, but, with bated breath, cast a frightened and interrogative glance at the doctor. The doctor leaned his head sidewise, to listen, and smiled an approving smile. Everything was so unusual that nothing startled Levín. "No doubt it has to be so," he thought, remaining in his chair. Whose cry was it? He jumped up, on tiptoe ran into the sleeping-room, went past Lizavéta Petróvna and the princess, and occupied his place at the head of the bed. The cry died down, but some change had taken place. What it was he did not see or understand, nor did he want to see or understand. But he saw it on Lizavéta Petróvna's face: it was stern and pale and just as resolute, though her jaw trembled a little and her eyes were steadfastly directed upon Kitty. Kitty's feverish, worn-out face, with a strand of her hair sticking to her perspiring face, was turned toward him and looking for his glance. Her raised hands asked for his. Clasping his cold hands with hers that were clammy, she began to press them against her face.

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"Don't go away, don't go away! I am not afraid, I am not afraid!" she said, speaking rapidly. "Mamma, take the earrings, — they are in my way. Are you not afraid? It will be soon, soon, Lizavéta Petróvna."

She talked rapidly, rapidly, and wanted to smile. But suddenly her face was contorted, and she pushed him away from her.

"Yes, it is terrible! I shall die, I shall die! Go, go!" she screamed, and again was heard that unearthly yell.

Levín clasped his head and ran out of the room.

"It's all right, it's all right, all is well," Dolly said to him, as he was going out.

But, no matter what they might say to him, he knew that now everything was lost. Leaning his head against the door-post, he stood in the adjoining room and heard somebody's screech and roar, such a one as he had never heard before, and he knew that it proceeded from that which had been Kitty. He had long ago ceased wishing for a child. He now hated that child. He did not even wish for her life now, — all he wished for was the cessation of those terrible sufferings.

"Doctor, what is it? What is it? My God!" he said, grasping the hand of the doctor, who had just come in.

"It will soon be over," said the doctor. And the doctor's face was so serious, as he was saying that, that Levín understood the words "it will be over" in the sense of "she is dying."

Beside himself, he ran into the sleeping-room. The first thing he saw was Lizavéta Petróvna's face. It was still more frowning and stern than before. Kitty's face was not to be seen. Where it had been before, there was something terrible, both as to the sight of the strain upon it and to the sound which proceeded from it. He fell with his head against the wood of the bed, feeling that his heart was breaking. The terrible screams did not abate; they be-

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came more terrible still and, as though reaching the last limit of terror, suddenly broke off. Levín did not trust his hearing, but there could be no doubt about it: the screams had stopped, and there was heard a quiet bustle, a rustling, and hurried breathing, and her faltering, living, gentle, happy voice, uttering softly, "It is over."

He raised his head. Impotently dropping her hands on the coverlet, uncommonly beautiful and calm, she looked speechlessly at him, and wanted to smile, but could not.

And suddenly, from that mysterious, terrible, unearthly world, in which he had lived for the past twenty-two hours, Levín felt himself instantaneously transferred into his former, habitual world, which now was gleaming in such a new light of happiness, that he was unable to endure it. All the strained strings broke. Sobs and tears of joy, which he had not at all foreseen, rose in him with such force, shaking his whole body, that they for a long time interfered with his speech.

Kneeling down before the bed, he held his wife's hand between his lips and kissed it, and her hand answered with a feeble motion of her fingers to his kisses. In the meantime there, at the foot of the bed, in Lizavéta Petróvna's nimble hands, like a flame over the lamp of an image, quivered the life of a human being, which had never been before, and which with the same right and with the same significance to itself would live and breed its like.

"Alive! Alive! And a boy at that! Don't trouble yourself!" Levín heard the voice of Lizavéta Petróvna, who with her trembling hand was patting the baby on his back.

"Mamma, is it true?" was heard Kitty's voice.

The princess answered her only with sobs.

And amidst the silence as an indubitable answer to the mother's question, there was heard a voice entirely different from those repressed voices in the room. It was

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the bold, audacious, unreasonable cry of a new human being coming one knew not whence.

If Levín had been told before that Kitty had died and that he had died with her, and that their children were angels, and that God was here before them, — he would not have marvelled at anything; but now, having returned to the world of reality, he made great efforts of thought in order to comprehend that she was alive and well, and that that desperately whimpering being was his son. Kitty was alive and her sufferings were over. And he was inexpressibly happy. But the child? Whence and wherefore did it come, and who was it? He could not at all get used to this thought. It seemed to him something superfluous, some superabundance, to which he could not get accustomed for a long time.

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XVI.

At ten o'clock, the old prince, Sergyéy Ivánovich, and Stepán Arkádevich were sitting with Levín and, having talked about the young mother, spoke also of other subjects. Levín listened to them and, involuntarily recalling the past, while this conversation was going on, thought of himself, such as he had been the previous day, before this had happened. It was as though a century had passed since then. He felt himself on some unapproachable height, from which he descended cautiously so as not to offend those with whom he was speaking. He kept talking and thinking of his wife, of the details of her present condition, and of his son, trying to become accustomed to the thought of his existence. The whole feminine world, which had received a new, unknown meaning for him after his marriage, now had risen so high in his opinion that he was unable to embrace it in his imagination. He listened to the conversation about the dinner of the previous day and thought, "What is she now doing? Is she asleep? How does she feel? What is she thinking about? Is my son Dmítri crying?" And in the middle of the conversation, in the middle of a phrase, he leaped up and left the room.

"Let me know whether I may go to see her," said the prince.

"All right, directly," replied Levín; and, without stopping, he went to see her.

She was not sleeping, but talking softly with her mother and making plans for the future christening.

Dressed up, her hair combed, in a pretty cap with

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something blue in it, her arms straightened out on the coverlet, she was lying on her back and, meeting him with a glance, attracted him with that glance toward her. Her glance, bright before, beamed even more in proportion as he came near to her. On her countenance was that same change from the earthly to the unearthly, which is to be seen on the faces of the dying; but there it is the leave-taking, and here the meeting. Again did agitation, similar to what he had experienced during the moment of the delivery, contract his heart. She took his hand and asked him whether he had slept. He was unable to reply and turned away, being convinced of his weakness.

"I have forgotten it all, Konstantín!" she said to him. "And I am feeling so well now."

She looked at him, but suddenly her expression changed.

"Give him to me!" she said, upon hearing the baby's whine. "Lizavéta Petróvna, give him to me, and he will see him."

"Well, let his papa look at him!" said Lizavéta Petróvna, lifting up and carrying to him something red, strange, and wabbling. "Wait, first we shall get dressed up," and Lizavéta Petróvna put that red, wabbling thing down on the bed, began to unroll the child and again to roll him up, raising him with one finger and turning him over, and powdering him with something.

Levín, looking at that tiny, pitiful creature, was making a vain endeavour to find in his soul any signs of a paternal feeling for him. All he felt for him was loathing. But when the child was laid bare, and there flashed his tiny, saffron-coloured arms and his legs, with their little toes, and even with the big toes, which looked different from the rest, and when he saw Lizavéta Petróvna press down those sprawling arms, as though they were soft little springs, enclosing them in linen wraps, he was assailed by such pity for that being and by such terror

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lest she should do him some injury that he held her arm back.

Lizavéta Petróvna laughed out at him.

"Don't fear, don't fear!"

When the child was dressed up and changed into a firm little doll, Lizavéta Petróvna rolled him over, as though proud of her work, and stood back so that Levín might see his son in all his beauty.

Kitty looked, without taking her eyes off, sidewise at him. "Give him to me, give him to me!" she said, trying to raise herself.

"Please, Katerína Aleksándrovna, you must not make such movements! Wait awhile, — I will give him to you. We shall show papa what kind of a dashing fellow we are!"

And Lizavéta Petróvna with one hand raised toward Levín that strange, shaking, red creature, which was hiding its head behind the edge of the swaddling-cloths (while the other hand, with its fingers only, supported the shaking head). And there were a nose, squinting eyes, and smacking lips.

"A fine baby!" said Lizavéta Petróvna.

Levín sighed in grief. This fine child impressed him only with a feeling of loathing and pity. It was not at all the feeling which he had expected.

He turned away, while Lizavéta Petróvna put him down to the unaccustomed breast.

Suddenly laughter made him raise his head. Kitty was laughing. The babe had taken hold of her breast.

"Enough, enough!" said Lizavéta Petróvna, but Kitty did not let go of him. He fell asleep in her arms.

"Look now!" said Kitty, turning the child to him so that he might be able to see him. The child's old-looking face was even more wrinkled, and he sneezed.

Smiling and with difficulty repressing tears of emotion, Levín kissed his wife and left the dark room.

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What he was experiencing toward that little creature was not at all what he had expected. There was nothing cheerful and joyful in that sentiment; it was, on the contrary, a new, painful terror. It was the consciousness of a new sphere of mortification. And at first this consciousness was so painful to him, and the terror lest that helpless creature be injured was so strong, that back of it could not be seen the strange feeling of senseless joy and even pride which he had experienced when the child had sneezed.

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XVII.

STEPÁN ARKÁDEVICH'S affairs were in a bad shape.

The money for two-thirds of the timber had all been spent, and he had already obtained almost the whole of the last third from the merchant, at a discount of ten per cent. The merchant refused to give him more money, the more so since Dárya Aleksándrovna during that winter for the first time asserted her rights in the property and refused to sign on the contract a receipt for the last third of the timber. All the salary went on house expenses and on paying petty debts, of which there never was any end. They had absolutely no money.

That was disagreeable and awkward, and, in Stepán Arkádevich's opinion, ought not to be continued. The whole trouble, as he understood it, lay in the fact that he received too small a salary. The place which he had, had apparently been a very good one five years before, but now it was not. Petróv, as director of a bank, received twelve thousand. Sventítski, as member of a company, received seventeen thousand. Mítin received fifty thousand when he founded a bank. "Evidently I fell asleep, and was forgotten," Stepán Arkádevich thought. And he began to listen and watch things, and toward the end of winter he espied a very good place and directed his attack on it, first from Moscow, by means of aunts, uncles, and friends, and then, when the affair matured, he himself went to St. Petersburg. It was one of those places, of varying dimensions, from one to fifty thousand roubles' salary a year, of which there now was a larger number

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than formerly there used to be, snug bribing places; it was the position of a member of the Commission from the United Agency of the Mutual Credit Balance of the Southern Railways and Banking Establishments. This place, like all similar positions, demanded enormous knowledge and activity, such as it was difficult to find united in one man. And, as there could not be found a man who combined those qualities, it was better that it should be entrusted to an honest than to a dishonest man. Stepán Arkádevich was not only an honest man (without emphasis), but also an *honest* man (with emphasis), with that peculiar significance which the word has in Moscow, when they say: an honest public man, an honest writer, an honest periodical, an honest establishment, an honest party, and which signifies that the man, or establishment, is not only not dishonest, but on occasion knows how to stick a needle into the government's sides. Stepán Arkádevich moved in Moscow in those circles where that word was in use and was there regarded as an honest man, consequently he had a greater right to that place than anybody.

This place brought in from seven to ten thousand a year, and Oblónski could hold it without leaving his government position. It depended on two ministries, on one lady, and on two Jews, and all these people, though they had been approached, Stepán Arkádevich had to see at St. Petersburg. Besides, Stepán Arkádevich had promised his sister Anna to get from Karénin a definite answer in regard to the divorce. And so he begged Dolly for fifty roubles and went to St. Petersburg.

Sitting in Karénin's cabinet, and listening to his theory on the causes of the bad state of the Russian finances, Stepán Arkádevich waited only for the moment when he should get through, in order to speak to him about his affair and about Anna.

"Yes, that is quite true," he said, when Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, taking off his eye-glasses, without which

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he could not read now, looked interrogatively at his ex-brother-in-law, "that is quite true in detail, but still the principle of our time is freedom."

"Yes, but I advance another principle, one that embraces the principle of freedom," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, emphasizing the word "embraces" and again putting on his eye-glasses, in order to read to his hearer the passage where that was mentioned.

And deciphering the neatly written, broad-margined manuscript, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich read once more the convincing passage.

"I reject the protectionist system, not for the advantage of private individuals, but for the common good, — equally for the lower and for the higher classes," he said, looking over his eye-glasses at Oblónski. "But *they* cannot understand it, *they* are busy only with their personal interests, and are carried away by words."

Stepán Arkádevich knew that when Karénin began to talk about what *they* did and thought, that is, those who did not wish to accept his projects and were the cause of all the evils of Russia, the end was near; and so he completely abandoned the principle of freedom and gave him his full assent. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich grew silent, pensively turning the pages of his manuscript.

"Oh, by the way," said Stepán Arkádevich, "I wanted to ask you, when you see Pomórski, to drop the remark to him that I should like very much to occupy the vacant position of the member of the Commission from the United Agency of the Mutual Credit Balance of the Southern Railways." Stepán Arkádevich had become accustomed to that appellation, which was so near to his heart, and he pronounced it correctly, without blundering.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich asked him what the activity of that new commission consisted in, and fell to musing. He was reflecting whether in the activity of that commission there was nothing prejudicial to his projects.

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But, as the activity of this new establishment was very complicated and his projects took in a very large field, he could not make it out at once, and so, taking off his eyeglasses, he said:

"Of course, I can tell him; but why do you want that particular place?"

"The salary is good, about nine thousand, and my means —"

"Nine thousand," repeated Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, frowning. The high figure of that salary reminded him that in this respect Stepán Arkádevich's proposed activity was contrary to the sense of his projects, which always preached economy.

"I find, as I explain in a note I have written on the subject, that in our day the immense salaries are the signs of the false economic *assiette* of our administration."

"What do you mean?" said Stepán Arkádevich. "Let us say, a director of a bank gets ten thousand, — he earns that. Or an engineer receives twenty thousand. It is a live business, as you please."

"I assume that a salary is the payment for goods, and that it is subject to the law of demand and supply. And if the apportionment of the salary departs from this law, as, for example, when I see two engineers leaving the Institute with equal knowledge and capacities, and one of them getting forty thousand, while the other is satisfied with two thousand, or that the companies choose for bank directors with enormous salaries jurists and hussars, who have no peculiar special information, — I conclude that the salary is determined, not according to the law of demand and supply, but simply by favouritism. And here we have an abuse, which is important in itself and has an injurious effect on the government service. I assume —"

Stepán Arkádevich hastened to interrupt his brother-in-law.

"Yes, but you must admit that the institution which is

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to be established is unquestionably useful. As you please, it's a live business. What they lay the greatest weight on is that the affair should be conducted honestly," said Stepán Arkádevich, emphasizing the last word.

But the Moscow meaning of the word was incomprehensible to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"Honesty is only a negative quality," he said.

"Still, you will do me a great favour," said Stepán Arkádevich, "by dropping a remark to Pomórski. You know, during a conversation — "

"But that depends mainly on Bolgárinov, I think," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"Bolgárinov agrees to it for his part," said Stepán Arkádevich, blushing. Stepán Arkádevich blushed at the mention of Bolgárinov, because on that morning he had called on him, and had been left with a disagreeable impression from his visit.

Stepán Arkádevich knew full well that the business to which he wished to devote himself was new, alive, and honest; but that morning, when Bolgárinov had seemed to make him wait on purpose for two hours in the waiting-room with the other petitioners, he had suddenly felt uneasy.

He had felt uneasy either because he, a descendant of Rúrik, Prince Oblónski, had to wait two hours in the waiting-room of a Jew, or because for the first time in his life he was not following the example of his ancestors, who had served only the government, while he was about to enter a new field, — in any case, he had felt very ill at ease. In those two hours of waiting at Bolgárinov's, Stepán Arkádevich, walking briskly up and down the waiting-room, straightening out his side-whiskers, entering into conversations with the other petitioners, and trying to invent a pun about his waiting for the Jew, had carefully concealed from others and even from himself the feeling which he was experiencing.

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But he had been vexed and annoyed all that time, himself not knowing why: whether because he could not make anything decent out of the pun, "I stayed late at a Jew's, at last to jubilate," or for some other reason. When, at last, Bolgárinov had received him with extraordinary civility, apparently triumphing over his humiliation, and almost refused him, Stepán Arkádevich tried to forget it as soon as possible. And when he now recalled it he blushed.

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XVIII.

"Now I have another piece of business, and you know what it is. About Anna," said Stepán Arkádevich, after a moment's silence, having shaken off that disagreeable impression.

The moment Oblónski pronounced Anna's name, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's face completely changed: instead of the former animation, it now expressed fatigue and deadness.

"What is it that you want of me?" he said, turning around on his chair, and snapping his eye-glasses.

"A decision, some kind of a decision, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. I turn to you now" ("not as to an insulted husband," Stepán Arkádevich wanted to say, but, being afraid that he might spoil the matter by that, he substituted the words:) "not as to a statesman" (which was irrelevant) "but simply as to a man and a good man and Christian. You ought to pity her," he said.

"In what way do you mean it?" Karénin said, softly.

"Yes, pity her. If you saw her as I did, — I passed the whole winter with her, — you would take pity on her. Her situation is terrible, yes, terrible."

"It seems to me," replied Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, in a thinner, almost a squeaky voice, "that Anna Arkádevna has everything she has been wishing for."

"Oh, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, let us, for God's sake, make no recriminations! What is past, is past, and you know what she is wishing and waiting for, — for a divorce."

"But I assume that Anna Arkádevna declines the

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divorce in case I demand that the son be left with me. That was the answer I gave, and I thought that the matter was settled. I myself regard it as settled," squeaked Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"For God's sake, don't get excited," said Stepán Arkádevich, touching the knee of his brother-in-law. "The affair is not settled. If you permit me to recapitulate, the matter stood like this: when you separated, you were great, as magnanimous as one could be; you were prepared to give her everything, — her freedom, and even a divorce. She appreciated it. No, don't think otherwise, — she did appreciate it; so much so that during those first minutes, feeling her guilt toward you, she did not consider, and could not consider, everything. She refused everything. But reality and time have shown that her situation is painful and impossible."

"Anna Arkádevna's life cannot interest me," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich interrupted him, raising his eyebrows.

"Permit me not to believe it," Stepán Arkádevich retorted, softly. "Her situation is painful for her, and without any advantage to anybody. You will say that she has deserved it. She knows it, and does not ask you for anything; she says directly that she has no right to ask you for anything. But I, we, all the relatives, all of us who love her, ask and implore you. Why should she be tormented? Who is the gainer by it?"

"Excuse me, but you, it seems, are putting me in the position of a defendant," muttered Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"No, no, not at all. Understand me," Stepán Arkádevich said, touching his arm, as though he were convinced that that touch soothed his brother-in-law, "all I say is that her situation is painful, and it can be alleviated by you without losing anything by it. I will arrange it all for you in such a way that you will not notice it. You promised."

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"The promise was given before. And I assume that the question about the son has settled the matter. Besides, I had hoped that Anna Arkádevna would have enough magnanimity left—" muttered pale Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, speaking with difficulty, and with trembling lips.

"She leaves it all to your magnanimity. She begs and implores you for one thing,—to take her out of this impossible situation, in which she now is. She no longer insists on the son. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, you are a good man. Enter for a moment into her situation. The question of divorce is for her, in her situation, a question of life and death. If you had not promised it before, she would have become reconciled to her situation, and would have remained living in the country. But you promised, and she wrote to you, and came to live in Moscow. And there, in Moscow, where every meeting with a person is a knife run into her heart, she has been living for six months, waiting each day for an answer. It is the same as though a person condemned to capital punishment were to be kept for months with a rope around his neck, promising him perhaps death and perhaps a pardon. Take pity on her, and then I will take it upon myself to arrange everything— *Vos scrupules*—"

"I am not talking of that, of that—" Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich interrupted him, loathingly. "But perhaps I promised what I had no right to promise."

"So you take back your promise?"

"I never refuse to do what is possible, but I wish to have time to consider in how far what was promised is possible."

"No, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich," Oblónski exclaimed, jumping up, "I do not want to believe it! She is as unhappy as any woman can be, and you cannot refuse such a—"

"In so far as what was promised is possible. *Vous professez d'être un libre penseur.* But I, as a believing

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man, cannot in such an important matter act contrary to the Christian religion."

"But in Christian communities and with us, so far as I know, divorce is admissible," said Stepán Arkádevich. "Divorce is permitted even by our Church. And we see —"

"It is permitted, but not in this sense."

"Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, I do not recognize you," Oblónski said, after some silence. "Did you not forgive everything (and did we not appreciate it?) and, guided by that very Christian sentiment, were you not ready to sacrifice everything? You said yourself that you would give the cloak when the coat was taken, and now —"

"I ask you," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, in a squeaky voice and with trembling jaw, suddenly leaping to his feet and growing pale, "I ask you to stop, to stop this conversation."

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me, if I have grieved you!" muttered Stepán Arkádevich, with an embarrassed smile, extending his hand. "Still, I merely communicated my message."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich gave him his hand, fell to musing, and said:

"I must think it over and find rules of guidance. Day after to-morrow I will give you a definite answer," he said, after some reflection.

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XIX.

Stepán Arkádevich was on the point of leaving, when Kornéy came to announce:

"Sergyéy Aleksyéevich!"

"Who is that Sergyéy Aleksyéevich?" Stepán Arkádevich began, but immediately thought who it was.

"Ah, Serézha!" he said. "Sergyéy Aleksyéevich! I thought the director of a department. Anna asked me to take a look at him," he happened to recall.

And he recalled the timid, pitiful expression, with which Anna, dismissing him, had said: "Still you will see him. Find out precisely where he is, who is with him. And, Stíva — if it were possible! It is possible, is it not?" Stepán Arkádevich knew what the words "If it is possible" meant; they meant, — if it were possible to arrange the divorce in such a way that she might retain her son. Now Stepán Arkádevich saw that that was entirely out of the question; still he was glad to see his nephew.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich reminded his brother-in-law that nothing was ever said to his son about his mother, and asked him not to mention a word about her.

"He was very ill after the meeting with his mother, which we had not anticipated," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. "We were even afraid for his life. But a rational cure and sea-baths have improved his health, and now, with the doctor's advice, I am sending him to school. The influence of companions has been very salutary upon him, and he is quite well again and is a good student."

"What a fine fellow he has turned out to be! Not at all Serézha, but a whole Sergyéy Aleksyéevich!" Stepán

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Arkádevich said, smilingly, looking at the handsome, broad-shouldered boy, in his blue jacket and long trousers, walking briskly and unconstrainedly. The boy looked healthy and happy. He bowed to his uncle as to a stranger, but, on recognizing him, he blushed and rapidly turned away from him, as though offended and irritated by something. The boy walked over to his father and handed him a note containing his grades at school.

"That is nice," said his father, "you may go."

"He has grown thinner and is taller, and is no longer a child, but a boy; I like that," said Stepán Arkádevich. "Do you remember me?"

"I do, *mon oncle*," he replied, looking at his uncle, and again seeming embarrassed.

The uncle called up the boy, and took his hand.

"Well, how are things?" he said, wishing to talk with him, but not knowing what to say.

The boy, blushing and making no reply, cautiously pulled his hand out of that of his uncle. The moment Stepán Arkádevich let go of his hand, he like a bird set free, casting an interrogative glance at his father, with rapid steps walked out of the room.

A year had passed since Serézha had for the last time seen his mother. Since then he had not once heard about her. That same year he was sent to school, and there became acquainted with companions, whom he loved. Those dreams and reminiscences about his mother, which after his meeting with her had made him sick, now no longer interested him. Whenever they came to him, he took care to dispel them, as he considered them disgraceful or fit only for girls, and not for a boy who was attending school. He knew that there was a difference between his father and his mother, which had separated them, and that he was to stay with his father, and he tried to become accustomed to that idea.

When he saw his uncle, who resembled his mother, he

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felt annoyed because this evoked the very recollections which he considered shameful. This was the more disagreeable to him since, from a few words which he had heard, while waiting at the door of the cabinet, he guessed that they must have spoken about his mother. And, in order not to condemn his father, with whom he was living, and on whom he depended, and, above all, not to fall into sentimentality, which he regarded as so humiliating, Serézha tried not to look at his uncle, who had come to disturb his peace, and not to think of what he was talking about.

But when Stepán Arkádevich, who went out after him, saw him on the staircase, and called him up and asked him how he passed his time at school between classes, Serézha, not being in his father's presence, talked freely with him.

"We are now having a railway," he said, answering his question. "You see, it is like this: two sit down on a bench, — those are the passengers, and one stands up on the bench. And all hitch themselves up to it, — they hold on with their hands, or with their belts, and they run through all the rooms. The doors are all opened in advance. But it is hard to be a conductor there!"

"Is it the one that is standing up?" asked Stepán Arkádevich, smiling.

"Yes. It takes courage and quickness, especially when they suddenly stop, or some one falls down."

"Yes, that is no joke," said Stepán Arkádevich, looking sorrowfully at those animated eyes, his mother's eyes, no longer those of a child, no longer entirely innocent. And, though he had promised Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich not to talk about Anna, he did not hold out.

"Do you remember your mother?" he suddenly asked.

"No, I do not," Serézha said, quickly; lowering his face, he blushed. His uncle could not get anything more out of him.

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The Slavic tutor half an hour later found his charge on the staircase, and for a long time could not make out whether he was angry, or crying.

"Did you fall down and hurt yourself?" asked the tutor. "I told you it was a dangerous game. And I shall have to tell the director."

"If I had hurt myself, nobody would have known it. You may be sure of that."

"What is it, then?"

"Let me alone! — I remember, I do not — What business of his is it? Why should I remember? Let me alone!" he turned, not to the tutor, but to the whole world.

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XX.

Stepán Arkádevich, as usual, did not pass his time uselessly in St. Petersburg. In addition to the business which he had, — his sister's divorce and the position, — he had to refresh himself, as he said, after his Moscow mustiness.

Moscow, in spite of its *cafés chantants* and busses, was after all a stagnant pool. Stepán Arkádevich always felt so. Living in Moscow, especially in the proximity of his family, he felt himself losing courage. Whenever he stayed for any length of time in Moscow, without leaving it, he finally began to become uneasy on account of his wife's ill humour and reproaches, on account of the children's health and education, and on account of the petty interests of his service; he was even disquieted by the fact that he had debts. But he had only to come to St. Petersburg and stay there awhile, in the circle in which he used to move, where people lived, that's it, lived and did not vegetate, and all his thoughts at once disappeared and melted away, like the wax in the face of the fire.

His wife? He had only that day spoken with Prince Chechénski. Prince Chechénski had a wife and a family, — grown-up children who were pages, — and he had another, an illegitimate family, in which, too, there were children. Though the first family was nice, Prince Chechénski felt happier with his second family. And he introduced his eldest son to his second family and told Stepán Arkádevich that he found that useful and educa-

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tive for his son. What would they say to that in Moscow?

The children? In St. Petersburg the children did not act as obstacles to their fathers. The children were being educated in all kinds of establishments, and there was not that wild conception, so common in Moscow, — for example in the case of Lvov, — that the whole luxury of life was for the children, and nothing but labour and cares for the parents. Here they understood that a man had to live for himself, as an educated man ought to live.

The service? The service, too, was here not that assiduous, hopeless grind that it was in Moscow; here service was interesting. A meeting, an obliging act, a word well put, the ability to perform all kinds of tricks, — and a man's career was made, as was the case with Bryántsev, whom Stepán Arkádevich had met the day before, and who now was a dignitary of the first rank. Such kind of service presented some interest.

But more than anything else, the St. Petersburg view of money matters had a soothing effect upon Stepán Arkádevich. Bartnyánski, who was spending at least fifty thousand, to judge from the swath which he was cutting, had told him a remarkable witticism about it the day before.

Getting into a conversation with Bartnyánski, Stepán Arkádevich had said to him:

"You, I think, are on a footing of close friendship with Mordvínski; you can do me a favour, — put in a word for me with him. There is a place which I should like to occupy, — a membership of the Agency —"

"Well, I shall forget it all the same — Only, what pleasure do you find in getting into relations with those Jews on the railways? Say what you please, it is an abomination."

Stepán Arkádevich did not tell him that it was a lively business; Bartnyánski would not have understood him.

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"I need money, — nothing to live on."

"But you are living?"

"I am, but the debts."

"You don't say? Much?" Bartnyánski asked, compassionately.

"Very much, some twenty thousand."

Bartnyánski burst out into a merry laugh.

"O happy man!" he said. "I have a million and a half of them, and no money, and yet I live, as you see."

And Stepán Arkádevich saw, not only in words, but in fact, the justice of this. Zhivakhóv had three thousand roubles of debts and not a penny to his soul, and yet he lived, and lived well! Count Krívtsov had long ago gone up the flue, and yet he kept two women. Petróvski had squandered five millions, and yet continued to live in the same style, and even was in charge of finances and received a salary of twenty thousand. Besides, St. Petersburg had a salutary physical effect upon Stepán Arkádevich. It made him younger. In Moscow he now and then looked at his bald spot, fell asleep after dinner, stretched himself, walked up the staircase at a slow pace, breathing heavily, felt tedium in the presence of young women, and did not dance at balls. But in St. Petersburg he always felt that ten years had fallen off his shoulders.

In St. Petersburg he experienced the very thing that sixty-year-old Prince Peter Oblónski, who had just returned from abroad, had told him of the day before:

"We do not know how to live here," Peter Oblónski had said. "Would you believe it, I passed a summer at Baden, — really I felt as though I were a very young man. Whenever I saw a young woman, I thought — I would dine and take a drink of something, — and I felt strong and full of life. When I came back to Russia, — I had to go at once to my wife, and to the country at that, — well, you would not believe it, in two weeks I put on

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my morning-gown and stopped dressing for dinner. No thought of young women then! I was altogether an old man once more. All there was left to do was to think of saving my soul. I went to Paris, and I recuperated once more."

Stepán Arkádevich felt precisely the same difference as did Peter Oblónski. In Moscow he let himself down so much that if he, indeed, lived there long enough, he would, before he knew it, reach the point of having to save his soul; but in St. Petersburg he felt himself once more a decent kind of man.

Between Princess Betsy Tverskóy and Stepán Arkádevich there had always existed some very strange relations. Stepán Arkádevich had always jestingly paid her attentions, and had always, again jestingly, told her most indecent things, knowing that she liked that best. On the day following his conversation with Karénin, Stepán Arkádevich, calling on her, felt himself so young that in this jocular courting and story-telling he accidentally went so far that he did not know how to extricate himself because, to his misfortune, he not only did not like her, but felt a loathing for her. This tone had established itself between them only because she liked him very much. And so he was very glad of the arrival of Princess Myágki, who interrupted their tête-à-tête.

"Oh, you are here, too!" she said, when she saw him. "Well, how is your poor sister? Don't look at me that way!" she added. "Ever since everybody has been attacking her, all those who are a thousand times worse than she, I find that she acted very well. I cannot forgive Vrónski for not having sent word to me when he was in St. Petersburg. I should have called on her and should have gone everywhere with her. Well, tell me something about her!"

"Yes, her situation is hard, she —" Stepán Arkádevich began to talk, in the simplicity of his heart taking the

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words of Princess Myágki, "Tell me about your sister," as genuine coin. Princess Myágki, as was her wont, immediately interrupted him, and began to talk herself.

"She did what everybody but me is doing all the time, concealing their acts; but she would not deceive, and so did well. And she did better still in that she abandoned that half-witted brother-in-law of yours. Everybody kept saying that he was clever; I was the only one who said that he was stupid. Now that he has leagued himself with Lídiya Ivánovna and with Landau all say that he is half-witted, and I should like to differ from everybody, but I cannot."

"Please explain to me," said Stepán Arkádevich, "what that means? I called on him yesterday on my sister's affair, and asked him for a definite answer. He gave me none, and said that he would consider it, and this morning, instead of an answer, I received an invitation to spend the evening at the house of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna."

"That's it, that's it!" Princess Myágki exclaimed, joyfully. "They will ask Landau what he has to say."

"Landau? What for? What is that Landau?"

"What, do you not know *Jules Landau le fameux, Jules Landau le clairvoyant?* He, too, is half-witted, but on him depends your sister's fate. That is what comes from living in the province, — you do not know a thing. Landau, you see, was a clerk in a Paris shop, and he went to a doctor. In the doctor's waiting-room he fell asleep, and in his sleep he began to give advice to the patients. Those were marvellous bits of advice. Then, — you know Yúri Meledínski, the sick man? His wife learned about this Landau, and took him to her husband. He has been curing him. In my opinion, he has not done him any good, for he is just as feeble as he used to be, but they believe in him and travel around with him. And thus they brought him to Russia. Here they all took him up, and he is curing everybody. He has cured Countess

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Bezzúbov, and she has taken such a liking for him that she has adopted him as her son."

"What do you mean?"

"As I tell you, she has adopted him. He is now no longer Landau, but Count Bezzúbov. But that is another matter; but Lídiya, — I like her very much, though her head is turned, — of course, has pitched on this Landau, and without him neither she, nor Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, undertake anything, and so your sister's fate is now in the hands of this Landau, alias Count Bezzúbov."

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XXI

After a superb dinner with a large quantity of cognac, consumed at Bartnyánski's, Stepán Arkádevich, only a little later than the appointed time, entered the house of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna.

"Is anybody else with Countess Lídiya Ivánovna? The Frenchman?" Stepán Arkádevich asked the porter, scanning Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich's familiar overcoat, and another, a strange, naïve overcoat with buckles.

"Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich Karénin and Count Bezzúbov," the porter replied, sternly.

"Princess Myágki has guessed it right," thought Stepán Arkádevich, ascending the staircase. "Strange! However, it would be well to cultivate her acquaintance. She has an enormous influence. If she dropped a word to Pomórski, I should certainly get it."

It was still light outside, but in Lídiya Ivánovna's small drawing-room the blinds were down and lamps were burning.

At a round table, beneath a lamp, sat the countess and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, talking softly with each other. An undersized, spare-ribbed man with feminine hips, with legs bent inward at the knee, exceedingly pale and handsome, with beautiful, sparkling eyes and long hair, which was lying on the collar of his coat, stood at the other end, examining the pictures on the wall. Having exchanged greetings with the hostess and with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, Stepán Arkádevich involuntarily cast another glance upon the stranger.

"Monsieur Landau!" The countess turned to him,

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with a gentleness and caution which surprised Oblónski. And she introduced him to Stepán Arkádevich.

Landau looked hastily around, walked up, and, smiling, put into Stepán Arkádevich's hand his own motionless, clammy hand, and immediately went back to examine the portraits. The countess and Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich exchanged significant looks.

"I am very glad to see you, especially to-night," said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, indicating to Stepán Arkádevich a seat near Karénin.

"I have introduced you to him as to Landau," she said, in a soft voice, glancing at the Frenchman and immediately afterward at Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, "but he is really Count Bezzúbov, as you, no doubt, know. Only he does not like that title."

"Yes, I have heard," replied Stepán Arkádevich, "they say he has completely cured Countess Bezzúbov."

"She was here to-day, — she is so wretched!" the countess turned to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. "That separation is terrible for her. It is such a shock to her!"

"Will he positively go?" Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich asked her.

"Yes, he is going to Paris. He heard a voice yesterday," said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, glancing at Stepán Arkádevich.

"Ah, a voice," repeated Oblónski, feeling that he had to be as careful as possible in that company, in which was taking place, or was going to take place, something peculiar, to which as yet he did not have the key.

There ensued a momentary silence, after which Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, as though approaching the chief subject of conversation, said to Oblónski, with a delicate smile:

"I have known you for a long time and am glad to have an opportunity to know you more closely. *Les amis de nos amis sont nos amis.* But, in order to be a friend,

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one has to fancy himself in the condition of his friend's soul, and I am afraid you have not been doing that in relation to Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. You understand what I am talking about," she said, raising her beautiful, pensive eyes.

"Partly, countess, I understand that the situation of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich —" said Oblónski, who did not exactly know what it was all about, and who, therefore, wished to stick to generalities.

"The change is not in the external situation," Countess Lídiya Ivánovna said, sternly, at the same time looking with loving eyes at Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, who had risen and gone over to Landau. "His heart has changed, — a new heart has been given him, and I am afraid that you have not fully grasped the change which has taken place in him."

"Well, in a general kind of way I can imagine the change. We have always been friendly with each other, and now —" said Stepán Arkádevich, replying with a tender glance to her glance, trying to figure out with which of the two ministers she was better acquainted, in order to know about which to ask her.

"The change which has taken place in him cannot weaken his sentiment of love for his neighbours; on the contrary, the change which has taken place in him must increase that love. But I am afraid that you do not understand me. Do you not want some tea?" she said, with her eyes indicating the lackey who was carrying tea around on a tray.

"Not quite, countess. Of course, his misfortune —"

"Yes, the misfortune which has become his greatest happiness, now that the heart has become renewed, and all filled with it," she said, casting a loving glance at Stepán Arkádevich.

"I think I may ask her to put in a word with both," thought Stepán Arkádevich.

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"Oh, of course, countess," he said, "but I think that these changes are so intimate that no one, not even the closest friends, like to talk of them."

"On the contrary! We must speak and aid each other."

"Yes, no doubt, but there is such a difference of convictions, and then —" Oblónski said, with a soft smile.

"There can be no difference in the matter of sacred truth."

"Oh, yes, of course, but —" and, becoming confused, Stepán Arkádevich broke off. He saw that she was talking about religion.

"I think he will soon fall into a trance," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said in a significant whisper, walking over to Lídiya Ivánovna.

Stepán Arkádevich looked around. Landau was sitting at a window, leaning against the arm and the back of a chair, and lowering his head. When he observed the glances directed at him, he raised his head and smiled a childish, naïve smile.

"Do not direct your attention to him," said Lídiya Ivánovna, with a gentle motion pushing a chair over for Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich. "I have noticed —" she began, when a lackey entered the room with a letter. Lídiya Ivánovna quickly ran through the note, with extraordinary rapidity wrote an answer and gave it to the lackey, and came back to the table. "I have noticed," she continued the conversation which had been interrupted, "that the Muscovites, especially the men, are the most indifferent of people toward religion."

"Oh, no, countess, it seems to me that the Muscovites have the reputation of being the firmest," replied Stepán Arkádevich.

"Yes, so far as I understand, you, I am sorry to say, are one of the indifferent men," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, with a weary smile, turning to him.

"How can one be indifferent!" said Lídiya Ivánovna.

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"I am in this respect not exactly indifferent, but in a state of expectancy," said Stepán Arkádevich, with his most emollient smile. "I do not think that the time for these questions has come for me."

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich and Lídiya Ivánovna exchanged glances.

"We can never know whether the time has come for us, or not," Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich said, sternly. "We must not think whether we are ready or not: divine grace is not guided by human considerations; it sometimes does not descend on those who work for it, and comes down on those who are not prepared, as it came down on Saul."

"No, not yet, I think," said Lídiya Ivánovna, who during that time had been watching the Frenchman.

Landau got up and walked over to them.

"Will you permit me to listen?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I did not want to disturb you," said Lídiya Ivánovna, looking tenderly at him. "Be seated near us."

"All that is necessary is not to shut the eyes, in order not to be deprived of the light," continued Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich.

"Oh, if you knew the happiness which we experience, when we feel His eternal presence in our soul!" said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, with a blissful smile.

"But a man may sometimes feel himself incapable of rising to such a height," said Stepán Arkádevich, feeling that he was not sincere when he admitted a religious height, and at the same time not having the courage to confess his free thought to a person that with one word of hers to Pomórski might secure him the desired place.

"That is, you wish to say that sin is in his way?" said Lídiya Ivánovna. "But that is a false opinion. There is no sin for believers, — sin has been redeemed. Pardon," she added, looking at the lackey who had again entered with a note. She read it and gave the verbal answer, "Tell him, to-morrow, at the grand duchess's —

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For the believer there is no sin," she continued the conversation.

"Yes, but faith without acts is dead," said Stepán Arkádevich, recalling that phrase from the catechism, asserting his independence with a smile only.

"There it is, from the Epistle of James," said Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, turning with some reproach to Lídiya Ivánovna, apparently referring to a subject they had often spoken of before. "How much harm the false interpretation of that passage has caused! 'I have no deeds, I cannot believe,' though that is not written anywhere. The very opposite is written."

"To work for God, to save our souls by work and fasting," Countess Lídiya Ivánovna said, with loathing contempt, "those are the wild conceptions of our monks — But it does not say so anywhere. It is all much simpler and easier," she added, looking at Oblónski with that exceedingly encouraging smile with which at court she encouraged the young maids of honour, who were embarrassed by the new surroundings.

"We are saved by Christ who has suffered for us. We are saved by faith," affirmed Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, approving her words with his glance.

"*Vous comprenez l'anglais?*" asked Lídiya Ivánovna, and, having received an affirmative answer, she got up and began to look over the books on the shelf.

"I want to read 'Safe and Happy' and 'Under the Wing,'" she said, looking interrogatively at Karénin. And, having found the book and taken her seat again, she opened it. "It is very short. Here is described the path on which faith is acquired, and that happiness, which is higher than everything earthly, and which then fills one's soul. A believing man cannot be unhappy, because he is not alone. You will see." She got ready to read, when the lackey came in again. "Borozdiná? Tell her to-morrow, at two. Yes," she said, marking the passage in the book

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with her finger, and with a sigh casting her pensive eyes in front of her. "This is the way true faith acts. Do you know Marie Sánin? Do you know of her unhappiness? She has lost her only child. She was in despair. Well, what do you think? She has found this friend, and now she thanks God for the loss of her child. That is the happiness which faith gives!"

"Oh, yes, that is very —" said Stepán Arkádevich, glad to see that she was about to read, which would give him a chance to collect his senses. "I had better not ask for anything to-day," he thought. "I shall be happy if I get away from here without getting into a muddle."

"It will be tiresome for you," said Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, turning to Landau. "You do not know English, but it is short."

"Oh, I shall understand," Landau said, with the same smile, and closing his eyes.

Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich and Lídiya Ivánovna exchanged significant glances, and the reading began.

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XXII.

Stepán Arkádevich was completely baffled by those new, strange speeches which he heard. The complexity of the St. Petersburg life in general had an exciting effect upon him and took him out of the Moscow stagnation; these complications he liked and understood in the familiar spheres which he frequented; but in this strange sphere he was perplexed and puzzled, and was unable to grasp it all. Listening to Lídiya Ivánovna, and feeling directed upon himself Landau's beautiful, naïve, or rascally eyes, — he did not know which, — Stepán Arkádevich began to experience a peculiar heaviness in his head.

The most varied thoughts began to get mixed in his head. "Marie Sánin is glad that her child died — It would be nice to have a smoke now — To be saved it is only necessary to believe, and the monks do not know how to do it, but Countess Lídiya Ivánovna knows — and why does my head feel so heavy? Is it from the cognac, or because this is all so strange? Still it seems to me I have not done anything improper so far. But I cannot ask her now for it. I heard it said that they make you pray. It would be dreadful if they made me pray. It would be too stupid. What bosh she is reading there, but she pronounces well. Landau-Bezzúbov, why is he Bezzúbov?" Suddenly Stepán Arkádevich began to feel that his lower jaw was twitching irresistibly for a yawn. He concealed his yawn by straightening out his

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side-whiskers and pulled himself together. But suddenly he felt that he was sleeping and was getting ready to snore. He awoke just as Countess Lídiya Ivánovna exclaimed, "He is asleep."

Stepán Arkádevich awoke in fright, feeling himself guilty and caught. But he immediately was consoled, when he saw that the words "He is asleep," had no reference to him, but to Landau. The Frenchman had fallen asleep, like Stepán Arkádevich. But his own sleep, he thought, would have offended them (however, he did not even think of it, for everything seemed so strange to him), while Landau's sleep gave them, especially so to Countess Lídiya Ivánovna, extraordinary pleasure.

"*Mon ami*," said Lídiya Ivánovna, cautiously raising the folds of her silk dress, so as not to make any noise, and in her excitement calling Karénin not Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, but "*mon ami*," "*donnez-lui la main! Vous voyez?* Hush!" she hissed to the lackey, who had come in once more. "Do not receive!"

The Frenchman was asleep, or pretended to be, leaning his head against the back of the chair, and making motions with his clammy hands, which were lying on his knee, as though he wanted to catch something. Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich got up, trying to walk cautiously, but still catching in the table, went over to Landau, and put his hand into that of the Frenchman. Stepán Arkádevich, too, got up and, opening his eyes wide in an attempt to wake himself if he was asleep, looked now at one and now at another. All that was in waking. Stepán Arkádevich felt that things were getting more and more muddled in his head.

"*Que la personne qui est arrivée la dernière, celle qui demande, qu'elle sorte. Qu'elle sorte!*" muttered the Frenchman, without opening his eyes.

"*Vous m'excuserez, mais vous voyez — Revenez vers dix heurs, encore mieux demain.*"

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"*Qu'elle sorte!*" the Frenchman repeated, impatiently.

"*C'est moi, n'est-ce pas?*" and, having received an affirmative answer, Stepán Arkádevich, forgetting what he had intended to ask Lídiya Ivánovna about, forgetting his sister's affair, possessed of the desire only to get away as fast as possible, went out on tiptoe and, as from an infected house, ran into the street and for a long time talked and jested with the driver, trying as quickly as possible to regain his senses.

In the French theatre, where he came in time for the last act, and then at the Tartars' over the champagne, Stepán Arkádevich revived a little in the atmosphere which was more suitable to him. Still, he never was entirely himself during the whole evening.

On returning home to Peter Oblónski's, where he was stopping in St. Petersburg, Stepán Arkádevich found a note from Betsy. She wrote to him that she was very anxious to finish the conversation on which they had begun, and begged him to come on the next day. He had hardly had time to read the note and frown over it, when down-stairs was heard the clumsy tread of men carrying something heavy.

Stepán Arkádevich went out to see what it was. It was juvenescent Peter Oblónski. He was so drunk that he was unable to ascend the staircase; but, upon seeing Stepán Arkádevich, he ordered the men to put him down on his feet, and, clutching him, he went with him to his room, where he began to tell him how he had passed the evening, whereat he fell asleep.

Stepán Arkádevich was dispirited, which rarely happened with him, and for a long time could not fall asleep. Everything which he recalled was abominable, but most abominable, as though it had been something disgraceful, was the evening at the house of Countess Lídiya Ivánovna.

On the following day he received from Aleksyéi

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Aleksándrovich a definite refusal to grant Anna a divorce, and he understood that the decision was based on what the Frenchman had said the evening before in his real or pretended sleep.

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XXIII.

In order to accomplish anything in family life, there has to be either a complete discord between husband and wife, or a concord of love. But when the relations of the two are indefinite, and neither the one nor the other is the case, nothing can be accomplished.

Many families remain for years in their old places, with which both parties are surfeited, only because there is no complete discord, and no agreement.

And thus the Moscow life, in the heat and dust, when the sun warmed no longer as in the spring, but as in the summer, and all the trees in the boulevards had long been in leaf, and the leaves were already covered with dust, was intolerable to Vrónski and to Anna; but they did not go back to Vozdvízhenskoe, as had been decided upon long ago, and remained living in Moscow, of which both were heartily tired, because of late there had been no agreement between them.

The irritation which separated them had no external cause, and all the attempts at explanations did not remove it, but only increased it. It was an internal irritation, which for her had its foundation in the waning of his love, and for him, in the regret for having placed himself, on her account, in a difficult situation, which she, instead of alleviating, was only making harder. Neither the one nor the other gave expression to the causes of their irritation, but each regarded the other as in the wrong, and they took every occasion to prove that to each other.

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For her, all of him, with all his habits, thoughts, and wishes, with all his mental and physical composition, was but one thing, — love of women, and this love, as she felt, was to be concentrated on her alone. This love had diminished; consequently, as she understood it, he must have transferred part of that love to others, or to one other woman, and she was jealous. She was jealous of him not on account of any particular women, but on account of the diminution of his love. As she did not yet have a subject for jealousy, she tried to find one. At the slightest hint she transferred her jealousy from one subject to another. Now she was jealous of him on account of those coarse women, with whom he, thanks to his bachelor connections, could easily enter into relations; now she was jealous on account of the society ladies, whom he could easily meet; now she was jealous on account of an imaginary girl, whom he would marry after breaking off his connection with her. And this latter jealousy tormented her more than anything else, especially because in an unguarded moment he had told her frankly that his mother understood him so little that she permitted herself to try to persuade him to marry Princess Sorókin.

And, being jealous of him, Anna was indignant at him and tried to find in everything causes for indignation. She accused him of everything which was hard in her situation. The torturing condition of expectancy, which she passed in Moscow, between heaven and earth; Alexyéy Aleksándrovich's slowness and indecision; her solitude, — she ascribed them all to him. If he loved her, he would understand the whole gravity of her situation, and would bring her out of it. Even so it was his fault that they were living in Moscow, and not in the country. He could not live by burying himself in the country, as she wished to do. He absolutely needed society, and he placed her in that terrible situation, the gravity of which

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he did not want to understand. And again it was his fault that she was for ever separated from her son.

Even those rare moments of tenderness, which occurred between them, did not calm her: in his tenderness she now saw a shade of calm and assertiveness, which had not been before, and which irritated her.

It was dusk. Anna, expecting his return from a bachelor dinner, to which he had gone, was walking all alone up and down his cabinet (in which room the rattling of the pavement was heard least) and meditating on all the details of the expressions in the quarrel which they had had on the previous day. Retracing the steps from the memorable insulting words of the quarrel to what had been their cause, she finally came back to the beginning of the conversation. For a long time she could not believe that their difference could have begun from such a harmless conversation, which was not near to the heart of either. And yet it was so. It had all begun with his ridiculing the female gymnasia, considering them useless, while she took their part. He assumed a disrespectful attitude to female education in general and said that Hannah, the English girl, Anna's protégée, did not need to know physics.

That irritated Anna. She saw in it a contemptuous reference to her occupations, and brooded on a sentence which would repay him for the pain he had caused her, and finally said it to him:

"I do not expect you to be mindful of me and my feelings, as a loving man would be, but I have expected simply delicacy," she said.

And indeed, he blushed from annoyance and said something disagreeable. She did not remember what she had replied to him, but he said to her, apparently with the desire of giving her pain also:

"I am not interested in your passion for that girl, that is true, because I see that it is unnatural."

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This cruelty, with which he was destroying the world which she had built up with such difficulty in order to make her hard life endurable; that injustice, with which he accused her of pretence, of unnaturalness, made her explode.

"I am very sorry that only the coarse and material things are comprehensible and natural for you," she said, leaving the room.

When he came to her in the evening, they did not mention the quarrel, but both of them felt that it had been smoothed over, not forgotten.

Now he had been away from home the whole day, and she felt so lonely and so oppressed at the consciousness of the quarrel, that she wanted to forget everything, to forgive, and make her peace with him, — she wanted to accuse herself and justify him.

"It is my own fault. I am irritable, and senselessly jealous. I will make up with him, and we shall go to the country, where I shall be calmer," she said to herself.

"Unnatural," she suddenly recalled, not so much the word, as the intention of paining her, which had offended her so much. "I know what he meant to convey; he wanted to say that it was unnatural for me to love a stranger's child, since I do not love his own daughter. What does he know about love for children, about my love for Serézha, whom I have sacrificed for his sake? But this desire to pain me! Yes, he loves another woman, — it cannot be otherwise."

And, upon observing that, in the desire to calm herself, she was only making the round of the circle, which she had traversed so many times before, and was returning to her former irritation, she got frightened at herself. "Is it really impossible? Can I really not take it upon myself?" she said to herself; and again she began from the beginning: "He is truthful; he is honest; he loves me. I love him, — and in a few days we shall get the divorce. What

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else is needed? What is needed is calm and confidence, and I will take it all upon myself. Yes, as soon as he comes, I will tell him that it was my fault, though it was not, and we shall leave the city."

And, in order that she might not think any more and surrender herself to her irritation, she rang the bell and commanded the trunks to be brought in, in order to pack the things for the country.

At ten o'clock Vrónski came home.

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XXIV.

"Well, did you have a good time?" she asked, going out to meet him, with a guilty and meek expression on her face.

"As usual," he replied, seeing at once, by a mere glance at her, that she was in one of her good moods. He had become accustomed to these transitions, and just then was particularly glad of the change, for he was himself in the happiest frame of mind.

"What do I see? That is nice!" he said, pointing to the trunks in the antechamber.

"Yes, we must go back. I went out for a ride, and it was so nice that I felt like getting back to the country. There is nothing that is keeping you back, is there?"

"There is nothing I wish more. I will be back in a minute, and we shall have a talk, — I only want to change my clothes. Order them to bring tea!"

And he went to his cabinet.

There was something offensive in his remark, "That is nice," something like what one says to a child when it has stopped its caprices, and still more offensive was the contrast between her guilty and his self-confident tone; and she for a moment felt in herself the rising desire for strife; but, making an effort over herself, she suppressed it and met Vrónski as merrily as before.

When he came out to see her, she told him, repeating in part the words which she had prepared, about the way she had passed the day, and about her plans for the departure.

"You know, I was almost inspired," she said. "What

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is the use of waiting here for the divorce? Would it not be the same in the country? I cannot wait any longer. I do not want to hope, — do not want to hear of the divorce. I have decided that it shall no longer have any influence on my life. And do you consent?"

"Oh, yes!" he said, looking restlessly at her agitated countenance.

"What did you do there? Who was there?" she asked, after a silence.

Vrónski named the guests.

"The dinner was fine, and the boat-races, and all that was quite nice, but in Moscow they cannot do anything without becoming ridiculous. There appeared a lady, the swimming-teacher of the Queen of Sweden, and she gave a display of her art."

"What? She swam?" asked Anna, frowning.

"In a kind of a red *costume de natation*, — an old, homely woman. So when shall we leave?"

"What a stupid idea! Does she swim particularly well?" asked Anna, without giving a reply.

"Absolutely nothing especial. That's why I say it was terribly stupid. So when do you intend to leave?"

Anna tossed her head, as though wishing to dispel disagreeable thoughts.

"When shall we go? The sooner the better. We cannot get ready for to-morrow. Day after to-morrow."

"Yes — no, wait! Day after to-morrow is Monday, and I have to be with mamma," said Vrónski, in embarrassment, because the moment he pronounced his mother's name, he felt upon himself her fixed, suspicious glance. She flamed up and moved away from him. Now it was no longer the teacher of the Queen of Sweden, but Princess Sorókin, who was living in a suburban estate with Countess Vrónski, that presented herself to Anna.

"You can go there to-morrow!" she said.

"No, I cannot! The business which takes me there

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— powers of attorney and money matters — cannot be attended to to-morrow," he replied.

"If so, we shall not leave at all!"

"Why?"

"I will not go later: either on Monday, or never!"

"Why so?" Vrónski said, as though in surprise. "There is no sense in that."

"For you it has no sense because you do not care in the least for me. You do not want to understand my life. The one thing that interested me here was Hannah. You tell me that it is hypocrisy. You told me yesterday that I did not love my daughter, and that I am pretending to love that English girl, and that that is unnatural; I should like to know what life could be natural for me here."

For a moment she regained her senses, and was terrified at the thought of having become untrue to her intention. But, even though she knew that she was ruining herself, she could not hold back, could not help showing him how unjust he was, — could not surrender to him.

"I never said that; I said that I did not sympathize with that sudden love."

"Why do you, who boast of your directness, not tell the truth?"

"I never boast, and I never tell an untruth," he said, softly, repressing his anger, which was rising in him. "I am very sorry that you do not respect —"

"Respect has been invented to cover up an empty spot where love ought to be. And if you do not love me any more, it would be better and more honest to say so."

"Really, this is getting unbearable!" exclaimed Vrónski, getting up from his chair. And, stopping in front of her, he said with deliberation: "Why do you try my patience?" As he spoke he looked as though he could say many things more, but was restraining himself. "There are limits to it!"

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"What do you mean to say by this?" she exclaimed, looking in terror at the open expression of hatred, which was depicted in his whole face, but especially in his cruel, threatening eyes.

"I mean to say —" he began, but he stopped. "I must ask you what it is you want of me?"

"What can I want? All I can want is that you should not abandon me, as you think of doing," she said, comprehending all that he had left unsaid. "But I do not want it, — that is a secondary matter. I want love, and that does not exist. Consequently all is ended."

She turned to walk to the door.

"Wait! Wait!" said Vrónski, without smoothing out the gloomy wrinkles on his brows, but taking hold of her arm and stopping her. "What is it all about? I said that the journey must be put off for three days, whereupon you told me that I lied and that I was a dishonest man."

"Yes; and I repeat that a man who reproaches me because he has sacrificed everything for my sake," she said, recalling the words of their former quarrel, "is worse than a dishonest man, he is a man without a heart."

"Yes, there are limits to patience!" he shouted, quickly dropping her arm.

"He hates me, — that is evident," she thought; and silently, without looking around, she left the room with uncertain steps.

"He loves another woman, — that is more evident still," she said to herself, as she entered her room. "I want love, and that does not exist. Consequently all is ended," she repeated the words uttered by her, "and I must make an end of it."

"But how?" she asked herself, seating herself in a chair in front of a mirror.

The thoughts of where she would go, — whether to her aunt who had educated her, or to Dolly, or simply alone

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abroad, and of what he was doing alone in the cabinet, and whether this quarrel was final, or whether a reconciliation was still possible, and of what all her former St. Petersburg acquaintances would say now, and how Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich would look at it, and many more thoughts of what would happen now, after the rupture, passed through her head, but she did not put her whole soul into her thoughts. In her soul there was an indistinct thought which alone interested her, but she could not be conscious of it. As she once more recalled Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, she thought also of her sickness after her childbirth, and of the feeling which at that time had not left her. "Why did I not die?" she recalled the words which she had uttered then, and the feeling that went with them. And she suddenly comprehended what there was in her soul. Yes, it was that thought which solved everything. "Yes, to die!"

"And the shame and disgrace of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, and of Serézha, and my own terrible disgrace, — everything will be saved by death. To die, — and he will repent, will be sorry, will love me, and suffer for me!" With an arrested smile of compassion toward herself, she sat in the chair, taking the rings from the fingers of her left hand, and putting them on again, and vividly viewing from all sides his feelings after her death.

Approaching steps, his steps, distracted her attention. As though busy putting away her rings, she did not even turn around toward him.

He went up to her and, taking her hand, said, softly:

"Anna, we will go day after to-morrow, if you so wish. I agree to everything."

She kept silence.

"Well?" he asked.

"You know yourself," she said; and, unable to restrain herself, she at once burst out into sobs.

"Cast me off, cast me off!" she muttered between sobs.

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"I will leave to-morrow — I will do more. Who am I? A dissolute woman. A stone about your neck. I do not want to torment you, I do not want to! I will free you. You do not love me, you love another!"

Vrónski implored her to calm herself, and assured her that there was not a sign even of a foundation for jealousy, that he had never stopped loving her, and that he loved her more than ever.

"Anna, why do you torment yourself and me so?" he said, kissing her hand. In his face was now expressed tenderness, and it seemed to her that her ear caught the sound of tears in his voice and that she felt their moisture on her hand. And immediately Anna's desperate jealousy passed into desperate, passionate tenderness, and she embraced him and showered kisses on him, on his head, his neck, his hands.

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XXV.

FEELING that the reconciliation was complete, Anna in the morning began to make her preparations for the journey. Though it was not decided whether they would go on Monday or on Tuesday, as on the night before they had been yielding to one another, Anna made active preparations for the journey, feeling now quite indifferent to whether they would leave a day earlier or later. She was standing in her room over an open trunk, picking out things, when he, all dressed, came earlier than usual to her room.

"I will go at once to mamma, — she can send me the money by Egórov. And to-morrow I am ready to start," he said.

Although she was well disposed, the mention of his going down to his mother's summer residence stung her.

"I shall not get ready in time, any way," she said, and immediately she thought: "Consequently, it was possible for him to arrange matters as I wanted him to." "Do as you please. Go to the dining-room! I will be there in a minute. I just want to pick out these useless things," she said, putting something into Ánnushka's arms, where there was already a heap of old things.

Vrónski was eating his beefsteak, when she entered the dining-room.

"You can't imagine how sick I am of these rooms," she said, seating herself near him to drink her coffee. "Nothing is more terrible than these *chambres garnies*. There is no facial expression to them, no soul. These clocks,

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these curtains, above all, this wall-paper, are a nightmare. I am thinking of Vozdvízhenskoe as of the promised land. Have you sent back the horses yet?"

"No, they will follow us. Why, do you want to drive out somewhere?"

"I wanted to go down to Mrs. Wilson. I wanted to take some garments to her. So it is definitely to-morrow?" she said, in a merry voice; but suddenly her face changed.

Vrónski's valet came to ask for a receipt of a telegram from St. Petersburg. There was nothing peculiar in Vrónski's receiving telegrams, but he, seemingly trying to conceal something from her, told him that the receipt was in the cabinet, and hurriedly turned to her.

"To-morrow I shall by all means settle everything."

"From whom is the despatch?" she asked, without hearing what he was saying.

"From Stíva," he replied, reluctantly.

"Why did you not show it to me? What secret can Stíva have from me?"

Vrónski called back the valet, and ordered him to bring the telegram.

"I did not wish to show it to you because Stíva has a passion for wiring; what is there to wire so long as it is not decided?"

"About the divorce?"

"Yes; but he writes that he has not yet been able to obtain anything. He promises a definite answer in a few days. Read it yourself!"

Anna took the despatch with trembling hands, and read what Vrónski had just told her. It ended with the words: "There is little hope, but I will do everything possible and impossible."

"I said yesterday that it did not make a particle of difference to me when I am going to get it, or if I shall get it at all," she said, blushing. "There was no need of

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concealing it from me." "So he can conceal and he does conceal his correspondence with women from me," she thought.

"Yáshvin wanted to come this morning with Vóytov," said Vrónski. "I think he has won everything from Pyevtsóv, even more than he can pay, — about sixty thousand."

"Really," she said, becoming irritated at the thought that with that change of subject he wanted to show her that she was irritated, "what makes you think that that news interests me so much that it is necessary to conceal it from me? I told you that I did not wish to think of it, and I wish you would give it as little thought as I do."

"I am interested in it because I like clearness," he said.

"The clearness is not in the form, but in the love," she said, getting more and more excited, not at his words, but at the tone of cold calm with which he was speaking. "Why do you wish for it?"

"O Lord! Again about love," he thought, frowning.

"You know why: for your sake and for the sake of the children that will be," he said.

"There will be no children."

"That is a pity," he said.

"You need it for the sake of the children; but you do not think of me," she said, forgetting and not hearing that he said, "For *your sake* and for the sake of the children."

The question of the possibility of having children had long ago become a cause for quarrels and always irritated her. She explained his desire to have children as a lack of appreciation of her beauty.

"Oh, I said 'For your sake.' More than anything, for your sake," he repeated, frowning, as though from pain, "because I am convinced that a large proportion of your irritation is due to the indefiniteness of your situation."

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"Yes, he has now ceased to pretend, and I can see all his cold hatred of me," she thought, without hearing his words, but gazing in terror at the cold and cruel judge who, teasing her, was looking out of his eyes.

"That is not the cause," she said, "and I even fail to understand how my being completely in your power can be the cause of what you call my irritation. Where is here the indefiniteness of my situation? On the contrary — "

"I am very sorry that you do not want to see it," he interrupted her, bent on telling her his thoughts. "The indefiniteness consists in your imagining that I am free."

"You may be at your ease on that score," she said; and, turning away from him, she began to drink her coffee.

She raised the cup and, extending her little finger, carried it to her mouth. Having taken a few swallows, she glanced at him and, from the expression of his face, she understood clearly that he was disgusted with her hand and gesture, and with the sound which her lips were producing.

"It makes absolutely no difference to me what your mother thinks and how she wants to get you married," she said, putting the cup down with trembling hand.

"But we are not talking of that."

"Yes, about that very thing. And believe me, a woman without a heart, be she an old woman or not, your mother, or a stranger, is not interesting to me, and I do not want to know her."

"Anna, I beg you not to speak disrespectfully of my mother."

"A woman who does not divine with her heart where lies the happiness and honour of her son has no heart."

"I repeat my prayer that you will not speak disrespectfully of my mother, whom I respect," he said, raising his voice, and looking sternly at her.

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She made no reply. Looking fixedly at him, at his face, his hands, she recalled in all its details the scene of their last night's reconciliation and his passionate caresses. "Just such caresses he has been lavishing, and wishes to lavish, on other women!" she thought.

"You do not love your mother. Those are only words, words, words!" she said, looking hatefully at him.

"If so, it is necessary —"

"It is necessary to make up our minds, and I have made up mine," she said, wishing to leave. But just then Yáshvin entered the room. Anna exchanged greetings with him, and stopped.

Why, when in her soul there was a storm, and she felt that she was standing at a turning-point in life, which might have terrible consequences, — why she had to feign at that moment before a stranger, who sooner or later would find out all about it, — she did not know; but immediately allaying her inner storm, she sat down and began to talk with the guest.

"Well, how are your affairs? Did you get the money?" she asked Yáshvin.

"All right. I think I shall not get everything, and on Wednesday I have to leave. When are you going?" Yáshvin said, half-closing his eyes and glancing at Vrónski, as though he suspected that a quarrel had taken place between them.

"I think day after to-morrow," said Vrónski.

"You, it seems, have been getting ready a long time."

"But now it is decided," said Anna, looking straight into Vrónski's eyes with an expression which said to him that he had better not think even of the possibility of a reconciliation.

"Are you really not sorry for that unfortunate Pyevtsóv?" she continued her conversation with Yáshvin.

"I never ask myself, Anna Arkádevna, whether I am sorry, or not. My whole fortune is here," he pointed to

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his side pocket, "and now I am a rich man; I shall go to-day to the club, and may come out a beggar. The man that sits down with me wants himself to leave me without a shirt, and I feel the same toward him. And so we fight, and in that lies the pleasure."

"Well, and if you were married," said Anna, "how would that be for your wife?"

Yáshvin laughed.

"It is for that reason, apparently, that I have not married, and have never even thought of it."

"And Helsingfors?" said Vrónski, entering into the conversation, and casting a glance at smiling Anna. When their glances met, Anna's countenance suddenly assumed a cold and stern expression, as though she said to him: "Not forgotten. Still the same."

"Is it possible you have been in love?" she said to Yáshvin.

"O Lord! How many times! Understand that some men sit down at cards, but always so as to get up when the time comes for the rendezvous. And I can busy myself with love, but only in such a way as never to be late in the evening for a card game. That is the way I fix it."

"I am not asking you about that, but about the real love." She wanted to say "Helsingfors," but did not want to use a word employed by Vrónski.

Then Vóytov came; he wanted to buy a stallion. Anna got up and left the room.

Before going away Vrónski went to see her. She wanted to pretend that she was looking for something on the table, but, getting ashamed of her feigning, she looked straight at him, with a cold glance.

"What do you wish?" she asked him, in French.

"I want to get Gambetta's certificate, — I have sold him," he said, in a tone which expressed, clearer than words, "I have no time for explanations, and they will not lead anywhere."

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"I am not guilty toward her in any way," he thought. "If she wants to punish herself, *tant pis pour elle.*" But, as he was leaving the room, it seemed to him that she said something, and his heart suddenly throbbed with compassion for her.

"What is it, Anna?" he asked.

"I did not say anything," she replied, just as coldly and calmly.

"If nothing, *tant pis,*" he thought, growing again cold. He turned around and left the room. As he went out, he saw her face in the mirror; it was pale, and her lips trembled. He wanted to stop and say some consoling words to her, but his feet took him out of the room before he could think what to tell her. He passed that whole day away from the house, and when he came back late in the evening, the maid told him that Anna Arkádevna had a headache and asked him not to come to see her.

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XXVI.

NEVER before had a whole day passed in a quarrel. This was the first day. And it was not a quarrel. It was a manifest admission of a complete estrangement. Was it possible to look at her as he had looked, when he came into the room for the certificate, to look at her and see that her heart was bursting from despair, and to pass out in silence with that indifferent, calm expression? It was not merely that he had cooled off toward her, but he hated her, for he loved another woman, — that was clear.

And, recalling all those cruel words which he had said, Anna tried to think of the words which he apparently wished to say and might say, and she grew more and more excited.

"I do not keep you," he might have said. "You may go wherever you please. You did not want to be divorced from your husband, no doubt, in order to be able to return to him. Go back to him! If you need money, I will give it to you. How many roubles do you need?"

All the most cruel words which the coarsest kind of a man might have employed he said to her in her imagination, and she did not forgive him those words any more than as though he had actually told them to her.

"And did he not as late as yesterday swear that he loved me, he, a truthful and honest man? Have I not often despaired in vain?" she immediately said to herself.

Outside of her drive to Mrs. Wilson, which took two hours, Anna passed the whole day in doubt whether it was all over, or whether there was a hope for a reconcili-

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ation, whether she ought to leave at once, or whether she should see him once more. She waited for him a whole day, and in the evening, as she went to her room, after having given orders to have him told that she had a headache, she said to herself: "If he comes, in spite of the words of the chambermaid, that means that he loves me still; if not, it means that all is ended, and then I will decide what to do."

In the evening she heard the rumble of his carriage, his ringing of the bell, his steps, and his conversation with the maid; he took the maid's words, asked nothing else, and went to his room. Consequently, all was ended.

And death, as the only means for reëstablishing love for her in his heart, for punishing him, and for obtaining a victory in the struggle, which the evil spirit that had taken his abode in her heart was waging with him, presented itself to her clearly and vividly.

Now it no longer made any difference whether she had better go to Vozdvízhenskoe, or not, whether she would get a divorce from her husband, or not, — all that was unnecessary. Only one thing was necessary, and that was, to punish him.

When she poured out for herself the usual dose of opium and considered that she needed only to empty the whole bottle in order to die, that appeared so easy and simple to her that she again began to enjoy the thought of how he would suffer, repent, and love her memory, when it would be too late. She lay in her bed with open eyes, looking, in the light of the one candle that was burning low, at the moulded cornice of the ceiling and at the shadow of the screen, which covered a part of the cornice, and she presented vividly to herself what he would think when she should be no more, and should be a mere memory to him. "'How could I have said those cruel words to her?' he will say. 'How could I have left the room without saying a word to her? But now she is

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no more. She has left us for ever. She is there — ' " Suddenly the shadow of the screen began to quiver, and shrouded the whole cornice, the whole ceiling, and other shadows from the other side darted to meet it; for a moment the shadows rushed back, then moved up with increased rapidity, quivered, blended, and all grew dark. "Death!" she thought. And she was assailed by such terror that for a long time she could not make out where she was, and for a long time her trembling hands could not find a match with which to light another candle in place of the one that had gone out. "No, be it what it may, I must live! I love him, and he loves me. That will pass," she said to herself, feeling that the tears of joy at returning to life were flowing down her cheeks. And, to save herself from her terror, she went hurriedly to his cabinet.

He was sleeping a sound sleep in his cabinet. She went up to him and, lighting his face from above, remained for a long time looking at him. Now that he was sleeping she loved him so much that at the sight of him she could not repress tears of tenderness; but she knew that if he should awake, he would look at her with a cold glance, conscious of his righteousness, and that, before talking to him of her love, she would have to prove to him how guilty he had been toward her. She did not wake him, but returned to her room, and, after a second dose of opium, toward morning fell into a heavy, imperfect sleep, never ceasing to be conscious of herself.

In the morning a terrible nightmare, which had come to her several times in her dreams, before her liaison with Vrónski, came again to her and woke her. An old man with a dishevelled beard was doing something, bending over some iron, repeating senseless French words, and, as before during these nightmares (this constituted the terrible part of them), she felt that the old man did not pay any attention to her, but was doing a terrible thing to

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" She . . . remained for a long time looking at him."

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the iron, — over her. And she awoke in a cold perspiration.

When she got up, she recalled the previous day, as though through a mist.

"There had been a quarrel. There had happened that which had happened several times before. I said that I had a headache, and he did not come in. To-morrow we shall leave, — I must see him and get ready for the journey," she said to herself. And, upon hearing that he was in the cabinet, she went to him. As she crossed the drawing-room, she heard a vehicle stop at the entrance, and, looking through the window, she saw a carriage, out of which was looking a young girl in a lilac hat, giving some kind of an order to the lackey, who was ringing the bell. After some exchange of questions in the antechamber, somebody went up-stairs, and next to the drawing-room could be heard Vrónski's footsteps. He walked down-stairs with rapid steps. Anna again walked over to the window. There he came out on the porch without a hat. He walked over to the carriage. The young lady in the lilac hat handed him a package. Vrónski smiled, saying something to her. The carriage drove off, and he rapidly ran up-stairs again.

The mist which had been shrouding everything in her soul was suddenly dispelled. She could not understand how she could have lowered herself so much as to stay a whole day with him in his house. She went to his cabinet to inform him of her decision.

"That was Princess Sorókin with her daughter; they brought me the money and the papers from mamma. I could not receive them yesterday. How is your head? Better?" he said, calmly, not anxious to see and understand the gloomy and triumphant expression of her face.

She looked silently and steadfastly at him, standing in the middle of the room. He glanced at her, for a moment frowned, and continued to read the letter. She turned

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around and slowly started to leave the room. He might still have stopped her, but she reached the door, and he was still silent, and all that could be heard was the rustling when he turned over the sheet of paper.

"By the way," he said, when she was already at the door, "are we going to-morrow for certain? Am I right?"

"You, but not I," she said, turning to him.

"Anna, it is impossible to live thus — "

"You, but not I," she repeated.

"This is getting intolerable!"

"You — will regret it," she said, leaving the room.

Frightened by the desperate expression with which these words were said, he jumped up and wanted to run after her, but, upon reflection, he again sat down and, tightly clinching his teeth, knit his brow. That indecent threat — such he considered it to be — irritated him. "I have tried everything," he thought. "Only one thing is left for me to do, and that is, not to pay any attention," and he got ready to go down-town and to his mother again, from whom he had to get a signature for a power of attorney.

She heard the sounds of his footsteps in the cabinet and the dining-room. At the drawing-room he stopped. But he did not turn into her room; he only gave the order to let Vóytov have the stallion in his absence. Then she heard his carriage drive up, and the door opened, and he again stepped out. There he was again in the vestibule, and somebody ran up-stairs. It was the valet who ran up to get his gloves, which he had forgotten. She went up to the window and saw him take the gloves, without looking at them, and, tapping the coachman on the shoulder, say something to him. Then, without looking at the windows, he took up his customary attitude in his carriage, crossing one leg over the other, and, putting on a glove, disappeared behind the corner.

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XXVII.

"He is gone! All is ended!" Anna said to herself, standing at the window; and, in response to that exclamation, the impressions of the darkness, as the candle went out, and of the terrible dream blending into one, filled her heart with cold terror.

"No, it cannot be!" she exclaimed; and, crossing the room, she pulled at the bell. She now felt so terribly at being left alone that, without waiting for the arrival of a servant, she went out to meet him.

"Find out whither the count has gone," she said.

The servant replied that the count had gone to the stables.

"The count has left word that if you wish to drive out the carriage will soon be back."

"All right. Wait! I will write a note in a minute. Send Mikháylo with the note to the stables. Do it at once!"

She sat down and wrote:

"I am to blame. Come home, — we must have an explanation. For God's sake, come! I am feeling terribly."

She sealed it, and gave it to the servant.

She was afraid to be left alone now, and immediately after the servant had left, went out of the room and walked into the nursery.

"No, that is not it, it is not he! Where are his blue eyes, his sweet and timid smile?" was her first thought, as she saw her chubby, ruddy little girl, with her black

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flowing hair, instead of Serézha, whom she, in the tangle of her ideas, had expected to find in the nursery. The little girl was sitting at the table and, striking it stubbornly and stoutly with a stopper, was looking senselessly at her mother with her two blackberries, — her black eyes. In reply to the Englishwoman's question, Anna said that she was quite well, and that she was going to the country on the next day; then she seated herself near her child and began to twirl the stopper of the decanter in front of her. But the loud, sonorous laugh of the baby and the motion which she made with her brow so vividly reminded her of Vrónski that, repressing her sobs, she got up hurriedly and left the room.

"Is it all ended? No, it cannot be," she thought. "He will come back. But how will he explain away that smile, that animation after talking with her? Even if he will not explain it to me I will believe him. If I do not believe him, there is but one thing left for me to do, and that I do not wish."

She looked at her watch. Twelve minutes had passed. "Now he has received the note, and he is driving back. Not long now, ten minutes more — But what if he does not come? No, it cannot be. He must not see me with tearful eyes. I will go and wash my face. Yes, have I combed my hair yet, or not?" she asked herself. She was unable to recall doing it. She touched her head with her hand. "Yes, my hair is combed. I positively do not remember when I did it. Who is that?" she thought, looking in the mirror at the feverish face with the strangely glistening eyes, which were looking in fright at her. "That is I," she suddenly comprehended and, scanning herself, she suddenly felt upon herself his kisses and, shivering, moved her shoulders. Then she raised her hand to her lips and kissed it.

"What is that? Am I going insane?" and she went to the sleeping-room, where Annushka was cleaning up.

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"Ánnushka," she said, stopping in front of her and looking at her, without knowing what to say.

"You wanted to go to Dárya Aleksándrovna," the maid said, as though understanding her meaning.

"To Dárya Aleksándrovna? Yes, I will go there."

"Fifteen minutes there, and fifteen minutes back. He is on his way now, — he will be back at once." She took out her watch and looked at it. "But how could he have gone away, leaving me in such a condition? How can he live without making up with me?" She went up to the window and began to look at the street. It was time for him to be back. But her calculation might have been wrong, and she began to recall once more when he had left, and to count the minutes.

Just as she walked over to the clock, in order to verify her watch, somebody drove up. She looked out of the window and saw his carriage. But nobody came up-stairs, and in the lower story voices could be heard. It was the messenger who had come back in the carriage. She went down to him.

"I did not find the count there, — he had gone down the Nízhne-Nóvgorod Road."

"What do you want? What?" she turned to ruddy, merry Mikháylo, who was handing her back her note.

"Oh, he did not get it," she recalled.

"Go with this note at once to the country, to Countess Vrónski, you know, and bring me back an answer at once," she said to the messenger.

"And what shall I do myself?" she thought. "Yes, I will go to Dolly, that is so, or else I shall lose my mind. Yes, I can send him a despatch." And she wrote out a telegram.

"I must have a talk with you. Come at once."

After sending off the telegram, she went to dress herself. When she was dressed and had put on her hat, she again looked into the eyes of plump, calm Ánnushka.

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Compassion was quite apparent in those small, good, gray eyes.

"Ánnushka dear, what shall I do?" Anna muttered, through sobs, helplessly sinking into a chair.

"Why do you worry so, Anna Arkádevna? These things do happen! Drive out, amuse yourself!" said the chambermaid.

"I will go out," said Anna, coming to her senses, and getting up. "If there is a telegram while I am away, send it to Dárya Aleksándrovna — No, I will come back myself."

"Yes, I must not think, I must do something, drive out, above all, go away from this house," she said, in terror listening to the frightful throbbing of her heart. She hurried out of the house and took her seat in the carriage.

"Where do you wish to go?" asked Peter, before getting on his box.

"To the Známenka, to the Oblónskis'."

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XXVIII.

THE weather was clear. During the whole morning a heavy drizzle had been falling, but it had cleared up awhile before. The iron roofs, the flagstones of the sidewalks, the round stones of the pavement, the wheels, the leather, the brass, and the tin plates of the carriage, — everything shone brightly in the May sun. It was three o'clock and the most animated time in the streets.

Sitting in the corner of the easy carriage, which barely swayed on its flexible springs at the rapid trot of the grays, Anna, to the accompaniment of the incessant rumble of the wheels and the rapidly changing impressions in the open, went over the events of the last few days, and saw her situation in an entirely different light from what it had appeared to her at home. Now the thought of death no longer appeared so terrible and so clear, and death itself seemed no longer inevitable. Now she rebuked herself for the degradation toward which she had descended. "I implore him to forgive me. I have surrendered myself to him. I have declared myself guilty. Why? Can I not live without him?" And, without answering her question as to how she could live without him, she began to read the signs. "Office and Magazine. Dentist. Yes, I will tell Dolly everything. She does not like Vrónski. It will be shameful and painful, but I will tell her everything. She loves me, and I will follow her advice. I will not submit to him; I will not allow him to educate himself. Filíppov, Pastry Baker. They say

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they take the dough to St. Petersburg. The Moscow water is so good. And the Mytíshchi wells and pancakes." And she recalled how long, long ago, when she was seventeen years old, she used to go with her aunt to Tróitsa. "We had to go by carriage then. Is it possible it was I, with the red hands? How many things, which then used to seem beautiful and unattainable, have become insignificant, and that which was then is now for ever unattainable! Could I have believed then that I would come to such degradation? How proud and satisfied he will be when he gets my note! But I will prove to him — What a nasty odour this paint has! Why do they paint and build so much? Fashions and Garments," she read. A man bowed to her. It was Ánnushka's husband. "Our parasites," she recalled Vrónski's words. "Ours? Why ours? The terrible part of it is that you cannot tear out the past by the roots. It is impossible to tear it out, but the memory of it may be hidden. And I will hide it." And there she recalled her past with Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, and how she had eradicated him from her memory. "Dolly will think that I am leaving my second husband, and that, therefore, I am certainly in the wrong. Do I want to be in the right? I cannot!" she muttered, and she felt like weeping. But she immediately began to think of what those two girls could be smiling about. "No doubt, about love. They do not know how little cheerful, how base, it is — The boulevard and the children. Three boys are running, playing horses. Serézha! And I shall lose everything and shall not bring him back. Yes, I shall lose everything if he does not come back. He may have missed the train, and may have come back. You want to be humiliated again?" she said to herself. "No, I will go to Dolly, and I will tell her outright: 'I am unhappy; I deserve it; I am guilty, but still I am unhappy, — help me!' These horses, this carriage, — how contemptible I

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am in this carriage, — they are all his; but I will not see them again."

Thinking over the words in which she would tell Dolly about it, and purposely lacerating her heart, Anna ascended the staircase.

"Is any one in?" she asked in the antechamber.

"Katerína Aleksándrovna Levín," replied the lackey.

"Kitty! That same Kitty with whom Vrónski was in love!" thought Anna. "The one he mentioned with love. He is sorry that he did not marry her. But of me he thinks with hatred, and he is sorry that he united with me."

Between the sisters, in the meantime, while Anna was walking up, there was going on a consultation about nursing. Dolly went out by herself to meet the guest, who was disturbing their conversation.

"Oh, you have not left yet? I wanted to go to see you," she said. "I had a letter to-day from Stíva."

"We, too, have had a telegram from him," replied Anna, looking around, to catch a glimpse of Kitty.

"He writes that he cannot understand what it is Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich wants, but that he would not leave without an answer."

"I thought there was somebody here. May I read the letter?"

"Yes, Kitty," Dolly said, in embarrassment. "She is staying in the nursery. She was very ill."

"So I heard. May I read the letter?"

"I will bring it at once. But he does not refuse. On the contrary, Stíva still hopes," said Dolly, stopping at the door.

"I do not hope, and I do not wish for it."

"What is it? Does Kitty consider it degrading to meet me?" thought Anna, when she was left alone. "Maybe she is right. But it is not for her, who has been in love with Vrónski, it is not for her to show this to me,

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though she may be right. I know that in my situation not one decent woman may receive me. I know that I sacrificed everything to him from that first moment. And here is the reward! Oh, how I hate him! Why did I come here? It is harder, it is worse for me." She heard in the next room the voices of the sisters talking with each other. "What shall I tell Dolly now? Shall I give Kitty the pleasure of knowing that I am unhappy, and submit to her condescending manner? No, Dolly will not understand herself. I have nothing to tell her. But it would be interesting to see Kitty and to show her that I despise everybody and everything, and that it all makes no difference to me."

Dolly came back with the letter. Anna read it, and silently returned it to her.

"I knew all that," she said. "And that does not interest me in the least."

"Why? I, on the contrary, have hope," said Dolly, looking with curiosity at Anna. She had never seen her in such a strange, irritable state. "When shall you leave?" she asked her.

Anna half-closed her eyes and looked in front of her, without making any reply.

"Well, is Kitty hiding from me?" she said, looking at the door, and blushing.

"Oh, what nonsense! She nurses the baby, and things are not going right, so I have been advising her — She would be very glad. She will be here soon," said Dolly, awkwardly, being unable to tell an untruth. "Here she is."

When Kitty heard that Anna had arrived, she did not wish to go out to her; but Dolly persuaded her to do so. Collecting all her strength, Kitty came out and, blushing, went up to her and gave her her hand.

"I am very glad," she said, in a trembling voice.

Kitty was embarrassed by the struggle which was go-

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ing on within her between her hostility toward that bad woman and the desire to be condescending to her; but, the moment she saw Anna's pretty, sympathetic face, all the hostility vanished at once.

"I should not have been surprised if you had not wished to meet me. I am used to everything. You were ill, I understand. Yes, you have changed," said Anna.

Kitty felt that Anna was looking inimically at her. She explained that hostility by the awkward situation in which Anna, who had been patronizing her before, found herself now, and she felt sorry for her.

They talked about the illness, about the baby, about Stíva, but apparently nothing interested Anna.

"I came to bid you good-bye," she said, getting up.

"When will you leave?"

But Anna, without answering, again turned to Kitty.

"Yes, I am very glad to have seen you," she said, with a smile. "I have heard so much of you from all sides, even from your husband. He called on me, and I like him very much," she added, evidently with a bad intention. "Where is he?"

"He has gone to the country," Kitty said, blushing.

"Give him my regards, be sure and do so!"

"To be sure!" Kitty repeated, naïvely, looking compassionately into her eyes.

"So good-bye, Dolly!" And, kissing Dolly and pressing Kitty's hand, Anna hurriedly left the room.

"She is still the same, and just as attractive. She is very pretty!" Kitty said, when she was left alone with her sister. "But there is something pitiful about her. Terribly pitiful!"

"Yes, there is something peculiar about her to-day," said Dolly. "When I saw her off in the antechamber, it looked to me as though she wanted to cry."

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XXIX.

ANNA got into the carriage in a worse condition than she had been in when she had left her house. To her former torments was now added the feeling of insult and renunciation, which she had clearly felt at her meeting with Kitty.

"Where do you wish to go? Home?" asked Peter.

"Yes, home," she said, not even thinking where he was driving her.

"How they looked at me as at something terrible, incomprehensible, and curious. What can he be telling that man with so much fire?" she thought, as she looked at two pedestrians. "Can one tell another of his feelings? I wanted to tell Dolly, and I did well not to tell her. How glad she would have been of my misfortune! She would have concealed it; but the chief feeling would have been joy at seeing me punished for the very pleasures for which she envied me. Kitty would have been even gladder. How I see all through her! She knows that I was, more than usual, kind to her husband. And she is jealous of me, and hates me. And, in addition, she despises me. In her eyes I am an immoral woman. If I were an immoral woman, I could make her husband fall in love with me — if I wanted. I wanted it then. Now this fellow is satisfied with himself," she thought about a fat, ruddy gentleman who drove toward her and, taking her for an acquaintance, raised his shining hat over his shining bald head, but soon convinced himself that he had made a mistake. "He thought that he knew me.

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But he knows me as little as anybody in the world knows me. I do not know myself. I know my appetites, as the French say. Now they want that dirty ice-cream. That they know for certain," she thought, looking at two boys who stopped an ice-cream seller, who took his vat down from his head, and wiped his perspiring face with the end of the towel. "We all of us want something sweet, something savoury. If not candy, it is dirty ice-cream. Kitty too: if not Vrónski, at least Levín. And she envies me. And she hates me. And we all of us hate each other. I hate Kitty, Kitty hates me. That is true. Tyútkin, *Coiffeur. Je me fais coiffer par* Tyútkin — I will tell him so when he comes," she thought, smiling. But that same moment she recalled that she now had nobody to tell that funny thing to. "And there is nothing funny and jolly! Everything is nasty. The bells are ringing for evening service, and that merchant is making such precise obeisances! as though he were afraid of dropping something. What are these churches for, and that ringing, and that lie? Only in order to conceal the fact that we despise each other, like these cabmen that curse each other so maliciously. Yáshvin says: 'He wants to leave me without a shirt, and I wish to leave him so.' That is true!"

In the midst of these thoughts, which carried her away so much that she forgot to think of her situation, she was surprised by the stop of the carriage at the porch of her house. When she saw the porter, who came out to meet her, she recalled that she had sent a note and a telegram.

"Any answer?" she asked.

"I will go and see," replied the porter, and, looking in his desk, he took out and handed her the thin, square envelope of a telegram. "I cannot come before ten o'clock. Vrónski," she read.

"And has the messenger come back?"

"No, madam," replied the porter.

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"If so, I know what I have to do," she said; and, feeling within her a rising, indefinite anger and the necessity of revenge, she ran up-stairs. "I will go and see him myself. Before leaving entirely, I will tell him everything. I have never hated a person, the way I hate that man!" Seeing his hat on the hat-rack, she shuddered in disgust. She did not consider that his telegram was an answer to her telegram, and that he had not yet received her note. She imagined him now speaking calmly with his mother and with Princess Sorókin, and rejoicing at her suffering. "Yes, I must go there at once," she said to herself, not knowing whither to go. She wanted as quickly as possible to get away from the feelings which she was experiencing in that terrible house. The servants, the walls, the things in that house, — everything called forth disgust and malice in her, and pressed her down as though with a weight.

"Yes, I must go to the railway station, and if he is not there, I must go and take him unawares." Anna looked in the newspapers for a schedule of the trains. There is a train in the evening at two minutes past eight. "Yes, I shall have time for it." She ordered other horses to be hitched up and busied herself with putting into a travelling-bag such things as she might need for a few days. She knew that she should not come back. She dimly decided, among all the plans that crossed her head, that after what would happen there at the station, or in the estate of the countess, she would travel by the Nízhne-Nóvgorod Road to the first town and would stop there.

The dinner was on the table; she went up, sniffed at the bread and cheese, and, convincing herself that the odour of victuals was distasteful to her, ordered up the carriage, and went out. The house was already casting its shadow across the street, and it was a clear evening, and still warm in the sun. And Ánnushka, who took down her things, and Peter, who put the things into the carriage,

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and the coachman, who was apparently dissatisfied, — all were distasteful to her and irritated her with their words and motions.

"I do not need you, Peter."

"And how about the ticket?"

"Well, as you please, it is all the same to me," she said, in anger.

Peter jumped on the box and, with his arms akimbo, told the coachman to drive to the station.

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XXX.

"THERE it is again! Again I understand everything," Anna said to herself, the moment the carriage started and, rocking, rumbled over the cobblestones of the pavement, and again the impressions began to give way to each other in her mind.

"Yes, what was the last good thought I had?" she tried to recall it. "Tyútkin *Coiffeur?* No, not that. Yes, the thing that Yáshvin talked about: the struggle for existence and hatred are the only things that unite people. Yes, you are driving there in vain," she mentally turned to a company of people in a four-in-hand, who were apparently driving out of town to have a good time. "The dog that you are taking with you will not help you. You can't run away from yourselves." Casting a side-glance in the direction in which Peter was looking, she saw a dead-drunk factory hand, with a shaking head, whom a policeman was taking somewhere. "This one more likely," she thought. "Count Vrónski and I did not find that pleasure, either, though we had expected much from it." And Anna for the first time turned the bright light, in which she now saw everything, on her relations with him, which she had hitherto evaded thinking of. "What has he been looking for in me? Not so much love as the gratification of his ambition." She recalled his words, and the expression of his face, which reminded her of a submissive setter, during the first period of their liaison. And everything now confirmed that. "Yes, in him was the triumph of a successful ambition. Of course, there was also love, but

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the greater share fell to the pride of success. He boasted of me. Now it is past. There is nothing to boast of. There is nothing to pride himself on, but much to be ashamed of. He has taken from me everything he could, and now he no longer needs me. He is tired of me, and tries not to be dishonest in respect to me. He blurted out yesterday that he wants the divorce and marriage in order to burn his ships. He loves me, but how? The zest is gone. This man wants to surprise everybody, and is very much satisfied with himself," she thought, looking at a ruddy clerk, who was riding a manege horse. "Yes, he no longer finds that zest in me. If I go away from him he will be glad at heart."

This was not a supposition, — she saw it clearly in that dazzling light, which now opened up before her the meaning of life and of human relations.

"My love is growing more passionate and selfish, and his is going out and going out, and that is why we are separating," she continued to think. "And it cannot be helped. For me everything is in him, and I demand that he should give himself more and more to me. But he wants to get away farther and farther from me. That's it: before our liaison we kept going all the time toward each other, and since then we have been irresistibly going in various directions. And this cannot be changed. He tells me that I am senselessly jealous, and I have been telling myself that I am; but that is not true. I am not jealous, but dissatisfied. But —" she opened her mouth and changed her position in the carriage from the agitation evoked in her by the thought which came to her. "If I could be anything more than a paramour, who passionately loves his caresses! But I cannot and do not wish to be anything else. And by this desire I provoke his disgust, while he provokes my resentment, and it cannot be otherwise. Do I not know that he would not think of deceiving me, that he has no intentions on Princess Sorókin, that he is

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not in love with Kitty, that he will not betray me? I know it all, but that does not make it easier for me. If he, without loving me, will be good and gentle to me from a sense of duty, and that which I want will not be, it will be a thousand times worse than resentment. That is hell! And that is precisely the case now. He has not been loving me for quite awhile. Where love ends, hatred begins. I do not know these streets at all. There are mountains, and houses and houses — And in the houses are people and people — How many there are, — there is no end of them, — and all of them hate each other. Suppose I discover that which I wish in order to be happy. Well? I get a divorce, Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich gives me Serézha, and I marry Vrónski."

Thinking of Aleksyéy Aleksándrovich, she immediately saw him before her with extraordinary vividness, with his lifeless, dim, near-sighted eyes, the blue veins on his white hands, his intonations, and the cracking of his fingers, and, recalling the feeling which had existed between them, and which, too, was called love, she shuddered from disgust.

"Well, I get a divorce, and am Vrónski's wife. Will Kitty cease looking at me the way she looked at me today? No. And will Serézha stop asking or thinking of my two husbands? And what new sentiment shall I invent between me and Vrónski? Is it possible to have, not happiness, but a cessation of torment? No and no!" She replied no to herself without the least hesitation. "Impossible! We diverge in life and I cause his unhappiness, and he mine, and it is impossible to change him or me. Every possible attempt has been made, — the screw is loose. Yes, a beggar with a child. She thinks that she ought to be pitied. Have not all of us been thrown into this world simply to hate each other, and, therefore, to torture ourselves and others? Gymnasiasts are walking there, and laughing. Serézha?" she recalled. "I thought

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that I loved him and was sentimental over my tenderness for him. And yet I have lived without him, have exchanged him for another love, and did not complain of the change so long as this love gratified me." And she thought in disgust of what she called love. And the clearness with which she now saw her own life and that of others gave her pleasure. "Such am I, and Peter, and coachman Fédor, and that merchant, and all those people who live near the Vólga, whither these advertisements invite to go, and everywhere, and at all times," she thought, just as she was nearing the low structure of the Nízhne-Nóvgorod station, and porters rushed out toward her.

"Do you wish a ticket as far as Obirálovka?" asked Peter.

She had entirely forgotten whither she was going, or for what purpose, and only with great effort could understand the question.

"Yes," she said to him, handing him a purse with money. And, taking a small red bag on her arm, she left the carriage.

As she made her way through the crowd toward the first-class waiting-room, she slowly recalled all the details of her situation and those resolves, between which she was wavering. And again, now hope, and now despair, began in the old sore spots to lacerate the wounds of her tortured, terribly palpitating heart. While sitting on the star-shaped divan and waiting for the train, she, looking in disgust at those who came in and went out (they were all disgusting to her), thought of how she would arrive at the station and would write him a note, and what she would write to him, and of how he now was complaining to his mother about his situation (without understanding her situation), and of how she would enter the room, and what she would say. Then again she thought of how her life might still be happy, and how tormentingly she loved and hated him, and how terribly her heart was beating.

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XXXI

THE bell was rung. There passed some homely, impudent, hurrying young men who, at the same time, were attentive to the impression which they were producing; then Peter, in his livery and gaiters, with his dull, animal face, crossed the hall and went up to her to take her to the train. The noisy men grew silent, as she passed by them on the platform, and one of them whispered something to another, of course something nasty. She ascended the high step and sat down alone in the compartment on a soiled, once white, spring divan. Her little bag leaped up on the springs and stopped its motion. Peter with a stupid smile raised his gallooned hat at the window, in sign of farewell, and the impertinent conductor slammed the door and put down the latch. A homely lady in a bustle (Anna mentally divested that woman of her clothes and was frightened at her homeliness) and a girl laughing unnaturally were running below.

"Katerína Andréevna has it all, *ma tante!*" screamed the girl.

"The girl, too, is deformed and mincing," thought Anna. Not to see anybody, she got up and seated herself at the opposite window in the empty car. A greasy, homely peasant in a cap, underneath which peeped out his dishevelled hair, passed by that window, bending down to the wheels of the car. "There is something familiar in that homely peasant," thought Anna. And, recalling her dream, she, trembling with fear, walked over to the oppo-

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site door. The conductor opened the door, to let in a married pair.

"Do you wish to get out?"

Anna made no reply. The conductor and the passengers who were entering did not notice under her veil the expression of terror on her face. She returned to her corner and took her seat. The married couple seated themselves on the opposite side, attentively but furtively examining her gown. Both husband and wife appeared disgusting to Anna. The husband asked her whether she would permit him to smoke, evidently not because he wanted to smoke, but in order to get into a conversation with her. Having received her consent, he began to speak in French with his wife, though he needed even less to say anything than to smoke. In their feigning they spoke silly things, only that she might hear them. Anna saw clearly that they were bored with each other, and that they hated one another. Nor could such miserable deformities be anything but hated.

The second bell was heard, and soon after the moving of luggage, a noise, din, and laughter. It was so clear to Anna that nobody had any cause for joy that this laughter irritated her painfully, and she felt like closing her ears in order not to hear it. Finally the third bell was rung; the whistle, the scream of the engine, was heard; the chain clanked, and the man made the sign of the cross. "It would be interesting to ask him what he means by it," thought Anna, looking maliciously at him. She looked past the lady through the window at the people that seemed to be gliding backwards, though they were only standing on the platform, to see the train off. The car in which Anna was sitting swayed evenly at the junction of the rails and glided past the platform, a stone wall, a disc, — past other cars; the wheels sounded more softly and evenly on the rails, emitting a slight metallic sound; the window was lighted up by the bright evening sun

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and the breeze began to play with the curtain. Anna forgot about her neighbours in the car, and, inhaling the fresh air, while the car moved on with a slight swaying motion, began to think again :

" Yes, what was it I stopped on ? On the reflection that I cannot imagine a situation in which life would not be a torment ; that we are all created in order to be tormented, and that we all of us know it and only try to contrive means for deceiving ourselves. But what are you going to do if you see the truth ? "

" Reason is given man precisely that he may be able to free himself from what worries him," the lady said, in French, apparently satisfied with her phrase, and twisting her tongue.

These words seemed to answer Anna's thought.

" To free himself from what worries him," repeated Anna.

And glancing at the red-cheeked man and the lean woman, she understood that the sickly woman considered herself an unappreciated woman and that her husband was deceiving her and maintaining her in her opinion about herself. Anna seemed to see their history and all the nooks of their souls, transferring the light upon them. But there was nothing of interest there, and she continued her thinking.

" Yes, I am worried very much, and reason is given me that I may free myself from it. Why not put out the candle when there is nothing more to look at, when it is an abomination to look at all this ? But how ? Why did the conductor run by, holding on to the rail ? Why do they make such a noise, those young men in the next car ? Why do they talk, why do they laugh ? Everything is an untruth, everything is a lie, everything is a deception, everything is evil ! "

When the train stopped at the station, Anna went out in a crowd of other passengers, and, moving away from

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them as from the plague-stricken, she stood still on the platform, trying to recall why she had come there, and what it was she intended to do. Everything which had seemed possible to her before was now so hard to consider, especially in the noisy crowd of all these abominable people, who did not give her any rest. Now porters ran up to her, offering her their services; now young men, striking the heels of their boots against the planks of the platform and talking in loud voices, were scanning her; now people coming toward her stepped aside in the wrong directions. Recalling that she had intended to travel on, if there should be no answer, she stopped one of the porters and asked him whether the coachman, who had gone with a note to Count Vrónski, was not there.

"Count Vrónski? His men were here just awhile ago. They met Princess Sorókin and her daughter. And what kind of a fellow is that coachman?"

While she was talking with the porter, coachman Mikháylo, red-faced, merry, wearing a foppish blue sleeveless coat and a chain, evidently proud of having carried out her order so well, came up to her and handed her a note. She tore it open, and her heart was compressed even before she read it.

"I am very sorry that the note did not reach me. I shall be back at ten," Vrónski wrote in a careless hand.

"Yes. I expected it!" she said to herself, with an evil smile.

"All right, go home!" she said, softly, turning to Mikháylo. She spoke softly, for the rapid pulsation of her heart interfered with her breathing. "No, I will not allow you to torment me," she thought. Turning with a threat, not toward him, not toward herself, but toward him who caused her to be tormented, she walked down the platform, past the station.

Two chambermaids, who were walking up and down the platform, turned back their heads and looked at her,

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making some loud remarks about her toilet. "They are the real thing," they remarked about the lace which she had on. The young men did not give her any rest. They again stared at her face and, laughing out in an unnatural voice, walked past her. The station chief, passing by her, asked her whether she was going to take the train. A boy who was selling kvas did not take his eyes off her. "O Lord, where shall I go?" she thought, going farther and farther away on the platform. At the end of it she stopped. Some ladies and children, who had met a gentleman in glasses and laughed and talked loudly, grew silent and scanned her, as she walked by them. She increased her steps and walked away from them to the edge of the platform. A freight-train was approaching. The platform began to shake, and it seemed to her that she was again travelling.

And suddenly, recalling the man who had been crushed on the day of her first meeting with Vrónski, she comprehended what she had to do. Descending with a light, rapid gait the steps which led from the water-tower to the rails, she stopped close to the train which was passing. She looked at the bottom of the cars, at the linchpins and chains and the large iron wheels of the first car, and, measuring with her eyes, tried to determine the middle between the front and the hind wheels and the moment when it would be precisely in front of her.

"There!" she said to herself, looking in the shadow of the car at the sand mixed with coal dust, with which the ties were covered, "there, in the very middle, — and I will punish him, and will be freed from all, and from myself."

She wanted to drop down in the middle of the first car, when it came abreast with her; but the red bag, which she began to pull off from her arm, retarded her, and it was too late; the middle had passed her. It was necessary to wait for the next car. A sensation which

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resembled what she experienced when, bathing, she got ready to go into the water, took possession of her, and she made the sign of the cross. The habitual motion of crossing herself called forth in her soul a whole series of girlish and childish recollections, and suddenly the darkness, which was shrouding everything from her, was rent, and life for a moment presented itself to her with all its bright past joys. But she did not take her eyes off the wheels of the approaching second car. And precisely at the moment when its middle was opposite her, she threw aside the red bag and, drawing her head into her shoulders, fell under the car on her hands, and with a light motion, as though preparing herself to rise at once, got down on her knees. And at that identical moment she was horrified at what she was doing. "Where am I? What am I doing? What for?" She wanted to get up, to throw herself back; but something enormous, something inexorable, knocked her on the head and dragged her by the shoulder. "Lord, forgive me everything!" she mumbled, feeling the impossibility of the struggle. The peasant, muttering something, was working on the iron. And the candle, at which she had been reading the book that was filled with tribulation, deceits, sorrow, and evil, flickered with a brighter light than ever, illuminated for her everything which had been in the darkness, began to crackle and grow dim, and went out for ever.

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PART THE EIGHTH

I.

NEARLY two months had passed. It was now the middle of a hot summer, and Sergyéy Ivánovich had only just got ready to leave Moscow.

In Sergyéy Ivánovich's life events of their own had been taking place. More than a year before he had finished his book, the fruit of six years of work, under the title of "Outline of the Principles and Forms of Political Life in Europe and in Russia." Several parts of this book and the introduction had been published in magazines, and other parts had been read by Sergyéy Ivánovich to men of his circle, so that the ideas of this production could no longer be an absolute novelty for the public; none the less Sergyéy Ivánovich expected that the book at its appearance would produce a serious impression on the public and, if not a revolution in science, at least a powerful commotion in the learned world.

This book, carefully prepared, had been published the year before and had been sent out to the booksellers.

Without asking anybody about it, reluctantly and with feigned indifference replying to his friends' questions about the way the book went, not even asking the booksellers how it sold, Sergyéy Ivánovich watched attentively, with strained attention, for the first impression which his book would produce on the public and on literature.

But a week passed, a second, a third, and no impression was to be perceived on the public; his friends, specialists

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and scholars, now and then, apparently for the sake of politeness, spoke of it to him. His other acquaintances, who were not interested in a book of scientific contents, did not mention it to him at all. And the public, especially now that it was occupied with something else, treated his book with absolute indifference. In literature, too, there was not a word said about the book for the period of a month.

Sergyéy Ivánovich figured out to a nicety the time necessary for the writing of a review, but a month passed, and another, and still there was silence.

Only in the *Northern Beetle*, in a humourous feuilleton about the singer Drabanti, whose voice was cracked, there were incidentally a few contemptuous words about Koznyshév's book, which showed that it had long ago been condemned and turned over to universal ridicule.

Finally, in the third month, there appeared a critical article in a serious periodical. Sergyéy Ivánovich knew its author. He had met him once at Golubtsóv's.

The author of that article was a very young, sickly feuilletonist, wide-awake as a writer, but a man of extremely little culture and timid in his personal relations.

In spite of his complete contempt for the author, Sergyéy Ivánovich most respectfully took up the article to read. It was terrible.

Apparently the feuilletonist had comprehended the whole book as it was impossible to understand it. But he had so cleverly picked out passages that to those who had not read the book (obviously nobody had), it was quite clear that the whole book was nothing but a conglomeration of high-sounding words, improperly used at that (as the question marks indicated), and that the author of the book was a very ignorant man. And all that was so cleverly done that Sergyéy Ivánovich himself would not have minded such a clever piece of work; but it was precisely that which made it so terrible.

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In spite of the absolute sincerity with which Sergyéy Ivánovich verified the justice of the critic's arguments, he did not for a moment dwell on his defects and mistakes, which had been ridiculed, but involuntarily at once proceeded to recall all the minutest details of his meeting and conversation with the author of the article.

"Have I offended him in any way?" Sergyéy Ivánovich asked himself.

And recalling how at their meeting he had corrected that young man in something which had evinced his ignorance, Sergyéy Ivánovich found the explanation of the meaning of that article.

After that article there ensued a dead silence concerning the book, both in print and orally, and Sergyéy Ivánovich saw that his work of six years, which had been attended with so much love and labour, had passed by unnoticed.

Sergyéy Ivánovich's situation was the harder still because after finishing his book he had no other study work to do, and that before had taken up the greater part of his time.

Sergyéy Ivánovich was clever, cultured, healthy, active, and did not know how to use his activity. Conversations in the drawing-rooms, sessions, meetings, and committees, wherever it was possible to speak, took up part of his time; but, being an old city dweller, he did not permit himself to waste all his time in conversations, as his inexperienced brother had done during his stay in Moscow; he still had much leisure and mental powers left.

Luckily for him, during this most oppressive time, caused by the failure of his book, the questions of the non-Orthodox believers, American friends, Samára famine, exposition, spiritualism gave way to the Slavic question, which before that had merely glowed under the ashes in society, and Sergyéy Ivánovich, who even before that had been one of the promoters of the question, now abandoned himself wholly to it.

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In the circle to which Sergyéy Ivánovich belonged nothing was being said or written except about the Servian war. Everything that the idle crowd usually does to kill time was now being done for the benefit of the Slavs. Balls, concerts, dinners, matches, ladies' gowns, beer, inns, — everything gave evidence of the Slavic sympathies.

With much of what at that time was being written and talked about in reference to this matter, Sergyéy Ivánovich did not agree in detail. He saw that the Slavic question had become one of those fashionable infatuations, which, following one another, serve society as an excuse for occupations; he saw also that there were many men who busied themselves with this matter for selfish and ambitious purposes. He recognized that the papers printed much that was unnecessary and exaggerated, for the mere purpose of attracting public attention and outcrying one another. He saw that with this general exaltation of society, there leaped forward and cried loudest all those who had failed or who had been overlooked: generals-in-chief without armies, ministers without portfolios, journalists without periodicals, leaders of parties without partisans. He saw that much of it was frivolous and ridiculous; but he also saw and recognized the unquestionable, ever growing enthusiasm, which united all classes into one, and which one could not help but sympathize with. The massacres of the brothers in faith and blood called forth sympathy for the sufferers and indignation against the oppressors. And the heroism of the Servians and Montenegrins, who were fighting for a great cause, bred in the whole nation the desire to aid their brothers, not with words only, but also with deeds.

At the same time there was another phenomenon which caused Sergyéy Ivánovich to rejoice: that was the manifestation of a public opinion. Society definitely expressed its wish. The national soul received an expres-

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sion, as Sergyéy Ivánovich said. And the more he busied himself with this matter, the more evident did it become to him that it was a matter which was to assume enormous proportions, — was to form an epoch.

He devoted himself entirely to this great business, and forgot to think of his book.

All his time was now occupied, so that he was unable to answer all the letters and demands directed to him.

Having worked all the spring and part of the summer, he only in July got ready to go to the country, to his brother's.

He went there, both to rest for two weeks, and in the holy of holies of the nation, in the country wilderness, to enjoy the sight of that exaltation of the popular spirit, of which he and all the dwellers of the capitals and the cities were fully convinced. Katavásov, who had long been getting ready to make good the promise which he had given Levín about coming to visit him, went with him.

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II.

Sergyéy Iványovich and Katavásov had hardly reached the peculiarly animated station of the Kursk Railway and, after leaving the carriage, had not yet had time to look at the lackey who was driving behind with their things, when volunteers drove up in four cabs. Ladies met them with bouquets and, accompanied by a surging crowd, entered the station.

One of the ladies who received the volunteers, leaving the station, turned to Sergyéy Iványovich.

"Have you, too, come to see them off?" she asked him in French.

"No, I am going away myself, princess. To take a rest at my brother's. And do you always see them off?" Sergyéy Iványovich said, with a faint smile.

"Impossible," replied the princess. "Is it true that we have sent off eight hundred? Malvínski did not believe me."

"More than eight hundred. If we count those that went indirectly from Moscow, there are more than a thousand," said Sergyéy Iványovich.

"Exactly. I said so!" the lady broke in, joyously. "And is it true that about a million has been contributed?"

"More, princess."

"What do you think of to-day's telegram? The Turks have been beaten again."

"Yes, I have read it," replied Sergyéy Iványovich.

They were talking of the latest telegram which con-

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firmed the news that three days before the Turks had been beaten at all points and were running, and that on the morrow a decisive battle was expected.

"Oh, by the way, a fine young man asked to be sent. I do not know why difficulties were put in his way. I wanted to ask you, — I know him, — please write a note. He comes from Countess Lídiya Ivánovna."

Having inquired into the details which the princess knew about the young man who wanted to be sent, Sergyéy Ivánovich went to the first-class waiting-room and there wrote the note to the proper person, and handed it to the princess.

"Do you know, Count Vrónski — the famous one — is on this train," the princess said, with a triumphant and significant smile, when he found her and gave her the note.

"I heard that he was going, but I did not know when. On this train?"

"I saw him. He is here; only his mother is seeing him off. It is, after all, the best he can do."

"Oh, yes, of course."

While they were talking, the crowd surged past them to the dining-table. They, too, moved forward, and heard the loud voice of a gentleman, who, with a wine-glass in his hand, was addressing the volunteers. "To serve for our faith, for humanity, for our brothers," the gentleman said, raising his voice more and more. "Mother Moscow blesses you for the great work. Zhívio!"[1] he concluded in a loud and tearful voice.

All cried "Zhívio!" and another crowd surged into the hall and almost knocked the princess off her feet.

"Ah, princess, glad to see you!" said Stepán Arkádevich, beaming with a joyous smile, suddenly appearing in the middle of the crowd. "It was nice, and warmly said, don't you think so? Bravo! Sergyéy Ivánovich,

[1] The hurrah of the Servians.

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you ought to say something yourself, a few words, you know, of encouragement; you do it so well," he added, with a tender, respectful, and cautious smile, slightly pushing Sergyéy Ivánovich by the arm.

"No, I am leaving now."

"Whither?"

"To the country, to see my brother," replied Sergyéy Ivánovich.

"Then you will see my wife. I wrote to her, but you will see her before; please tell her that you have seen me, and that I am all right. She will understand. Still, tell her, if you please, that I have been appointed a member of the Commission of the United — Well, she will understand. You know, *les petites misères de la vie humaine*," he turned to the princess, as though excusing himself. "And Myágki, not Líza, but Bíbish, sends a thousand rifles and twenty Sisters. Did I tell you?"

"Yes, I heard," Koznyshév replied, reluctantly.

"What a pity you are leaving," said Stepán Arkádevich. "To-morrow we shall dine two volunteers, Dímer Bartyánski, from St. Petersburg, and our Grísha Veslóvski. Both of them are going. Veslóvski has lately married. What a fine fellow! Don't you think so, princess?" he turned to the lady.

The princess made no reply, but glanced at Koznyshév. The fact that Sergyéy Ivánovich and the princess seemed to be wanting to get rid of him did not in the least embarrass Stepán Arkádevich. He looked, smilingly, now at the feather of the princess's hat, and now sidewise, as though he were going to pick something up. When he saw a lady passing by with a box, he called her up and put a five-rouble bill into it.

"I cannot see these boxes with equanimity so long as I have any money left," he said. "Is not to-day's telegram fine? The Montenegrins are great fellows."

"You don't say!" he exclaimed, when the princess told

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him that Vrónski was going by that train. For a moment Stepán Arkádevich's face expressed grief, but a minute later, when, slightly jerking with each leg, and straightening out his side-whiskers, he entered the room where Vrónski was, he had entirely forgotten his sobs of despair over his sister's body, and saw in Vrónski only a hero and old friend.

"With all his faults, we must do him justice," the princess said to Sergyéy Ivánovich, the moment Oblónski had left them. "His is a thoroughly Russian, Slavic nature! Only I am afraid that it will not be pleasant for Vrónski to see him. Say what you please, but I am touched by the fate of that man. Talk to him on the way!" said the princess.

"Yes, perhaps, if the occasion offers itself."

"I had never liked him. But that expiates many things. He not only goes there himself, but is taking a whole squadron with him at his own expense."

"Yes, I heard so."

The bell was heard. All hurried toward the door.

"There he is!" said the princess, pointing to Vrónski, who, in a long overcoat and in a broad-brimmed black hat, was walking linking arms with his mother. Oblónski was by his side, talking in an animated way to him.

Vrónski frowned, looking in front of him, as though he did not hear what Stepán Arkádevich was saying.

Evidently by Oblónski's direction he looked toward the place where the princess and Sergyéy Ivánovich stood, and silently raised his hat. His aged face, which expressed suffering, looked petrified.

On reaching the platform, Vrónski silently let his mother pass by and disappeared into the compartment of a car.

On the platform were heard the sounds of "God save the Tsar!" then the shouts, "Hurrah!" and "Zhívio!" One of the volunteers, a tall, very young man with a

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sunken breast, bowed ostentatiously, waving his felt hat and a bouquet above his head. After him there moved forward two officers, who kept bowing also, and an elderly man with a long beard, who was wearing a soiled cap.

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III.

HAVING bid the princess farewell, Sergyéy Ivánovich and Katavásov, who had come up in the meanwhile, entered the car, which was crammed full of people, and the train started.

At the Tsarítsyn station the train was met by a fine choir of young men, singing, "Glory!" Again the volunteers bowed and thrust their heads out of the windows, but Sergyéy Ivánovich paid no attention to them; he had had so much to do with the volunteers that he knew their general type, and this no longer interested him. But Katavásov, who with his learned labours had not had an opportunity to observe the volunteers, was very much interested in them, and asked Sergyéy Ivánovich about them.

Sergyéy Ivánovich advised him to go to the second class to talk with them in person. At the next station Katavásov followed that advice.

At the first stop he went over to the second class and became acquainted with the volunteers. They were sitting in the corner of the car, talking loudly, apparently aware of the fact that the attention of the passengers and of Katavásov, who had just entered, was directed toward them. Loudest of all spoke the tall fellow with the sunken breast. He was evidently drunk and told some kind of a story of what had happened in their establishment. Opposite him sat a no longer young officer in a military jacket of the Austrian uniform of the Guards. He smiled, listening to the story-teller, and now and then

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stopped him. A third, in an artillery uniform, was sitting on a coffer near them. A fourth was asleep.

Entering into a conversation with the youth, Katavásov learned that he was a rich Moscow merchant, who had squandered a large fortune before he was twenty-two years old. Katavásov did not like him because he was spoiled, effeminate, and weak of health; he was apparently convinced, especially now that he had had something to drink, that he was committing a heroic act, and boasted in the most disagreeable manner possible.

The second, an ex-officer, also produced an unpleasant impression on Katavásov. He was, evidently, a man who had tried everything. He had served on the railway, had been a superintendent, and had himself established factories, and he talked about everything, using learned words unnecessarily and out of place.

The third, an artilleryman, on the contrary, pleased Katavásov very much. He was a modest, quiet man, who apparently bowed before the knowledge of the ex-Guardsman and before the heroic self-sacrifice of the merchant, and did not say anything about himself. When Katavásov asked him what had urged him to go to Servia, he replied modestly:

"Well, everybody is going. It is necessary to help the Servians. They are to be pitied."

"Yes, there is especially a lack there of our artillerymen," said Katavásov.

"I have not served long in the artillery; maybe they will attach me to the infantry or cavalry."

"Why should they put you in the infantry, since they need artillerymen most?" said Katavásov, judging from his years that he must be of pretty high rank.

"I have not served long in the artillery, — I am a yunker out of service," he said, after which he began to explain why he did not pass his examination.

All that taken together produced a disagreeable impres-

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sion on Katavásov, and, when at a station the volunteers went out to get a drink, Katavásov wanted to verify his unfavourable impression by talking about it to some one. An old man, a passenger on the train, wearing a military uniform, had been listening all the time to Katavásov's conversation with the volunteers. When they were left alone, Katavásov turned to him.

"What a diversity among all these men who are going there," Katavásov said, vaguely, wishing to express his own opinion and, at the same time, to elicit that of the old man.

The old man was a soldier who had gone through two campaigns. He knew what a military man was, and, from the looks and the conversation of those gentlemen, and the dashing way in which they applied themselves to the bottle on their way, he regarded them as poor soldiers. Besides, he was a dweller in a county seat and wanted to tell how a soldier of their town, who was on an indefinite furlough, a drunkard and a thief, whom nobody wanted for a workman, had gone as a volunteer. But, knowing from experience that in the present mood of society it was dangerous to express an opinion which was contrary to that of the generality, and, especially, to condemn the volunteers, he himself tried to find out Katavásov's opinion.

"Well, men are wanted there," he said, laughing with his eyes. And they began to talk of the latest news from the war, and both concealed their surprise from each other as to why there should be a battle on the morrow, since the Turks had, according to the latest news, been beaten at all points. And thus the two parted, without expressing their opinions.

Returning to his car, Katavásov, compromising with truth, told Sergyéy Ivánovich of his observations on the volunteers, from which it appeared that they were all fine fellows.

At a large station in a city, the volunteers were again

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met with singing and shouts; again there appeared collectors of contributions, men and women, and the provincial ladies offered the volunteers bouquets and followed them to the buffet; but all that was in a much weaker and smaller way than at Moscow.

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IV.

DURING the stop at the capital of the Government, Sergyéy Ivánovich did not go to the buffet, but began to walk up and down the platform.

When he for the first time passed by Vrónski's compartment, he noticed that the curtain was drawn. But, on going by for the second time, he saw the old countess at the window. She called Koznyshév up to her.

"I am seeing him off as far as Kursk," she said.

"Yes, I have heard," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, stopping at her window and looking in. "What a beautiful action on his part!" he added, noticing that Vrónski was not in the compartment.

"Yes, what was he to do after his misfortune?"

"What a terrible event!" said Sergyéy Ivánovich.

"Oh, what I have gone through! Come in, please — What I have gone through!" she repeated, when Sergyéy Ivánovich had entered and taken up a seat beside her. "You cannot imagine it! For six weeks he did not speak to any one, and ate only when I implored him to do so. Not for a minute could he be left alone. We took everything away from him with which he might have killed himself; we lived in the lower story, but it was impossible to foresee anything. You know he had shot himself once on her account," she said, and the old woman's brows were wrinkled, as she recalled this. "Yes, she ended as such a woman ought to have ended. She even chose a low, base kind of a death."

"It is not for us to judge, countess," Sergyéy Ivánovich

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said, with a sigh, "but I understand how hard that must have been for you."

"Oh, don't speak of it! I was living on my estate, and he was with me. A note was brought. He wrote an answer and sent it off. We did not know at all that she was at the station. In the evening, when I had just retired, my Mary told me that a lady had thrown herself under the train at the station. It was as though something had struck me. I knew that it was she. The first thing I said was not to tell him. But they had already told him of it. His coachman had been there and had seen it all. When I ran into his room, he was no longer himself, — it was terrible to look at him. He did not say a word and galloped away there. I do not know what happened there, but they brought him home almost dead. I should not have recognized him. *Prostration complète*, said the doctor. Then there began almost madness — Oh, why speak of it?" said the countess, waving her hand. "It was a terrible time! Say what you please, but she was a bad woman. What kind of desperate passions are those? Only to prove something particular. Well, she has proved it. She has ruined herself and two good men, her husband and my unfortunate son."

"What about her husband?" asked Sergyéy Ivánovich.

"He took her daughter. Aleksyéy at first agreed to everything; but now he is terribly tormented at having given his daughter to a stranger. He cannot take back his word. Karénin came to the funeral. We tried not to have him meet Aleksyéy. For him, her husband, it is after all best that way. She has freed him. But my poor son had given himself all to her. He had thrown up everything, his career and me, and she did not pity him, but, as though on purpose, completely undid him. Say what you please, her death even is that of a bad woman without religion. May God forgive me, but I cannot help hating her memory, as I look at my son's ruin."

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"How is he now?"

"God has come to our aid with this Servian war. I am an old person, — I do not understand a thing about it, but God has sent it to him. Of course, being his mother, I feel terribly about it; the main thing is, they say, *ce n'est pas bien vu à Pétersbourg.* But what is to be done? This alone could have lifted him up. Yáshvin, his friend, had lost everything, and was getting ready to go to Servia. He came to see him and persuaded him to go too. Now this takes up his attention. Please talk with him, — I want him to be diverted. He is so sad. And to his misfortune he has a toothache. He will be glad to see you. Please talk with him! He is walking on this side."

Sergyéy Ivánovich said that he would be very glad to, and went over on the other side of the train.

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V.

In the slanting evening shadow of the sacks piled up on the platform, Vrónski, in his long overcoat and with his hat drawn over his forehead, and his hands in his pockets, was walking, like a caged animal, rapidly turning back at each twenty steps. It seemed to Sergyéy Ivánovich, as he approached him, that Vrónski saw him, but pretended that he did not see him. That made no difference to Sergyéy Ivánovich. He stood above all personal considerations with Vrónski.

At that moment Vrónski was in Sergyéy Ivánovich's eyes an important factor in a great matter, and Koznyshév considered it his duty to encourage him and approve of him. He went up to him.

Vrónski stopped, looked at him, recognized him, and, taking several steps toward Sergyéy Ivánovich, gave him a firm pressure of his hand.

"Maybe you did not wish to meet me," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, "but can I not be useful to you?"

"There is no one whom it would be less unpleasant to meet than you," said Vrónski. "Pardon me. There is nothing pleasant for me in life."

"I understand. I wanted to offer you my services," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, looking closely at Vrónski's apparently suffering face. "Do you not need a letter to Rístich, to Milan?"

"Oh, no!" Vrónski said, as though experiencing a difficulty in understanding him. "If it does not make any difference to you, let us walk. It is so close in the cars.

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A letter? No, thank you; to die no recommendations are needed. Unless it be a letter to the Turks —" he said, smiling with his mouth only. His eyes continued to have an angry and suffering expression.

"Yes, but perhaps it would be easier for you to enter into relations, which none the less must exist, with a man who is prepared for them. I was very glad to hear of your determination. There have been so many attacks made on the volunteers that a man like you raises them in public opinion."

"I, as a man," said Vrónski, "have this advantage, that life is not worth anything to me. That I have enough physical energy left to cut my way into a square and crush them or myself fall down, — that I know. I am glad to have a cause for which to give up my life, which is more than useless to me, — it is a nuisance. Somebody will be the gainer by it." And he made an impatient motion with his jaw from the uninterrupted grinding toothache, which even prevented his speaking with that expression which he wished to employ.

"You will be regenerated, — I predict," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, feeling himself touched. "The liberation of our brothers from the yoke is a worthy aim of life and death. God grant you external success, — and internal peace," he added, extending his hand to him.

Vrónski gave a firm pressure to Sergyéy Ivánovich's hand.

"Yes, as a tool I may be of some use. But as a man I am a ruin," he said, speaking with interruptions.

The agonizing pain of the strong tooth, which filled his mouth with saliva, made it hard for him to talk. He grew silent, gazing at the wheels of the tender, which was slowly and softly gliding on the rails.

Suddenly something else, not a pain, but a tormenting inner uneasiness made him for a moment forget his toothache. At the sight of the tender and the rails, and under

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the influence of his conversation with his acquaintance, whom he had not yet met since his misfortune, he suddenly thought of her, that is, of as much as there had been left of her when he, like an insane man, ran into the barracks of the railway station: on the table the blood-stained body, still full of the recent life, shamelessly stretched out among strangers; the unmarred head thrown back, with its heavy braids and flowing hair over the temples, and on the exquisite face, with its ruddy mouth half-open, a congealed strange expression, pitiful at the lips and terrible in the arrested gaze of the open eyes, as though uttering that terrible word about his repenting, which she had said to him during their quarrel.

And he tried to recall her such as she had been then when he had met her for the first time at the station,— mysterious, charming, loving, seeking and giving happiness, and not cruelly revengeful, as he recalled her at the last moment. He tried to think of his best moments with her; but they were for ever poisoned. He remembered only her triumphant, accomplished threat of a useless, but ineffaceable repentance. He no longer felt his toothache, and sobs contorted his face.

Passing twice by the sacks and regaining his composure, he calmly turned to Sergyéy Ivánovich.

"Have you not had any telegram since yesterday's? Yes, they have been crushed for the third time, but tomorrow a decisive battle is expected."

And, talking about the proclamation of Milan as king and of the enormous consequences to which this might lead, they, after the second bell, went each to his car.

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VI.

Not knowing when he should be able to leave Moscow, Sergyéy Ivánovich had not telegraphed to his brother to send somebody out to meet him. Levín was not at home, when Katavásov and Sergyéy Ivánovich, in a small tarantás, which they hired at the station, and covered with dust, looking like negroes, at noon drove up to the porch of the Pokróvskoe mansion. Kitty, who was sitting on the balcony with her father and sister, recognized her brother-in-law and ran down-stairs to meet him.

"Are you not ashamed not to have sent us word?" she said, giving Sergyéy Ivánovich her hand, and offering him her brow.

"We got here nicely without troubling you," replied Sergyéy Ivánovich. "I am so dusty that I am afraid to touch you. I was so busy that I did not know when I would be able to tear myself away. But you, as of old," he said, smiling, "enjoy your quiet happiness beyond the current, in your calm pool. Here is our friend Fédor Vasílevich, who has at last made up his mind to come."

"I am not a negro, — I will get washed and then I shall look like a man," said Katavásov, with his usual jocularity, giving his hand, and smiling with his teeth, which had a peculiar sparkle in his black face.

"Konstantín will be very happy. He has gone to the out-farm. It is time for him to be back."

"Still attending to his farm. That's it, in a pool," said Katavásov. "But we, in the city, see nothing but the

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Servian war. How does my friend look upon it? No doubt differently from what everybody else thinks of it!"

"No, he is just like the rest," replied Kitty, somewhat confused, looking back at Sergyéy Ivánovich. "I will send for him. Papa is visiting us. He has lately arrived from abroad."

And, having given orders to have Levín sent for and the dust-covered gentlemen taken to wash themselves, one in the cabinet, the other in what used to be Dolly's room, and to have a lunch got for the guests, she, taking advantage of the right to rapid motions, of which she had been deprived during her pregnancy, ran up to the balcony.

"It is Sergyéy Ivánovich and Katavásov, the professor," she said.

"Oh, that is heavy in the heat!" said the prince.

"No, papa, he is a very dear man, and Konstantín loves him very much," Kitty, observing the expression of sarcasm in her father's face, said to him, with a smile, as though she was imploring him for something.

"Oh, I did not mean anything."

"Go down to them, darling," Kitty turned to her sister, "and entertain them! They saw Stíva at the station, he is well. I will run down to Mítya. Unfortunately I have not nursed him since tea. He is now awake and, no doubt, crying." And, feeling a flow of milk, she ran with a rapid step to the nursery.

Indeed, she had not only guessed (the connection with the babe was not yet broken), but knew for certain, from the flow of milk, that the child needed to be fed.

She knew that he was crying even before she came up to the nursery. And, indeed, he was crying. She heard his voice, and she increased her steps. But, the faster she walked, the harder he cried. It was a good, healthy voice, though hungry and impatient.

"Has it been long, nurse?" Kitty said, rapidly, seating herself on a chair and getting ready to nurse. "Give

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him to me quickly. Oh, nurse, how tiresome you are! Can't you wait to tie the cap later?"

The child was screaming from hunger.

"That won't do, motherkin!" said Agáfya Mikháylovna, who was nearly always present in the nursery. "He has to be got in shape. Ahoo, ahoo!" she sang out over him, paying no attention to the mother.

The nurse took the child to his mother. Agáfya Mikháylovna walked back of him with a face melting with tenderness.

"He knows, he knows me. I swear by God, Motherkin Katerína Aleksándrovna, he recognizes me!" Agáfya Mikháylovna tried to shout louder than the child.

But Kitty was not listening to her words. Her impatience was growing greater, like the child's.

Because of the impatience things did not go smoothly at once. The child did not grasp what was necessary, and so grew angry.

Finally, after a desperate, breathless cry and empty lapping, matters were arranged, and both mother and child felt simultaneously satisfied and grew quiet.

"The poor child is all in a sweat," Kitty said, in a whisper, feeling the boy.

"What makes you think that he recognizes you?" she added, looking sidewise at the eyes of the child, which, as she thought, peeped roguishly from underneath his cap, which had slipped down on his brow, at his evenly swelling cheeks, and at his hand with its red palm, with which he was making circular motions.

"Impossible! If he could tell, he would first recognize me," Kitty said, smiling, in reply to Agáfya Mikháylovna's affirmation.

She smiled because, although she had said that he could not tell, she knew in her heart that he not only recognized Agáfya Mikháylovna, but that he also knew and comprehended a lot of things which nobody ever knew,

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and that she herself, his mother, had found them out and had begun to understand them, only thanks to him. For Agáfya Mikháylovna, for the nurse, for the grandfather, even for the father, Mítya was a living creature that demanded only material attention; but for the mother he had long ago begun to be a moral being, with whom there was already a whole history of soul's relations.

"When he wakes up, God willing, you will find out for yourself. When I do like this, he beams, the darling. That's it, he beams, like a clear day," said Agáfya Mikháylovna.

"All right, all right, we shall see," whispered Kitty. "Now go, he is falling asleep."

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VII.

Agáfya Mikháylovna went out on tiptoe: the nurse let down the blind, drove out the flies from underneath the netting of the crib, and a gadfly, which was beating against the window-pane, and sat down, waving a wilting birch branch over mother and child.

"It is hot, though, dreadfully hot! If God would only send a little rain!" she said.

"Yes, yes, hush," was all Kitty replied, softly swaying, tenderly pressing Mítya's chubby hand, which looked as though cut by a thread at the wrist and which he feebly moved, now closing, and now opening his eyes. This little hand vexed Kitty: she wanted so much to kiss it, but was afraid to do so for fear of waking him. The hand at last stopped moving, and his eyes remained closed. Only now and then, continuing his work, the child raised his long, bent lashes and looked at his mother with eyes which appeared black and humid in the semiobscurity. The nurse stopped waving, and fell asleep. Up-stairs were heard the peal of the old prince's voice and Katavásov's guffaws.

"They have, no doubt, struck up a conversation without me," thought Kitty. "It is so annoying that Konstantín has not yet returned. He must have gone to the apiary again. Though it is lonely to have him away so often, I am glad of it. It distracts him. He is happier and merrier now than he was in the spring. Then he was so gloomy, and he suffered so much, that I felt terribly for him. How funny he is!" she whispered, smiling.

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She knew what it was that tormented her husband. It was his unbelief. In spite of the fact that, if she had been asked whether she supposed that in the future life he would be lost if he did not believe, she would have been compelled to admit that he would be, — this unbelief did not make her unhappy; and she who recognized the fact that there could be no salvation for a non-believer, and who loved her husband's soul more than anything in the world, thought with a smile of his unbelief and said to herself that he was so funny.

"Why does he read those philosophies of his all the year round?" she thought. "If it tells all about that in those books, he can understand them. But if they contain untruth, what is the use of reading them? He says himself that he should like to believe. Why does he not believe? No doubt, because he thinks too much. And he thinks too much because he is too much alone. All sole alone. He cannot talk to us about everything. I think these guests will be a pleasure to him, especially Katavásov. He likes to discuss with them," she thought. And immediately she transferred herself mentally to the question of where it would be most convenient to put Katavásov for the night, whether by himself, or together with Sergyéy Ivánovich. And suddenly a thought came to her, that made her tremble with excitement and even disturb Mítya, who for this looked sternly at her. "The laundress, I think, has not brought back the washing, and the bedclothes for the guests are all used up. If I do not look out, Agáfya Mikháylovna will give Sergyéy Mikháylovich sheets that have been used," and at this thought alone the blood rushed to Kitty's face.

"I will look after it," she decided, and, returning to her former thoughts, she remembered that some important intimate thought had been interrupted, and she tried to recall what it was. "Yes, Konstantín is an unbeliever," she recalled it, with a smile.

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"Well, he is an unbeliever! I would rather have him all the time such as he is than to see him like Madame Shtal, or such as I wanted myself to be when I was abroad. No, he will not pretend."

And a recent instance of his goodness suddenly rose before her. Two weeks before Dolly had received a repentant letter from Stepán Arkádevich. He implored her to save his honour, to sell her estate, in order to pay his debts. Dolly was in despair, hated her husband, despised him, felt sorry for him, wanted to be separated, refused, but finally agreed to selling part of her estate. After that Kitty with an involuntary smile of blessedness recalled the embarrassment of her husband, his repeated awkward approaches to the matter he was interested in, and how at last, having discovered the only means of aiding Dolly, without offending her, he had proposed to Kitty to give up her part of the estate, a thing of which she had not thought of doing before.

Where is here his unbelief? With his heart, with that fear of offending any one, even a child! Everything for others, nothing for himself. Sergyéy Ivánovich actually thinks that it is Konstantín's duty to be his clerk. So it is with his sister. Now Dolly and her children are his wards. All these peasants come to him every day, as though he were obliged to serve them.

"Yes, be only like your father, just like him," she muttered, giving Mítya over to the nurse and touching his cheek with her lips.

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VIII.

Ever since that moment when, at the sight of his beloved dying brother, Levín for the first time looked at the questions of life and death through his new convictions, as he called them, which, in the period between his twentieth and thirty-sixth year, imperceptibly took the place of his childish and juvenile beliefs, he had become horrified not so much at death as at life without the least conception of whence it came, what it was for, and what it meant. The organism, its dissolution, the indestructibility of matter, the law of the preservation of energy, evolution, were the words which had taken the place of his former belief. These words, and the conceptions which went with them, were very good for mental purposes; but they gave nothing for life, and Levín suddenly felt himself in the position of a man who has given up his fur coat for a gauze dress, and has for the first time, during a frost, convinced himself indubitably, not by means of ratiocinations, but with his whole being, that he is not better than naked, and that he must inevitably die a painful death.

Since that moment Levín, without giving himself an account of it, and continuing to live as before, kept experiencing that terror on account of his ignorance.

Besides, he felt dimly that what he called his convictions was not only ignorance, but that it was a peculiar composition of thought which made impossible the knowledge of what he needed.

At first, his marriage, the new joys and duties, with which he became acquainted, completely drowned these

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thoughts; but latterly, after his wife's childbirth, when he lived in Moscow without any occupation, this question began to present itself more and more often, and more and more persistently to demand a solution.

The question for him consisted in the following: "If I do not recognize those answers which Christianity gives to the questions of my life, what other answers do I recognize?" And he was absolutely unable to find in his whole arsenal of convictions any answers, or even anything resembling an answer.

He was in the attitude of a man who is looking for food in toy and in gun shops.

Instinctively and unconsciously to himself, he now in each book, in each conversation, in each man, looked for relations to these questions and for their solution.

What baffled and irritated him most was that the majority of the people of his circle and age, who, like him, had exchanged their former beliefs for new convictions, such as he held, did not see any misfortune in it, and were completely satisfied and calm. Thus Levín was tormented, not only by his chief question, but also by this: Were those people sincere? Did they not dissemble? Or, did they not in some way understand more clearly than he those answers which science gave to the questions that interested him? And he carefully studied the opinions of those people and books that gave expression to those answers.

The one thing he had found, ever since the questions had been interesting him, was that he was mistaken in his supposition, as he remembered it from his youthful university circle, that religion had outlived its time, and that it no longer existed. All the people whom he knew and whose lives were good, believed. The old prince, and Lvov, for whom he had taken such a liking, and Sergyéy Ivánovich, and all the women, and his wife believed, just as he had believed in his first youth, and ninety-nine

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hundredths of the Russian people — all that part of the nation whose life inspired him with most respect — believed.

Another thing was that, after having read a number of books, he convinced himself that the people who shared his opinions with him did not understand anything else by them, and that, without explaining anything, they only denied the questions, without an answer to which he could not live, and tried to solve entirely different questions, which could not interest him, such as about the evolution of organisms, about the mechanical explanation of the soul, and so forth.

Besides, during his wife's childbirth there had occurred an extraordinary event. He, an unbeliever, had begun to pray, and, while he had prayed, he had believed. But as soon as the moment had passed, he was unable to give to that mood any place in his life.

He could not acknowledge that he then knew the truth, and that now he was mistaken; because the moment he began to think of it calmly, everything went to pieces; nor could he acknowledge that he had been mistaken then, for he thought highly of that mood of his, whereas, by assuming it to have been a tribute to his weakness, he would have defiled those minutes. He was in painful discord with himself, and strained all his mental powers, in order to get out of it.

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IX.

THESE thoughts vexed and tormented him, now more feebly, and now more strongly, but they never left him. He read and thought, and the more he read and thought, the farther did he feel himself from the aim which he was pursuing.

Having during his last stay in Moscow and in the country convinced himself that he would not find any answer in the materialists, he read and re-read Plato, and Spinoza, and Kant, and Schelling, and Hegel, and Schopenhauer, that is, those philosophers who explained life not in a materialistic way.

The ideas seemed fruitful to him, when he read them, or when he himself tried to find refutations of the other teachings, especially against the materialists; but the moment he read, or himself reflected on, the solution of the questions, there always was repeated one and the same thing. Following the given definitions of obscure words, such as "spirit, will, freedom, substance," and purposely allowing himself to be caught in the word-trap, which the philosophers placed for him, or he for himself, he seemed to be understanding something. But he needed only to forget the artificial chain of thoughts, and from life to return to what satisfied him when he followed a given thread of thoughts, — and suddenly all that artificial building fell in, like a card house, and it became evident that the structure was made of the same permutated words, which were independent of anything more important in life than reason.

At one time, while reading Schopenhauer, he substi-

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tuted the word "love" for "will," and for two days this new philosophy consoled him, so long as he did not get away from it; but it fell in like the rest, when he later looked at it from life, and it turned out to be a gauze dress, devoid of warmth.

His brother advised him to read the theological works of Khomyakóv. Levín read the second volume and, in spite of its polemical, elegant, and clever tone, which at first repelled him, was struck in it by the Church doctrine. He was at first struck by the idea that the attainment of divine truths was not given to man, but was given to the totality of men united in love, — to the Church. He rejoiced at the thought that it was easier to believe in the existing, now living Church, which formed all the creeds of men and had God at its head, and was therefore sacred and infallible, and from it to accept the belief in God, in the creation, the fall, the redemption, than to begin with God, a distant, mysterious God, creation, and so forth. But when he later read the history of the Church, by a Catholic writer, and another, by a Greek Orthodox author, and saw that both Churches, infallible in their essence, denied each other, he was disappointed also in Khomyakóv's doctrine of the Church, and this structure fell as much to dust as the philosophical teachings.

All that spring he was not himself and experienced terrible minutes.

"Without the knowledge what I am and why I am here it is impossible to live. But I cannot know it, consequently I cannot live," Levín said to himself.

"In endless time, in the infinitude of matter, in infinite space there separated itself an organic bubble, and this bubble will hold itself together awhile and will burst, and that bubble am I."

That was an agonizing untruth, but it was the only, last result of centuries of labours of the human mind in this direction.

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That was the last belief on which were reared all pursuits of human inquiry, in nearly all its branches. It was the reigning conviction, and Levín had involuntarily, himself not knowing how, adopted this one out of all the other explanations, as being at least clear.

But it was not only an untruth, it was a cruel sarcasm of an evil power, — evil, abominable, and such as it was impossible to submit to.

It was necessary to free oneself from that power. And the liberation was in the hands of each person. It was necessary to put a stop to this dependence on evil. And there was one means, — death.

And though a happy father of a family, a healthy man, Levín was several times so near to suicide that he put away a rope, so as not to hang himself by it, and was afraid to go out with a gun, so as not to shoot himself.

But Levín did not shoot or hang himself, and continued to live.

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X.

WHENEVER Levín thought of what he was and for what purpose he lived, he found no answer and arrived at despair, but when he stopped asking himself about it, he seemed to know what he was and for what purpose he lived, for he acted and lived firmly and definitely; even during this later time he lived more firmly and definitely than before.

When he returned to the country in the beginning of June, he also returned to his customary occupations. The farming, his relations with the peasants and neighbours, his home affairs, his brother's and his sister's business, which he had on his hands, his relations with his wife and his relatives, his cares for the child, and the new bee-hunting, which had been fascinating him since spring, took up all his time.

These things interested him, not because he justified them by some general considerations, as he used to do before; on the contrary, having now, on the one hand, become disenchanted by the failure of his former undertakings for the common good, and, on the other, being too busy with his thoughts and with the very quantity itself of his affairs, which beset him on all sides, he entirely gave up all considerations for the common good, and these matters interested him only because it seemed to him that he ought to do what he was doing, — that he could not do otherwise.

Formerly (it had begun almost in childhood and kept growing until full manhood) whenever he had tried to do

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something which would do good to everybody, to humanity, to Russia, to the whole village, he had observed that the thoughts of it were agreeable, but the activity itself was always senseless; there was no full conviction that the matter was absolutely necessary, and the activity itself, which at first appeared so great, kept growing smaller and smaller, until it reached the point of impossibility; but now, when, since his marriage, he had begun to confine his life more to himself, he, no longer experiencing any joy at the thought of his activity, felt the certainty that his work was necessary, and saw that it proceeded much better than before and that it grew larger and larger.

Now he, almost against his will, buried himself deeper and deeper in the soil, like a plough, so that he could not even get out of it without opening a furrow.

It was unquestionably necessary for his family to live the way their fathers and grandfathers had been accustomed to live, that is, in the same conditions of culture, and to bring up the children in the same way. That was as necessary as eating when one is hungry; and for that it was necessary, just as in preparing the meal, to conduct the farming machine at Pokróvskoe in such a manner as to have an income. Just as there could be no doubt about paying a debt, so it was necessary to manage the homestead in such a manner that the són, receiving it as an inheritance, should be as thankful for it to his father as Levín was to his grandfather for everything which he had built and set out. And so it was necessary for him not to let the land, but to manage it himself, keep cows, manure the fields, set out forests.

It was impossible not to attend to the affairs of Sergyéy Ivánovich, his sister, and all the peasants who came to get his advice and who had become accustomed to it, as it is impossible to throw away the child whom you happen to hold in your arms. He had to care for

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the comforts of his sister-in-law and her children, whom he had invited to stay with him, and of his wife and child, and it was impossible not to be with them at least a small part of the day.

And all that, together with the chase and the new bee-hunting, took up all that life of Levín which had no meaning for him whenever he thought.

And not only did Levín know precisely what he had to do, he also knew how he had to do it, and what business was more important than another.

He knew that it was necessary to hire labourers as cheaply as possible, but that he ought not to enslave them by advancing them money, thus getting them for less than they were worth, even though that was profitable. It was all right to sell the peasants straw when there was no feed to be had, even though they were to be pitied; but the inn and dramshop had to be abolished, even though they brought an income. The illegal woodcutting he would prosecute most severely, but he would take no fines for the cattle driven on his land; and, though this vexed the guards and did away with the fear, cattle thus driven in were to be released.

Peter, who was paying a usurer ten per cent. a month, was to get a loan, in order to save him; but no grace was to be shown to the peasants who did not pay their rental. The clerk was not to be forgiven for having delayed mowing the small meadow and losing the grass for nothing; on the other hand, the eighty desyatínas, where a forest had been set out, were not to be mowed. No mercy was to be shown to the farm-hand who went away during working time, because his father had died, — no matter how much he might be pitied, — and he was to be paid less for the valuable time which he had lost; at the same time he could not refuse giving a monthly allowance to the old, worthless manorial servants.

Even so Levín knew that, upon returning home, he

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had first to go to his wife, who was not well, while the peasants who had been waiting for him for three hours might be left to wait longer; and he knew that, in spite of the pleasure which he experienced in settling a swarm, he had to forego this pleasure and, leaving the old man to settle the swarm without him, to go and talk with the peasants who came to find him at the apiary.

He did not know whether he did right or wrong, and not only would not have thought now of arguing the question, but he even avoided talking and thinking about these matters.

Reflections led him to doubts and interfered with his seeing what was to be done and what not. But when he did not think, but lived, he incessantly felt in his soul the presence of an infallible judge, who decided which of two possible acts was better, and which worse, and the moment he did not act as was proper, he became at once aware of it.

Thus he lived, not knowing, and not seeing the possibility of knowing, what he was and for what purpose he was living in the world, and being tormented by this ignorance to such an extent that he was afraid of suicide, and at the same time firmly laying out a certain, definite path for himself in life.

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XI.

On the day that Sergyéy Ivánovich arrived at Pokróvskoe, Levín happened to be in one of his most agonizing moods.

It was that busy work-time when the whole peasant population manifests an unusual tension of self-sacrifice to labour, such as makes no appearance in any other conditions of life, and would be esteemed very highly, if the people manifesting these qualities esteemed them, if they were not repeated each year, and if the consequences of this tension were not so simple.

To mow and reap the rye and oats and haul it all off, to cut the rowen, to plough in the fallows, to thresh the seeds, and to sow the winter fields, — all that seems simple and usual; but in order to succeed in doing it, it is necessary for all the country population, from the oldest to the youngest, to work incessantly for three or four weeks, and three times as much as at any other time, living on kvas, onions, and black bread, threshing and hauling the ricks off at night, and giving not more than two or three hours a day to sleep. And this is done each year all over Russia.

Having lived the greater part of his life in the country and in close relations with the masses, Levín always felt during this work-time that the general national excitement was communicated to him.

Early in the morning he went out to see the first sowing of the rye, and the oats that were being hauled to the lofts, and, returning home at the time when his wife

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and his sister-in-law got up, he drank coffee with them and went on foot to the out-farm, where they were to start a newly erected threshing-machine for the preparation of the seeds.

All that day, Levín, talking with his clerk and with the peasants, and at home, with his wife, with Dolly, with her children, and with his father-in-law, kept thinking of one and only one thing, which had been interesting him during that time in spite of the farm cares, and in everything looking for something related to his question: "What am I? and where am I? and why am I?"

Standing in the cold-room of the newly thatched kiln, with the still unshed fragrant leaves of the hazelnut rafters pressed down by the thatch to the bark-stripped fresh aspen purlins, Levín looked now through the open door, where whirled about the dry, bitter dust of the threshing, at the grass of the threshing-floor yard and at the fresh straw, which had just been brought out from the barn, and upon which shone the burning sun; now at the bright-headed, white-breasted swallows, which, whistling, flew under the roof and, flapping their wings, stopped in the transoms of the door; and now at the people swarming in the dark and dusty kiln, — and thought strange thoughts.

"What is all that done for?" he thought. "Why do I stand here, compelling them to work? What makes them bustle so and try to show their zeal in my presence? Why does that old woman Matréna work so hard? (I cured her when at the fire she was struck down by a beam)," he thought, looking at the lean old woman, who, turning over the grain with the rake, was stepping tensely with her black, sunburnt feet over the rough, uneven threshing-floor. "She got well then; but to-day, or to-morrow, or in ten years, she will be buried, and nothing will be left of her, nor of that foppish woman in the red shirt, who with such a nimble, gentle motion separates

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the grain from the chaff. She, too, will be buried, and so will soon be that piebald gelding," he thought, looking at the horse with the loosely hanging belly, which was breathing heavily through its dilated nostrils, as it walked in the treadmill. "The horse will be buried, and so will be Fédor the feeder, with his curly chaff-filled beard and his shirt, which is torn over his white shoulder. And he keeps opening the sheaves, and commanding, and shouting to the women, and with a rapid motion adjusting the belt on the fly-wheel. Moreover, I, too, shall be buried, and nothing will be left. What for?"

He was thinking that and at the same time kept looking at the watch, to figure out how much they would thresh in an hour. He had to know it, in order, calculating on this basis, to give them the task for the day.

"It is nearly an hour, and they have begun only on the third rick," thought Levín. He walked over to the feeder and, shouting above the rumble of the machine, told him to feed it more evenly.

"You feed too much at a time, Fédor! You see, it gets caught, and so it goes slowly. Even it up!"

Fédor, whose perspiring face was black from the dust sticking to it, cried something in reply, but still did not do as Levín wanted.

Levín walked over to the drum and, pushing Fédor aside, began himself to feed.

Having worked almost until the peasant dinner, which was not far off, he went out of the kiln with the feeder and kept talking, stopping at the yellow stack of the cut rye, which was squarely placed on the threshing-floor, ready to be threshed.

The feeder was from a distant village, from the one where Levín used to let the land on the company principle. Now it was let to the innkeeper.

Levín got into a conversation with feeder Fédor in regard to this land, asking him whether Platón, a rich and

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good peasant of that village, would not take the land for the coming year.

"The price is high, — Platón cannot make it pay, Konstantín Dmítrievich," replied the peasant, picking out ears from his perspiring bosom.

"But how does Kiríllov make it pay?"

"Mityúkha" (thus the peasants contemptuously called the innkeeper) "can't help making it pay, Konstantín Dmítrievich! He will squeeze a fellow, and will get what he wants. He will not spare a Christian. But Uncle Fokánych" (thus he called Platón) "will not flay a man alive. To some he gives on credit, and on others he loses. Sometimes he does not get back his own. He is a good man."

"Why should he not demand his own?"

"There are all kinds of people: one man lives only for his own needs, like Mityúkha, who is only filling his belly, while Fokánych is a man of truth. He lives for his soul. He thinks of God."

"What do you mean by 'he thinks of God'? How does he live for his soul?" Levín almost shouted.

"You know how, according to the truth, according to God's word. There are all kinds of people. Take you, for example, — you will not offend a man —"

"Yes, yes, good-bye!" said Levín, choking from agitation. Turning around, he took his cane and rapidly walked toward the house. At the peasant's words that Fokánych lived for his soul, according to the truth, and according to God's word, indistinct, but significant thoughts seemed to have broken loose somewhere from confinement and, all of them tending toward one goal, began to whirl in his head, blinding him with their light.

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XII.

LEVÍN was striding along the highway with long steps, intent on listening, not so much to his thoughts (he could not yet make them out), as to his mental state, which was such as he had never experienced before.

The words uttered by the peasant produced in him the effect of an electric spark, which suddenly transformed and blended into one a whole swarm of heterogeneous, impotent, disconnected thoughts, which had never ceased interesting him. These thoughts had, imperceptibly to him, interested him at the time when he was speaking about the letting of the land.

He felt something new in his soul, and it gave him pleasure to finger that new thing, not knowing yet what it was.

"Not to live for one's own needs, but for God. For what God? What more senseless thing can a person say than what he has said? He said that one must not live for his own needs, that is, that we must not live for what we understand, for what we are drawn to, for what we want, but for something incomprehensible, for God, whom nobody can understand or define. Well? Have I not comprehended these senseless words of Fédor? Or, having comprehended them, do I doubt their justice? Have I found them stupid, obscure, inexact?

"No, I have comprehended him, precisely as he himself understands his words; I understand them more clearly and more fully than anything in life, and never in my life

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have I doubted them, or could I have doubted them. Not I alone, but everybody, the whole world, understands them fully, and in this alone all men have no doubts and are in complete accord.

"I have been looking for miracles, and was sorry not to have seen a miracle which might have convinced me. A material miracle might have enticed me. But the only possible, the eternally existing miracle, which surrounds me on all sides, I did not even observe!

"Fédor says that Kirílov the innkeeper is living for his belly. That is comprehensible and sensible. All of us, being sensible beings, cannot help but live for our bellies' sake. And suddenly this same Fédor says that it is bad to live for the belly, and that we ought to live for truth, for God, and I understand his hint! And I, and millions of people, who have lived for centuries back, and who live now, peasants, the poor in spirit, and the wise, who have thought and written about it, and those who in their obscure language say the same, — we all agree on this one point, what it is that we should live for, and what is good. With all people in common, I have only one firm, indubitable, clear bit of knowledge, and that knowledge cannot be explained through reason, — it is outside of it, and it has no causes and can have no effects.

"If the good has any cause, it is no longer good; if it has any effects, — rewards, — it is again no good. Consequently the good is beyond the chain of cause and effect.

"And this I know, and all of us know.

"What greater miracle can there be?

"Is it possible I have found the solution of everything? Is it possible all my sufferings have come to an end?' thought Levín, marching over the dusty road, without noticing the heat, or fatigue, and experiencing the sensation of having an old suffering allayed. It was such a joyous sensation that it seemed incredible to him. He

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choked with agitation and, unable to proceed on his march, walked off the road into the forest and sat down in the shade of the aspens on the unmown grass. He took his hat off his perspiring head and, leaning on his arm, lay down on the lush, fluffy forest grass.

"Yes, I must clear it up and comprehend it," he thought, looking fixedly at the uncrushed grass which was in front of him, and watching the movements of a little green bug, which was climbing a blade of couch-grass and was arrested in its ascent by a goutwort leaf. "What have I discovered?" he asked himself, turning aside the goutwort leaf, that it might not be in the bug's way, and bending down another grass-blade for the bug to crawl on. "What gives me pleasure? What have I discovered?

"I have not discovered anything. I have only found out what I know already. I have come to comprehend the power which has not only given me life in the past, but gives me life even now. I have freed myself from deception, I have found out the master.

"Formerly I used to say that in my body, in the body of this grass and of this bug (it did not want to go on this blade, but has unfolded its wings and has flown away), there takes place a transmutation of matter according to physical, chemical, and physiological laws. And in all of us, and in these aspens, and in the clouds, and in the nebular spots, there takes place an evolution. An evolution from what? to what? An eternal evolution and struggle? — As though there can be any direction and struggle in the infinite. And there I wondered why, in spite of the greatest tension of my reason in that direction, the meaning of life, the meaning of my own impulses and strivings, was not revealed to me. Now I say that I know the meaning of my life: to live for God, for the soul. And this meaning, in spite of its clearness, is mysterious and miraculous. And such, too, is the meaning of everything existing. Yes, pride," he said to himself, rolling over on his stomach

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and beginning to knot some grass-blades, trying not to break them.

"And not only mental pride, but also mental stupidity. Above all, it is rascality, that's it, mental rascality. That's it, mental scoundrelism," he repeated.

And he briefly recapitulated the whole progression of his thoughts for the last two years, the beginning of which was the clear, obvious thought of death at the sight of his beloved, hopelessly sick brother.

Having then for the first time comprehended clearly that for every man, and for him too, there was nothing ahead but suffering, death, and eternal oblivion, he decided that it was impossible to live thus, and that it was necessary for him either to explain his life in such a way that it should not appear as an evil mockery of some devil, or to shoot himself.

But he did nothing of the kind, and continued to live, to think, and to feel, and even during that time got married and experienced many joys, and was happy, whenever he did not think of the meaning of his life.

"What did that mean?" It meant that he was living well, but thinking badly.

He had been living (without being conscious of it) by those spiritual truths which he had imbibed with his milk, and had been thinking, not only by failing to acknowledge these truths, but by cautiously avoiding them.

Now it was clear to him that he could live only thanks to those beliefs in which he had been brought up.

"What should I have been, and how should I have passed my life if I had not had those beliefs, if I had not known that one has to live for God, and not for his own needs? I should have robbed, lied, killed. Nothing of what forms the chief joys of my life would have existed for me." And, making the greatest effort of imagination, he was still unable to imagine that bestial creature which

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he would have been if he had not known what he was living for.

"I have been looking for an answer to my question. But reason could not give me an answer to my question, for it is incommensurable with that question. That answer was given me by life itself, by my knowledge of what was good and what bad. This knowledge I have not acquired in any way, — it was given me with the rest, it was given me because I could not get it anywhere.

"Where did I get it from? Have I attained by reason to the conviction that it is necessary to love our neighbour and not choke him? I was told that in my childhood, and I joyously believed it, because I was told that which was in my soul. Who has discovered that? Not reason. Reason has discovered the struggle for existence and the law that demands that I should choke all those who are in the way of the gratification of my desires. That is a deduction of reason. But to love my neighbour could not have been discovered by reason, because it is unreasonable."

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XIII.

And Levín recalled a recent scene between Dolly and her children. The children, being left alone, began to boil raspberries over the candles and to spirt the milk in fountain shape into their mouths. When their mother caught them doing this, she in Levín's presence began to impress them with the idea what labour that which they were destroying had cost the grown people, and that the labour was performed for their sakes; that, if they were going to break the cups, they would not have anything from which to drink tea, and that, if they spilled the milk, they would not have anything to eat, and they would starve.

Levín was struck by that calm, dejected incredulity, with which the children listened to their mother. They were merely grieved because their entertaining game had been interfered with, and they did not believe a word of what their mother told them. Nor could they have believed, for they could not comprehend the whole volume of that which they made use of, and so they could not represent to themselves the fact that what they were destroying was the same that they were living by.

"That exists all by itself," they thought, "and there is nothing interesting or important in that, for that has always been and will always be. And it will always be one and the same. We have nothing there to think about; it is all ready, while we wish to invent something new and different. And so we have contrived to put the raspberries into a cup and to boil it over a candle, and to pour

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the milk into each other's mouths in the shape of a fountain. That is jolly and new and in no way worse than drinking from cups."

"Are we not doing the same, have I not done it, trying to discover through reason the meaning of the forces of Nature and the meaning of human life?" he continued thinking.

"And is not the same done by all the philosophical theories, when they, by means of reason, which is strange and unsuitable for man, try to bring him to the knowledge of that which he has known for a long time, and knows so well that he would be unable to live without it? Can we not clearly see in the development of the theory of any philosopher that he knows in advance and just as indubitably as Fédor, and in no way more clearly than he, what the chief meaning of life is, and that he is only trying by a doubtful mental path to return to that which is known to everybody?

"Well, if we were to let the children obtain everything for themselves, to make the dishes, milk the cows, and so forth, — would they be naughty? They would starve. Well, let us loose with our passions and ideas, and without any conception of the one God and Creator! or without the conception of what is good, without an explanation of moral evil.

"Well, try and build something without these concepts!

"We only destroy, because we are spiritually satiated. That's it, we are children!

"Whence comes to me the joyful knowledge, which I have in common with the peasant, and which alone gives me peace of mind? Where did I get it from?

"I, brought up in the conception of God, a Christian, having filled all my life with those spiritual benefits which Christianity has given me, all saturated and living by those benefits, I, like the children, failing to under-

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stand them, destroy, that is, wish to destroy, that by which I live. And the moment an important moment of life arrives, I run to Him, just like the children when they are cold and hungry, and still less than the children, when their mother scolds them for their naughtiness, do I feel that my arrogance is counted against me.

"Yes, what I know, I know not through reason, but it has been given to me, it has been revealed to me, and I know it with my heart, with my faith in that chief matter which the Church preaches.

"The Church? The Church!" Levín repeated to himself, rolled over on the other side and, leaning on his arm, began to look into the distance, at the herd going down to the river on the other side.

"But can I believe in everything which the Church teaches?" he thought, trying himself, and thinking of everything which might destroy his present peace. He purposely began to think of those teachings of the Church which more than anything had appeared strange to him, and had seduced him. "The creation? — And how do I explain existence? By existence? By nothing? — The devil, and sin? — And how do I explain evil? — The Redeemer!

"But I know nothing, nothing, and I cannot know except what I have been told with all the rest."

And it seemed to him that there was not a single tenet of the Church which could impair the chief thing, the belief in God, in the good, as the only destiny of man.

For every tenet of the Church might be substituted the belief in the service of truth instead of needs. And each of these not only failed to impair it, but was even necessary in order that there might take place that chief miracle, which is eternally manifested upon earth, and which consists in this, that it is possible for each, together with millions of all kinds of people, of wise men and saintly fools, of children and old men, — with all, with the peasant,

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with Lvov, with Kitty, with mendicants, and with kings, — indubitably to understand one and the same thing, and to arrange that life of the soul, for which alone it is worth while living, and which alone we esteem.

Lying on his back, he now looked at the high, cloudless heaven. "Do I not know that this is endless space and not a round vault? But, no matter how much I may squint and strain my vision, I cannot help seeing it otherwise than round and finite, and, in spite of my knowledge of infinite space, I am unquestionably right when I see the firm blue vault, — I am more right than when I strain myself to see beyond it."

Levín stopped thinking and seemed only to be listening to mysterious voices which were joyfully and anxiously talking to each other.

"Is it faith?" he thought, being afraid to believe his happiness. "O Lord, I thank Thee!" he muttered, swallowing the sobs that rose in him, and with both hands wiping off the tears which filled his eyes.

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XIV.

Levín glanced in front of him and saw the herd, then he saw his cart, drawn by Blacky, and his coachman, who drove up to the herd and spoke to the shepherd; then he heard near him the scund of wheels and the snorting of a well-fed horse; but he was so absorbed in his thoughts that he did not reflect why the coachman should drive toward him.

He thought of it only when the coachman drove up close to him and called out to him:

"The mistress has sent me. Your brother and another gentleman have arrived."

Levín seated himself in the cart and took the reins.

As though awakened from sleep, Levín could not come to for quite awhile. He looked at the well-fed horse, which was lathered between the legs and at the neck, where the traces rubbed against it, and he looked at Iván the coachman, and he recalled that he had been expecting his brother, and that his wife was, no doubt, worried by his long absence, and tried to guess who the guest might be that had arrived with his brother. And his brother, and wife, and the unknown guest appeared to him in a different light than before. It seemed to him that all his relations with these people were different now.

"With my brother there will no longer be that estrangement which has always existed between us, — there will be no quarrels; to the guest, whoever he may be, I shall be kind and amiable; with the servants, with Iván, — everything will be different."

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Tightly reining in the good horse, which was snorting from impatience and was begging for the reins, Levín looked at Iván, who was sitting beside him and did not know what to do with his unoccupied hands and kept holding back his shirt which was blown up by the wind, and tried to find an excuse for entering into a conversation with him. He wanted to say that Iván had needlessly raised the saddle strap so high, but that sounded like a reprimand, whereas he wanted to have a pleasant talk. Of anything else he could not think.

"Please bear to the right, there is a stump here," said the coachman, pulling at Levín's rein.

"Please don't touch it, and don't teach me!" said Levín, angered at his interference. As always, anybody's interference made him angry, and he immediately felt to his sorrow how faulty his supposition was that his spiritual mood would at once change him in his contact with reality.

When Levín was about a quarter of a verst from the house, he saw Grísha and Tánya running up toward him.

"Uncle Konstantín! Mamma is coming, and grandfather, and Sergyéy Ivánovich, and somebody else," they said, climbing into the cart.

"And who?"

"He is awfully terrible! And this is the way he moves his arms," said Tánya, rising in the cart and imitating Katavásov.

"Is he old or young?" Levín asked her, laughing, for Tánya's imitation reminded him of somebody.

"Oh, if only it is not a disagreeable man!" thought Levín.

Only at a bend of the road did Levín see those who were walking toward him, and he recognized Katavásov in his straw hat, who was walking and swaying his arms precisely the way Tánya had described him.

Katavásov was very fond of talking of philosophy, hav-

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ing his conceptions about it from the naturalists, who had never busied themselves with philosophy; during his last stay in Moscow Levín had had many disputes with him.

And one of those conversations, when Katavásov had obviously imagined that he had vanquished his opponent, was the first thing that Levín thought of, when he recognized him.

"No, under no conditions will I dispute and express my ideas with levity," he thought.

Getting out of the cart and exchanging greetings with his brother and with Katavásov, Levín asked how his wife was.

"She has taken Mítya to the Wold." (That was the name of the forest near the house.) "She wanted to fix him there, for it is so hot in the house," said Dolly.

As Levín had always dissuaded his wife from taking the boy to the forest, finding it dangerous, this information did not please him.

"She carries him around from one place to another," the prince said, smiling. "I have advised her to take him down to the ice-cellar."

"She wanted to go to the apiary. She thought that you were there. We were going there," said Dolly.

"Well, what are you doing?" said Sergyéy Ivánovich, separating himself from the rest and walking abreast with his brother.

"Nothing especial. I busy myself with the farm, as ever," replied Levín.

"Well, have you come to stay for awhile? We have been expecting you so long."

"I shall stay about two weeks. I have too much to do in Moscow."

At these words the eyes of the brothers met, and Levín, in spite of his usual desire to be friendly, which now was especially strong, and, above all, to assume simple rela-

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tions to his brother, felt uneasy in looking at him. He lowered his eyes and did not know what to say.

He ran through all the subjects for conversation, which might be agreeable to Sergyéy Ivánovich and would distract him from talking about the Servian war and the Slavic question, at which he hinted when he spoke of his work in Moscow. Levín began by asking about his book.

"Well, have you had any reviews of your book?" he asked.

Sergyéy Ivánovich smiled at the intentionality of the question.

"No one is interested in it, and I least of all," he said. "Do you see, Dárya Aleksándrovna, it will rain," he added, pointing with his umbrella at the white clouds that had appeared above the tops of the aspens.

And these words sufficed again to establish between the brothers the cold, even if not hostile, relation to each other, which Levín wished to avoid.

Levín went up to Katavásov.

"How well you did to make up your mind to come!" he said to him.

"I had intended to come for some time. Now we shall chat together. Have you read Spencer?"

"No, I have not finished him," said Levín. "However, I do not need him now."

"How is that? That is interesting. Why?"

"That is, I have come to the final conclusion that neither in him, nor in his like shall I find a solution of the questions that interest me. Now —"

But Katavásov's calm and merry face suddenly startled him, and he grew so sorry for his mood, which he apparently was impairing by that conversation, that, recalling his intention, he broke off.

"Well, we shall speak of it later," he added. "If you want to go to the apiary, please this way, by this path," he turned to the whole company.

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Having walked along a narrow path to an unmown clearing, which on one side was thickly covered with brightly coloured violets, and here and there with a profusion of tall, dark green bushes of hellebore, Levín placed his guests in the dense, fresh shade of young aspens, on benches and blocks purposely prepared for visitors of the apiary who were afraid of the bees, and himself went to the bee ground to bring the children and the grown-ups bread, cucumbers, and fresh honey.

He tried to make as few rapid motions as possible and listened to the bees that flew past him more and more frequently, and, proceeding on the path, reached a hut. Near the vestibule a bee whirred, having lost its way in his beard, but he cautiously freed it.

On entering the shady vestibule, he took down his net, which was hanging on a peg on the wall, and, putting it on and thrusting his hands into his pockets, went into the enclosed apiary, where, in a mown plot, stood the old beehives, each with its own story, familiar to him, and in regular rows attached to posts by means of bast strings, while along the wicker fence were the young beehives which had been set out this last year. Before the entrances of the hives the playing bees and drones, circling and crowding in one place, glimmered before one's eyes, and among them flew working-bees with loads or after loads, directing their flight always in the same direction, to a blossoming linden in the forest, and back again to the hives.

In the ears incessantly dinned a variety of sounds, of the busy working-bees rapidly flying past, of an idle trumpeting drone, and of excited watch-bees, guarding their possessions against the enemy, and ever ready to sting. Beyond the fence, a peasant was planing a hoop; he did not see Levín. Levín did not call him, but stopped in the middle of the apiary.

He was glad of the opportunity of being left alone, in

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order to get away from reality, which had already had time to depress his spirits.

He recalled that he had in the meantime become angry with Iván, shown his coolness to his brother, and spoken with levity to Katavásov.

"Is it possible it was only a momentary mood, and that it will pass without leaving any trace?" he thought.

But, returning that very moment to his mood, he felt with joy that something new and important had taken place in him. Reality had only for a moment shrouded that spiritual peace which he had found; it was still unharmed in him.

Just as the bees, which now circled about him and, threatening and distracting him, deprived him of his full physical calm and compelled him to shrink and evade them, so also the cares, which had beset him from the moment when he took his seat in the cart, deprived him of his spiritual freedom; but that lasted only so long as he was in the midst of them. Just as, in spite of the bees, his physical strength was unharmed in him, even so unharmed was his spiritual power, which he had newly created

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XV.

"Do you know, Konstantín, with whom Sergyéy Ivánovich was travelling?" said Dolly, having distributed the cucumbers and honey to the children. "With Vrónski! He is going to Servia."

"And not himself only, but he is taking a whole squadron with him at his own expense!" said Katavásov.

"That is like him," said Levín. "Are the volunteers still going?" he added, looking at Sergyéy Ivánovich.

Sergyéy Ivánovich made no reply, but, sticking the blunt side of the knife into the cup, in which sidewise lay a white honeycomb, tried to pick out a live bee which had got caught in the oozing honey.

"I should say they are! You ought to have seen yesterday what there was at the station!" said Katavásov, loudly crunching a cucumber.

"Well, how is that to be understood? For Christ's sake, explain to me, Sergyéy Ivánovich, where those volunteers are going to? With whom are they fighting?" asked the old prince, apparently continuing the conversation which had begun in Levín's absence.

"With the Turks," Sergyéy Ivánovich replied, with a calm smile, having picked out the bee that helplessly moved its legs and looked black from the honey, and putting it down from the knife on a strong aspen leaf.

"But who has declared war on the Turks? Is it Iván Ivánovich Ragózov and Countess Lídiya Ivánovna with Madame Shtal?"

"Nobody has declared war, but the people feel com-

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passion for their brothers and want to aid them," said Sergyéy Ivánovich.

"The prince is not talking of the aid," said Levín, taking the part of his father-in-law. "The prince says that private individuals cannot take part in a war without the permission of the government."

"Konstantín, look, a bee! Really, they will sting us!" said Dolly, warding off a wasp.

"It is not a bee, but a wasp," said Levín.

"Well, sir, well, sir, what is your theory?" Katavásov said, smilingly, to Levín, apparently provoking him to a discussion. "Why have private individuals no right?"

"My theory is this: war is, on the one hand, such a beastly, cruel, and terrible business that not a man, not to mention a Christian, can take the responsibility of beginning a war, but must leave it only to the government, which is called to do that and is inevitably provoked to the war. On the other hand, both science and common sense dictate that in matters of state, especially in matters of war, the citizens should renounce their personal wills."

Sergyéy Ivánovich and Katavásov began to talk at the same time, both of them prepared to retort.

"That's where the trouble is, sir: there may be cases when the government does not do the will of its citizens, and then society declares its own will," said Katavásov.

But Sergyéy Ivánovich did not approve of that retort. He frowned at Katavásov's words and adduced another retort.

"You do not put the question right. There is here no declaration of war, but simply the expression of a humane Christian sentiment. Brothers of one blood and one faith are being killed. Well, let us even assume, not brothers, not coreligionists, but simply children, women, old men; feeling revolts, and Russians hasten to help put a stop to those horrors. Imagine yourself to be walking in the

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street and seeing a drunkard strike a woman or child; I think you would not stop to ask whether war has been declared on that man, but you would make for him and would defend the assaulted person."

"But I should not kill," said Levín.

"Yes, you would."

"I do not know about that. If I saw it, I should abandon myself to my immediate feeling; I cannot say in advance. But there is no such immediate feeling in the case of the oppression of the Slavs, and there cannot be."

"Perhaps there is none for you. But for others it exists," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, with an impatient frown. "Among the people live the traditions about the Orthodox men suffering under the yoke of the 'infidel Hagarites.' The people have heard about the sufferings of their brothers, and they talk."

"Perhaps," Levín said, evasively, "but I do not see it; I am myself the people, and I do not feel it."

"And I too," said the prince. "I lived abroad and read the papers and, I confess, before the Bulgarian atrocities, I was absolutely unable to comprehend why the Russians should suddenly have fallen in love with their Slavic brothers? I myself do not feel the least love for them. I was very much grieved thinking that I was some kind of a monster, or that Karlsbad was having that effect upon me. But when I came here, I calmed myself; I see that there are other people besides me who are interested only in Russia, and not in our Slavic brothers. Take, for example, Konstantín."

"Personal opinions do not mean anything," said Sergyéy Ivánovich. "We have nothing to do with personal opinions when all of Russia, the nation, has expressed its will."

"But, pardon me, I do not see that. The people do not wish to know it," said the prince.

"Really, papa — why not? And on Sunday in church?"

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said Dolly, listening to the conversation. "Let me have a towel, if you please," she said to the old man, who was looking at the children with a smile. "It cannot be possible that all — "

"What was there in church on Sunday? The priest was commanded to read it. So he did. They did not understand a word and sighed, as at any sermon," continued the prince. "Then they were told that a collection was to be taken up for a soul-saving business, and so they took out their purses and gave a kopek, but what it was for they did not know."

"The people cannot help knowing; the consciousness of their fate always exists among the masses, and at such moments as the present it becomes clear to them," Sergyéy Ivánovich said, with insistence, glancing at the old bee-keeper.

The handsome old man, with black, gray-streaked beard and thick, silvery hair, stood motionless, holding a cup with honey, and kindly and calmly looking at his masters from the height of his stature, apparently not understanding and not wishing to understand what they were saying.

"That is precisely so," he said, in response to Sergyéy Ivánovich's words, with a significant shake of his head.

"Yes, ask him. He knows nothing and thinks nothing," said Levín. "Mikháylych, have you heard about the war?" he turned to him. "About what they read in church? What do you think of it? Ought we to fight for the Christians?"

"What have we to think about? Aleksándr Nikoláevich, the emperor takes care of us, — he will also take care of us in these matters. He can see better. Shall I bring you more bread? Shall I give some to the lad?" He turned to Dárya Aleksándrovna, pointing to Grísha, who was finishing his crust.

"I do not need to ask," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, "we have seen hundreds and hundreds of men throw up every-

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thing in order to serve the right cause, coming from all the ends of Russia, and openly and clearly expressing their thoughts and purposes. They bring their mites, or go themselves, and they say directly for what purpose. What does that signify?"

"In my opinion it signifies," said Levín, beginning to become excited, "that in a nation of eighty millions there will always be found, not hundreds, as at present, but tens of thousands, who have lost their social standing, a restless crowd, ready to go anywhere, — to join Pugachév's robber band, or to go to Khíva, to Servia — "

"I tell you, not hundreds, and not a restless crowd, but the best representatives of the nation!" said Sergyéy Ivánovich, with an expression as though he were defending his last possessions. "And the contributions? Here the whole nation directly expresses its will."

"This word 'nation' is so indefinite," said Levín. "Township scribes, teachers, and of the peasants one in a thousand know, perhaps, what is going on. But the remainder of the eighty millions, like Mikháylych, not only do not express their will, but have not even the slightest conception what they should express their will about. What right have we, then, to say that that is the nation's will?"

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XVI.

SERGYÉY IVÁNOVICH, who was experienced in dialectics, made no retort, but immediately transferred the conversation to another field.

"Yes, if you want to discover the national spirit in an arithmetical way, you will find it very hard. Voting has not been introduced in our country, and cannot be, because it does not represent the popular will; but there are other ways for that. It is felt in the air, it is felt with the heart. I do not speak of those undercurrents, which have begun to move in the stagnant sea of the people, and which are clear to any unprejudiced person. Look at society in the narrower sense! All the most varied parties of the world of intelligence, so hostile before, have blended into one. All dissensions have stopped; all the public organs speak of one and the same thing, — all of them have come to feel the elementary force that has seized them and is carrying them all in one direction."

"Yes, the papers all say the same thing," said the prince. "That is so. They all croak alike, like frogs before a storm. It is impossible to hear anything for their croaking."

"Frogs, or no frogs, — I am not an editor of newspapers, and I do not want to defend them; but I am talking about the agreement of ideas in the world of intelligence," said Sergyéy Ivánovich, turning to his brother.

Levín wanted to retort, but the old prince interrupted him.

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"Well, about that agreement of ideas a great deal might be said," said the prince. "I have a son-in-law, Stepán Arkádevich, — you know him. He is now getting the place of a member on the committee of a commission, and something else, I do not remember what. Only, there is nothing to do there, — well, Dolly, it is no secret! — but he gets a salary of eight thousand. Try and ask him whether his service is useful, and he will prove to you that it is of prime importance. He is a truthful man, but how can one refuse believing in favour of eight thousand roubles."

"Yes, he asked me to inform Dárya Aleksándrovna about having received the place," Sergyéy Ivánovich said, impatiently, as the prince's words seemed to him irrelevant.

"Thus it is also with the agreement of ideas in the case of the newspapers. It has been explained to me like this: the moment a war breaks out, their income is doubled. How can they help considering the fates of nations and of the Slavs — and all that?"

"I have no use for many of the papers, but that is not just," said Sergyéy Ivánovich.

"I would make only one condition," continued the prince. "Alphonse Karr wrote beautifully before the war with Prussia: 'You consider war inevitable? Very well. Let all who preach war be put in a special legion of the van, and send them out to the storm, the attack, ahead of everybody!'"

"The editors would cut a fine figure!" said Katavásov, laughing loud; he was thinking of some of the editors he knew as forming part of that chosen legion.

"Why, they would only run," said Dolly, "they would only be in the way."

"And if they run, fire canister-shot at them, or put Cossacks behind them with horsewhips!" said the prince.

"That is a joke, a bad joke, pardon me for saying so," said Sergyéy Ivánovich.

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"I do not see that it is a joke, it —" began Levín, but Sergyéy Ivánovich interrupted him.

"Every member of society is called to do what is proper for him," he said. "And the men of thought do their work, expressing the public opinion. And the unanimous and full expression of the public opinion is a merit in the press, and, at the same time, an encouraging phenomenon. Twenty years ago we should have kept silent, but now is heard the voice of the Russian people, who are ready to rise like one man and prepare to sacrifice themselves for their oppressed brothers; that is a great step and an earnest of power."

"But they not only sacrifice themselves; they also kill the Turks," said Levín. "The masses bring sacrifices, and are prepared to bring them, for the sake of their souls, but not for the sake of murder," he added, involuntarily connecting the conversation with the ideas which had been interesting him.

"How so for the soul? That is a difficult conception for a naturalist. What is a soul?" Katavásov said, smiling.

"Oh, you know!"

"Upon my word, I have not the slightest idea!" Katavásov said, with a loud laugh.

"I have brought the sword, and not peace, says Christ," Sergyéy Ivánovich interposed, in a simple manner, as though speaking of a most natural thing, and quoting that part of the Gospel which most provoked Levín.

"That is precisely so," again said the old man, who was standing near them, replying to the glance which was accidentally cast at him.

"Yes, sir, you are beaten, completely beaten!" Katavásov called out, merrily.

Levín blushed from anger, not because he was beaten, but because he had not held out and had involved himself in a discussion.

"No, I must not discuss matters with them," he thought;

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"they have an impermeable coat of mail, and I am naked."

He saw that his brother and Katavásov could not be convinced, and still less did he see the possibility of agreeing with them. What they were preaching was the same mental pride which had almost ruined him. He could not agree with the statement that dozens of men, among which number was his brother, should have the right to say, basing their statements on what hundreds of glib volunteers who came to the capitals told them, that they and the newspapers were expressing the will and thought of the people, a thought which found its expression in revenge and murder. He could not agree with it, because he did not see the expression of these ideas in the masses, among whom he was living, and did not find these ideas in himself (whereas he could not help regarding himself as being one of the men that formed the Russian nation), and, chiefly, because, with the masses, he could not tell wherein consisted the common good, while he was firmly convinced that the attainment of that common good was possible, only through a strict fulfilment of that law of goodness which was revealed to everybody, and so he could not wish for war and advocate it for any general purposes whatever. He was saying with Mikháylych and with the people who had expressed their thought in the tradition about the invitation tendered to the Varengians: "Rule and direct us. We gladly promise full submission. All the labour, all the humiliations, all the sacrifices we take upon ourselves; but we will not judge or decide." And now the nation, according to Sergyéy Ivánovich's words, renounced that right, which had been purchased so dearly.

He wanted also to say that, if public opinion was an infallible judge, a revolution, the Commune, were just as legitimate as the movement in favour of the Slavs. But all those were ideas that could not change anything.

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There was only one thing which was incontestable, and that was that at the present moment the discussion irritated Sergyéy Ivánovich, and that, therefore, it was wrong to dispute; and so Levín kept silence and directed the attention of the guests to the clouds which were gathering, advising them to go back before it began to rain.

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XVII.

The prince and Sergyéy Ivánovich seated themselves in the cart and drove back; the rest of the company walked home at a brisk gait.

But the cloud, now growing white, and now black, moved so rapidly that they had to increase their steps in order to get home before the rain. The low advance-clouds, black like sooty smoke, ran with extraordinary rapidity over the sky. They had two hundred steps more to go when a wind rose and a downpour could be expected at any second.

The children ran ahead, with screams of fear and joy.

Dárya Aleksándrovna, with difficulty struggling against her skirts, which wound about her legs, no longer walked, but ran, all the time keeping an eye on her children. The men held their hats with their hands and walked with rapid strides. They were just reaching the large porch, when a drop struck and splashed against the edge of the iron gutter. The children, and after them the adults, with loud and merry talking ran under the protection of the roof.

"Katerína Aleksándrovna?" Levín asked Agáfya Mikháylovna, who, carrying shawls and plaids, met them in the antechamber.

"We thought they were with you," she said.

"And Mítya?"

"In the Wold, no doubt, and the nurse is with them."

Levín grabbed the shawls and ran to the Wold.

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During that short interim the storm-cloud had already veiled the sun so much that it was as dark as in an eclipse. As though demanding its own, the wind stubbornly arrested Levín and, tearing the leaves and blossoms off the linden-trees and monstrously and strangely baring the birch branches, bent everything in one direction, — the acacias, the flowers, the burdock, the grass, and the tree-tops. The girls working in the garden ran screaming under the roof of the servant building. The white curtain of the downpour had already swept down on the distant forest and half of the nearer field, and was moving on the Wold. The dampness of the rain, bursting into tiny drops, could be felt in the air.

Bending his head forward and struggling against the wind, which tore the shawls from him, Levín was already approaching the Wold, and already saw something white beyond an oak-tree, when suddenly everything flashed, the whole earth flamed up, and above his head the vault seemed to have cracked. Opening his blinded eyes, Levín tried to peer through the dense rain curtain, which now separated him from the Wold, and he first of all saw to his terror the green top of a familiar oak-tree in the middle of the grove, which had peculiarly changed its place. "Could it be struck?" Levín had barely time to think, when, accelerating his motion, the tree-top disappeared behind the other trees, and he heard the crackling of the oak falling on the other trees.

The flash of the lightning, the sound of the thunder, and the sensation of his body suddenly wrapped in cold blended for Levín in one impression of terror.

"O Lord! O Lord! If only not on them!" he muttered.

And, although he immediately thought how senseless his prayer was that they might not be killed by the oak which had already fallen, he repeated it, knowing that he could do nothing better than say that senseless prayer.

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He ran up to the place where they generally were, but did not find them there.

They were at the other end of the grove, under an old linden, and were calling him. Two figures in dark dresses (they had white on before) were standing there, bending over something. Those were Kitty and the nurse. The rain was beginning to stop and it was growing bright, when Levín ran up to them. The lower part of the nurse's dress was dry, but Kitty's garments were wet through and through, and stuck to her body. Though it had stopped raining, they still remained standing in the same attitude which they had assumed when the storm broke loose. Both were bending over the baby-carriage with the green umbrella.

"Alive? Unharmed? Thank God!" he muttered, splashing with his water-soaked shoes in the puddles of water, and running toward them.

Kitty's ruddy and wet face was turned to him and smiling timidly from underneath her hat, which had changed its shape.

"Are you not ashamed? I cannot understand how one can be so careless!" he in his indignation attacked his wife.

Upon my word, it is not my fault. We were on the point of going back when he got unruly. He had to be changed. We just started —" Kitty began to excuse herself.

Mítya was unharmed and dry, and never woke up.

"Well, thank God! I do not know what I am saying."

They gathered up the wet diapers; the nurse took up the baby and carried him. Levín walked beside his wife, feeling guilty on account of his indignation, and stealthily pressing her hand, so that the nurse might not see it.

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XVIII.

DURING the whole day, in all the varied conversations, in which Levín seemed to take part only with the external side of his reason, he kept joyfully listening to the fulness of his heart, in spite of the disenchantment about the change which was to have taken place in him.

After the rain it was too wet to go out walking; besides, the storm-clouds did not leave the horizon and here and there crossed the edges of the sky, growing darker and thundering. The whole company passed the rest of the day at home.

No more discussions were taken up; on the contrary, after dinner all were in the happiest of moods.

Katavásov at first amused the ladies with his original jokes, which were so pleasing when one first became acquainted with him, but later, incited by Sergyéy Ivánovich, he told them of his very interesting observations on the diversity of characters and even physiognomies of the male and female house-flies, and about their life. Sergyéy Ivánovich, too, was gay, and at tea, incited by his brother, he expounded his views on the future of the Eastern question, and he did that so simply and so well that everybody listened to him.

Kitty was the only one who could not hear all he said, — she was called away to give Mítya a bath.

A few minutes later, Levín, too, was called to the nursery.

Leaving his tea, and himself sorry to interrupt the pleasant conversation, and at the same time worried at

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what the cause might be of his being called out, as that happened only on important occasions, Levín went to the nursery.

Though the unfinished plan of Sergyéy Ivánovich about how the liberated world of forty millions of Slavs would begin with Russia a new epoch in history interested him exceedingly, as something new for him; though he was agitated by curiosity and uneasiness at having been called out, he immediately recalled his morning's thoughts the moment he left the drawing-room and was left alone. And all those reflections on the meaning of the Slav element in universal history appeared so insignificant to him in comparison with what was going on in his soul, that he immediately forgot it and transferred himself to the same mental mood in which he had been in the morning.

He did not now recall the whole train of his thoughts, as used to be the case before (he did not need to). He at once transferred himself to that feeling which guided him, and which was connected with those thoughts, and he found this feeling in his soul even stronger and more definite than before. This time there did not happen what had occurred before in all the consolations which he had invented, when it became necessary to reconstruct the whole train of thoughts in order to discover that feeling. Now, on the contrary, the feeling of joy and consolation was more vivid than before, and thought could not keep pace with the feeling.

He walked across the terrace and looked at two stars which had come out on the darkling heaven, and suddenly he thought: "Yes, looking at the sky I thought that the vault which I see was not an untruth, and then I did not finish my thought and concealed something from myself. But, be it as it may, there can be no refutal. One has to think only, and everything becomes clear!"

Only as he entered the nursery, he recalled what it

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was he had concealed from himself. It was this: If the main proof of the Divinity is His revelation about what is good, why is this revelation confined to the Christian Church only? What relation to this revelation have the creeds of the Buddhists and Mohammedans, who also profess and do what is good?

He thought that he had an answer to this question; but he had no time to express it to himself, when he entered the nursery.

Kitty was standing with rolled-up sleeves at the bathtub over the child who was splashing in it. Upon hearing her husband's steps, she turned her face to him and called him up with a smile. With one hand she supported the head of the chubby child swimming on his back and sprawling with his legs, while with the other she evenly compressed her muscles and squeezed the water from a sponge upon him.

"Just look at him!" she said, when her husband came up to her. "Agáfya Mikháylovna is right: he recognizes faces."

It was evident that on that day Mítya had unquestionably begun to recognize the faces around him.

When Levín walked over to the bathtub, an experiment was made, and that experiment was a complete success. The cook, who was called in for the purpose, bent down over the child. He frowned and gave a negative shake with his head. Kitty bent over him, and he beamed with a smile, pressed his little hands against the sponge, and, rolling his lips, produced such a strange, satisfied sound, that not only Kitty and the nurse, but even Levín were transported with sudden joy.

With one hand the child was taken out from the bathtub, water was poured over him, he was wrapped in a sheet, rubbed down and, after a piercing cry, turned over to his mother.

"Well, I am glad that you are beginning to love him,"

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Kitty said to her husband, when, with her boy at the breast, she had calmly seated herself in her customary place. "I am very glad. It had been worrying me. You used to say that you had no feeling for him."

"Really, did I say I had no feeling for him? All I said was that I was disappointed."

"What? Disappointed in him?"

"Not exactly disappointed in him, but in my feeling; I had expected more. I had expected that, as a surprise, there would blossom in me a new, agreeable feeling. And suddenly, instead, there was loathing, pity —"

She attentively listened to him over her baby, putting on her thin fingers the rings which she had taken off to bathe Mítya.

"Above all, much more fear and pity than pleasure. To-day, after that fright during the storm, I comprehended how I loved him."

Kitty beamed with a smile.

"Were you very much frightened?" she asked. "I was, too, but I feel more frightened now, since it is passed. I will go and take a look at the oak. Oh, how dear Katavásov is! Yes, the whole day has been a pleasant one. And you are so good to Sergyéy Ivánovich, whenever you try — Well, go to them! After the bath it is always so hot here and such a steam —"

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XIX.

After leaving the nursery, and being left alone, Levín at once reverted to the thought in which something was not clear.

Instead of going to the drawing-room, where voices were heard, he stopped on the terrace and, leaning over the balustrade, began to look at the sky.

It had grown dark, and in the south, whither he was looking, there were no clouds. The clouds were on the opposite side. There lightnings flashed and the distant rumble of thunder was heard. Levín listened to the drops which fell evenly from the lindens in the garden and looked at the familiar triangle of the stars and at the galaxy, with its branches, passing through it. At each flash of the lightning not only the milky way, but even the bright stars disappeared; but the moment the lightning went out, they all appeared again on the same spots, as though hurled there by a well-aiming arm.

"What is it that worries me?" Levín said to himself, feeling in advance that the solution of his doubts, though he did not know it, was already in his soul.

"Yes, the only obvious, incontestable manifestations of the Divinity are the laws of what is good, as shown to the world in the revelation, and as I feel them within me, and in the recognition of which I not merely join, but am involuntarily united with other men in one company of believers, called the Church. Well, and the Jews, the Mohammedans, the Confucianists, the Buddhists, — what are they?" he put to himself the question which had seemed

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perilous to him. "Is it possible those hundreds of millions of men are deprived of that greatest good, without which life has no meaning?" He fell to musing, but immediately corrected himself. "But what am I asking myself about?" he said to himself. "I am asking about the relation to the Divinity of all the various faiths of humanity. I am asking about the general manifestation of God for the whole world with all these nebular spots. What am I doing? To me personally, to my heart, has unquestionably been revealed the knowledge which is not accessible to reason, and I persist in trying to express this knowledge by means of reason and in words.

"Do I not know that the stars do not move?" he asked himself, looking at a bright planet which had already changed its position in the top branch of a birch-tree. "But, looking at the motion of the stars, I cannot imagine the rotation of the earth, and I am right in saying that the stars are moving.

"And could the astronomers understand or calculate anything, if they took into account all the complex and varied motions of the earth? All their wonderful conclusions about the distances, weights, motions, and disturbances of the heavenly bodies are based on the visible motion of the luminaries around the motionless earth, on that same motion which is now before me, and which has been such for millions of beings through the ages, and has been and always will be the same, and can always be verified. And just as idle and unstable as would be the conclusions of the astronomers, if they were not based on the observations of the visible heavens, in respect to one meridian and one horizon, even so idle and unstable would be my conclusions, if they were not based on that comprehension of the good, which has always been and always will be the same for everybody, and which is revealed to me through Christianity, and always may be verified in my soul. And so I have no right and no chance to put the

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question about the other faiths and their relations to the Divinity."

"Oh, you have not returned?" suddenly was heard the voice of Kitty, who was taking the same road to the drawing-room. "Are you put out about anything?" she said, looking fixedly at his face in the starlight.

But she would not have seen his face, if a flash of lightning, dimming the stars, had not lighted it up. In this light she saw the whole of his face, and, seeing that he was calm and joyful, she smiled at him.

"She understands," he thought, "she knows what I am thinking about. Shall I tell her or not? Yes, I shall." But just as he was about to say it, she began to speak.

"Listen, Konstantín! Do me the favour," she said, "and go to the corner room and see whether Sergyéy Ivánovich will be comfortable there. It is not proper for me to go there. See whether they have placed the new washstand there."

"All right, I will go there by all means," said Levín, getting up and kissing her.

"No, I must not tell her," he thought, as she preceded him. "This secret is necessary and important to me alone, and it is inexpressible in words.

"This new feeling has not changed me, made me happy, enlightened me at once, as I had dreamed, — just as was the case with the feeling for my son. There was no surprise here, either. Call it faith, or not, — I do not know what it is, — but this feeling has just as imperceptibly entered through suffering and has taken up a firm abode in my heart.

"I shall be as angry with Iván the coachman, shall discuss as before, shall express my thoughts as inappropriately as before; there will be the same wall between the holy of holies of my soul and others, even my wife; I shall be accusing her as much because of my own fright, and then shall repent of it; I shall just as much fail to

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comprehend through reason why I pray and continue praying, — but my life, my whole life, independently of everything that may happen to me, every minute of it, is now no longer senseless, as it has been, but has an unquestionable meaning from the good, which it is in my power to invest it with!"

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FABLES FOR CHILDREN

1869 – 1872

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FABLES FOR CHILDREN

I. ÆSOP'S FABLES

THE ANT AND THE DOVE

AN Ant came down to the brook: he wanted to drink. A wave washed him down and almost drowned him. A Dove was carrying a branch; she saw the Ant was drowning, so she cast the branch down to him in the brook. The Ant got up on the branch and was saved. Then a hunter placed a snare for the Dove, and was on the point of drawing it in. The Ant crawled up to the hunter and bit him on the leg; the hunter groaned and dropped the snare. The Dove fluttered upwards and flew away.

THE TURTLE AND THE EAGLE

A Turtle asked an Eagle to teach her how to fly. The Eagle advised her not to try, as she was not fit for it; but she insisted. The Eagle took her in his claws, raised her up, and dropped her: she fell on stones and broke to pieces.

THE POLECAT

A Polecat entered a smithy and began to lick the filings. Blood began to flow from the Polecat's mouth, but he was glad and continued to lick; he thought that the

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blood was coming from the iron, and lost his whole tongue.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A Lion was sleeping. A Mouse ran over his body. He awoke and caught her. The Mouse besought him; she said:

"Let me go, and I will do you a favour!"

The Lion laughed at the Mouse for promising him a favour, and let her go.

Then the hunters caught the Lion and tied him with a rope to a tree. The Mouse heard the Lion's roar, ran up, gnawed the rope through, and said:

"Do you remember? You laughed, not thinking that I could repay, but now you see that a favour may come also from a Mouse."

THE LIAR

A Boy was watching the sheep and, pretending that he saw a wolf, he began to cry:

"Help! A wolf! A wolf!"

The peasants came running up and saw that it was not so. After doing this for a second and a third time, it happened that a wolf came indeed. The Boy began to cry:

"Come, come, quickly, a wolf!"

The peasants thought that he was deceiving them as usual, and paid no attention to him. The wolf saw there was no reason to be afraid: he leisurely killed the whole flock.

THE ASS AND THE HORSE

A man had an Ass and a Horse. They were walking on the road; the Ass said to the Horse:

"It is heavy for me, — I shall not be able to carry it all; take at least a part of my load."

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The Horse paid no attention to him. The Ass fell down from overstraining himself, and died. When the master transferred the Ass's load on the Horse, and added the Ass's hide, the Horse began to complain:

"Oh, woe to me, poor one, woe to me, unfortunate Horse! I did not want to help him even a little, and now I have to carry everything, and his hide, too."

THE JACKDAW AND THE DOVES

A Jackdaw saw that the Doves were well fed, — so she painted herself white and flew into the dove-cot. The Doves thought at first that she was a dove like them, and let her in. But the Jackdaw forgot herself and croaked in jackdaw fashion. Then the Doves began to pick at her and drove her away. The Jackdaw flew back to her friends, but the jackdaws were frightened at her, seeing her white, and themselves drove her away.

THE WOMAN AND THE HEN

A Hen laid an egg each day. The Mistress thought that if she gave her more to eat, she would lay twice as much. So she did. The Hen grew fat and stopped laying.

THE LION, THE BEAR, AND THE FOX

A Lion and a Bear procured some meat and began to fight for it. The Bear did not want to give in, nor did the Lion yield. They fought for so long a time that they both grew feeble and lay down. A Fox saw the meat between them; she grabbed it and ran away with it.

THE DOG, THE COCK, AND THE FOX

A Dog and a Cock went to travel together. At night the Cock fell asleep in a tree, and the Dog fixed a place

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for himself between the roots of that tree. When the time came, the Cock began to crow. A Fox heard the Cock, ran up to the tree, and began to beg the Cock to come down, as she wanted to give him her respects for such a fine voice.

The Cock said:

"You must first wake up the janitor, — he is sleeping between the roots. Let him open up, and I will come down."

The Fox began to look for the janitor, and started yelping. The Dog sprang out at once and killed the Fox.

THE HORSE AND THE GROOM

A Groom stole the Horse's oats, and sold them, but he cleaned the Horse each day. Said the Horse:

"If you really wish me to be in good condition, do not sell my oats."

THE FROG AND THE LION

A Lion heard a Frog croaking, and thought it was a large beast that was calling so loud. He walked up, and saw a Frog coming out of the swamp. The Lion crushed her with his paw and said:

"There is nothing to look at, and yet I was frightened."

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANTS

In the fall the wheat of the Ants got wet; they were drying it. A hungry Grasshopper asked them for something to eat. The Ants said:

"Why did you not gather food during the summer?"

She said:

"I had no time: I sang songs."

They laughed, and said:

"If you sang in the summer, dance in the winter!"

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THE HEN AND THE GOLDEN EGGS

A master had a Hen which laid golden eggs. He wanted more gold at once, and so killed the Hen (he thought that inside of her there was a large lump of gold), but she was just like any other hen.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

An Ass put on a lion's skin, and all thought it was a lion. Men and animals ran away from him. A wind sprang up, and the skin was blown aside, and the Ass could be seen. People ran up and beat the Ass.

THE HEN AND THE SWALLOW

A Hen found some snake's eggs and began to sit on them. A Swallow saw it and said:

"Stupid one! You will hatch them out, and, when they grow up, you will be the first one to suffer from them."

THE STAG AND THE FAWN

A Fawn once said to a Stag:

"Father, you are larger and fleeter than the dogs, and, besides, you have huge antlers for defence; why, then, are you so afraid of the dogs?"

The Stag laughed, and said:

"You speak the truth, my child. The trouble is,—the moment I hear the dogs bark, I run before I have time to think."

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A Fox saw some ripe bunches of grapes hanging high, and tried to get at them, in order to eat them.

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She tried hard, but could not get them. To drown her annoyance she said:

"They are still sour."

THE MAIDS AND THE COCK

A mistress used to wake the Maids at night and, as soon as the cocks crowed, put them to work. The Maids found that hard, and decided to kill the Cock, so that the mistress should not be wakened. They killed him, but now they suffered more than ever: the mistress was afraid that she would sleep past the time and so began to wake the Maids earlier.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE FISH

A Fisherman caught a Fish. Said the Fish:

"Fisherman, let me go into the water; you see I am small: you will have little profit of me. If you let me go, I shall grow up, and then you will catch me when it will be worth while."

But the Fisherman said:

"A fool would be he who should wait for greater profit, and let the lesser slip out of his hands."

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

A Goat wanted to drink. He went down the incline to the well, drank his fill, and gained in weight. He started to get out, but could not do so. He began to bleat. A Fox saw him and said:

"That's it, stupid one! If you had as much sense in your head as there are hairs in your beard, you would have thought of how to get out before you climbed down."

THE DOG AND HER SHADOW

A Dog was crossing the river over a plank, carrying a piece of meat in her teeth. She saw herself in the water

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and thought that another dog was carrying a piece of meat. She dropped her piece and dashed forward to take away what the other dog had: the other meat was gone, and her own was carried away by the stream.

And thus the Dog was left without anything.

THE CRANE AND THE STORK

A peasant put out his nets to catch the Cranes for tramping down his field. In the nets were caught the Cranes, and with them one Stork.

The Stork said to the peasant:

"Let me go! I am not a Crane, but a Stork; we are most honoured birds; I live on your father's house. You can see by my feathers that I am not a Crane."

The peasant said:

"With the Cranes I have caught you, and with them will I kill you."

THE GARDENER AND HIS SONS

A Gardener wanted his Sons to get used to gardening. As he was dying, he called them up and said to them:

"Children, when I am dead, look for what is hidden in the vineyard."

The Sons thought that it was a treasure, and when their father died, they began to dig there, and dug up the whole ground. They did not find the treasure, but they ploughed the vineyard up so well that it brought forth more fruit than ever.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE

A Wolf had a bone stuck in his throat, and could not cough it up. He called the Crane, and said to him:

"Crane, you have a long neck. Thrust your head into my throat and draw out the bone! I will reward you."

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The Crane stuck his head in, pulled out the bone, and said:

"Give me my reward!"

The Wolf gnashed his teeth and said:

"Is it not enough reward for you that I did not bite off your head when it was between my teeth?"

THE HARES AND THE FROGS

The Hares once got together, and began to complain about their life:

"We perish from men, and from dogs, and from eagles, and from all the other beasts. It would be better to die at once than to live in fright and suffer. Come, let us drown ourselves!"

And the Hares raced away to drown themselves in a lake. The Frogs heard the Hares and plumped into the water. So one of the Hares said:

"Wait, boys! Let us put off the drowning! Evidently the Frogs are having a harder life than we: they are afraid even of us."

THE FATHER AND HIS SONS

A Father told his Sons to live in peace: they paid no attention to him. So he told them to bring the bath broom, and said:

"Break it!"

No matter how much they tried, they could not break it. Then the Father unclosed the broom, and told them to break the rods singly. They broke it.

The Father said:

"So it is with you: if you live in peace, no one will overcome you; but if you quarrel, and are divided, any one will easily ruin you."

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THE FOX

A Fox got caught in a trap. She tore off her tail, and got away. She began to contrive how to cover up her shame. She called together the Foxes, and begged them to cut off their tails.

"A tail," she said, "is a useless thing. In vain do we drag along a dead weight."

One of the Foxes said:

"You would not be speaking thus, if you were not tailless!"

The tailless Fox grew silent and went away.

THE WILD ASS AND THE TAME ASS

A Wild Ass saw a Tame Ass. The Wild Ass went up to him and began to praise his life, saying how smooth his body was, and what sweet feed he received. Later, when the Tame Ass was loaded down, and a driver began to goad him with a stick, the Wild Ass said:

"No, brother, I do not envy you: I see that your life is going hard with you."

THE STAG

A Stag went to the brook to quench his thirst. He saw himself in the water, and began to admire his horns, seeing how large and branching they were; and he looked at his feet, and said: "But my feet are unseemly and thin."

Suddenly a Lion sprang out and made for the Stag. The Stag started to run over the open plain. He was getting away, but there came a forest, and his horns caught in the branches, and the lion caught him. As the Stag was dying, he said:

"How foolish I am! That which I thought to be unseemly and thin was saving me, and what I gloried in has been my ruin."

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THE DOG AND THE WOLF

A Dog fell asleep back of the yard. A Wolf ran up and wanted to eat him.

Said the Dog:

"Wolf, don't eat me yet: now I am lean and bony. Wait a little, — my master is going to celebrate a wedding; then I shall have plenty to eat; I shall grow fat. It will be better to eat me then."

The Wolf believed her, and went away. Then he came a second time, and saw the Dog lying on the roof. The Wolf said to her:

"Well, have they had the wedding?"

The Dog replied:

"Listen, Wolf! If you catch me again asleep in front of the yard, do not wait for the wedding."

THE GNAT AND THE LION

A Gnat came to a Lion, and said:

"Do you think that you have more strength than I? You are mistaken! What does your strength consist in? Is it that you scratch with your claws, and gnaw with your teeth? That is the way the women quarrel with their husbands. I am stronger than you: if you wish let us fight!"

And the Gnat sounded his horn, and began to bite the Lion on his bare cheeks and his nose. The Lion struck his face with his paws and scratched it with his claws. He tore his face until the blood came, and gave up.

The Gnat trumpeted for joy, and flew away. Then he became entangled in a spider's web, and the spider began to suck him up. The Gnat said:

"I have vanquished the strong beast, the Lion, and now I perish from this nasty spider."

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THE HORSE AND HIS MASTERS

A gardener had a Horse. She had much to do, but little to eat; so she began to pray to God to get another master. And so it happened. The gardener sold the Horse to a potter. The Horse was glad, but the potter had even more work for her to do. And again the Horse complained of her lot, and began to pray that she might get a better master. And this prayer, too, was fulfilled. The potter sold the Horse to a tanner. When the Horse saw the skins of horses in the tanner's yard, she began to cry:

"Woe to me, wretched one! It would be better if I could stay with my old masters. It is evident they have sold me now not for work, but for my skin's sake."

THE OLD MAN AND DEATH

An Old Man cut some wood, which he carried away. He had to carry it far. He grew tired, so he put down his bundle, and said:

"Oh, if Death would only come!"

Death came, and said:

"Here I am, what do you want?"

The Old Man was frightened, and said:

"Lift up my bundle!"

THE LION AND THE FOX

A Lion, growing old, was unable to catch the animals, and so intended to live by cunning. He went into a den, lay down there, and pretended that he was sick. The animals came to see him, and he ate up those that went into his den. The Fox guessed the trick. She stood at the entrance of the den, and said:

"Well, Lion, how are you feeling?"

The Lion answered:

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"Poorly. Why don't you come in?"

The Fox replied:

"I do not come in because I see by the tracks that many have entered, but none have come out."

THE STAG AND THE VINEYARD

A Stag hid himself from the hunters in a vineyard. When the hunters missed him, the Stag began to nibble at the grape-vine leaves.

The hunters noticed that the leaves were moving, and so they thought, "There must be an animal under those leaves," and fired their guns, and wounded the Stag.

The Stag said, dying:

"It serves me right for wanting to eat the leaves that saved me."

THE CAT AND THE MICE

A house was overrun with Mice. A Cat found his way into the house, and began to catch them. The Mice saw that matters were bad, and said:

"Mice, let us not come down from the ceiling! The Cat cannot get up there."

When the Mice stopped coming down, the Cat decided that he must catch them by a trick. He grasped the ceiling with one leg, hung down from it, and made believe that he was dead.

A Mouse looked out at him, but said:

"No, my friend! Even if you should turn into a bag, I would not go up to you."

THE WOLF AND THE GOAT

A Wolf saw a Goat browsing on a rocky mountain, and he could not get at her; so he said to her:

"Come down lower! The place is more even, and the grass is much sweeter to feed on."

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But the Goat answered:

"You are not calling me down for that, Wolf: you are troubling yourself not about my food, but about yours."

THE REEDS AND THE OLIVE-TREE

The Olive-tree and the Reeds quarrelled about who was stronger and sounder. The Olive-tree laughed at the Reeds because they bent in every wind. The Reeds kept silence. A storm came: the Reeds swayed, tossed, bowed to the ground, — and remained unharmed. The Olive-tree strained her branches against the wind, — and broke.

THE TWO COMPANIONS

Two Companions were walking through the forest when a Bear jumped out on them. One started to run, climbed a tree, and hid himself, but the other remained in the road. He had nothing to do, so he fell down on the ground and pretended that he was dead.

The Bear went up to him, and sniffed at him; but he had stopped breathing.

The Bear sniffed at his face; he thought that he was dead, and so went away.

When the Bear was gone, the Companion climbed down from the tree and, laughing, said: "What did the Bear whisper in your ear?"

"He told me that those who in danger run away from their companions are bad people."

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

A Wolf saw a Lamb drinking at a river. The Wolf wanted to eat the Lamb, and so he began to annoy him. He said:

"You are muddling my water and do not let me drink."

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The Lamb said:

"How can I muddle your water? I am standing downstream from you; besides, I drink with the tips of my lips."

And the Wolf said:

"Well, why did you call my father names last summer?"

The Lamb said:

"But, Wolf, I was not yet born last summer."

The Wolf got angry, and said:

"It is hard to get the best of you. Besides, my stomach is empty, so I will devour you."

THE LION, THE WOLF, AND THE FOX

An old, sick Lion was lying in his den. All the animals came to see the king, but the Fox kept away. So the Wolf was glad of the chance, and began to slander the Fox before the Lion.

"She does not esteem you in the least," he said, "she has not come once to see the king."

The Fox happened to run by as he was saying these words. She heard what the Wolf had said, and thought:

"Wait, Wolf, I will get my revenge on you."

So the Lion began to roar at the Fox, but she said:

"Do not have me killed, but let me say a word! I did not come to see you because I had no time. And I had no time because I ran over the whole world to ask the doctors for a remedy for you. I have just got it, and so I have come to see you."

The Lion said:

"What is the remedy?"

"It is this: if you flay a live Wolf, and put his warm hide on you —"

When the Lion stretched out the Wolf, the Fox laughed, and said:

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"That's it, my friend: masters ought to be led to do good, not evil."

THE LION, THE ASS, AND THE FOX

The Lion, the Ass, and the Fox went out to hunt. They caught a large number of animals, and the Lion told the Ass to divide them up. The Ass divided them into three equal parts and said: "Now, take them!"

The Lion grew angry, ate up the Ass, and told the Fox to divide them up anew. The Fox collected them all into one heap, and left a small bit for herself. The Lion looked at it and said:

"Clever Fox! Who taught you to divide so well?"

She said:

"What about that Ass?"

THE PEASANT AND THE WATER-SPRITE

A Peasant lost his axe in the river; he sat down on the bank in grief, and began to weep.

The Water-sprite heard the Peasant and took pity on him. He brought a gold axe out of the river, and said: "Is this your axe?"

The Peasant said: "No, it is not mine."

The Water-sprite brought another, a silver axe.

Again the Peasant said: "It is not my axe."

Then the Water-sprite brought out the real axe.

The Peasant said: "Now this is my axe."

The Water-sprite made the Peasant a present of all three axes, for having told the truth.

At home the Peasant showed his axes to his friends, and told them what had happened to him.

One of the peasants made up his mind to do the same: he went to the river, purposely threw his axe into the water, sat down on the bank, and began to weep.

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The Water-sprite brought out a gold axe, and asked: "Is this your axe?"

The Peasant was glad, and called out: "It is mine, mine!"

The Water-sprite did not give him the gold axe, and did not bring him back his own either, because he had told an untruth.

THE RAVEN AND THE FOX

A Raven got himself a piece of meat, and sat down on a tree. The Fox wanted to get it from him. She went up to him, and said:

"Oh, Raven, as I look at you, — from your size and beauty, — you ought to be a king! And you would certainly be a king, if you had a good voice."

The Raven opened his mouth wide, and began to croak with all his might and main. The meat fell down. The Fox caught it and said:

"Oh, Raven! If you had also sense, you would certainly be a king."

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II. ADAPTATIONS AND IMITATIONS OF HINDOO FABLES

THE SNAKE'S HEAD AND TAIL

THE Snake's Tail had a quarrel with the Snake's Head about who was to walk in front. The Head said:

"You cannot walk in front, because you have no eyes and no ears."

The Tail said:

"Yes, but I have strength, I move you; if I want to, I can wind myself around a tree, and you cannot get off the spot."

The Head said:

"Let us separate!"

And the Tail tore himself loose from the Head, and crept on; but the moment he got away from the Head, he fell into a hole and was lost.

FINE THREAD

A Man ordered some fine thread from a Spinner. The Spinner spun it for him, but the Man said that the thread was not good, and that he wanted the finest thread he could get. The Spinner said:

"If this is not fine enough, take this!" and she pointed to an empty space.

He said that he did not see any. The Spinner said:

"You do not see it, because it is so fine. I do not see it myself."

The Fool was glad, and ordered some more thread of this kind, and paid her for what he got.

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THE PARTITION OF THE INHERITANCE

A Father had two Sons. He said to them: "When I die, divide everything into two equal parts."

When the Father died, the Sons could not divide without quarrelling. They went to a Neighbour to have him settle the matter. The Neighbour asked them how their Father had told them to divide. They said:

"He ordered us to divide everything into two equal parts."

The Neighbour said:

"If so, tear all your garments into two halves, break your dishes into two halves, and cut all your cattle into two halves!"

The Brothers obeyed their Neighbour, and lost everything.

THE MONKEY

A Man went into the woods, cut down a tree, and began to saw it. He raised the end of the tree on a stump, sat astride over it, and began to saw. Then he drove a wedge into the split that he had sawed, and went on sawing; then he took out the wedge and drove it in farther down.

A Monkey was sitting on a tree and watching him. When the Man lay down to sleep, the Monkey seated herself astride the tree, and wanted to do the same; but when she took out the wedge, the tree sprang back and caught her tail. She began to tug and to cry. The Man woke up, beat the Monkey, and tied a rope to her.

THE MONKEY AND THE PEASE

A Monkey was carrying both her hands full of pease. A pea dropped on the ground; the Monkey wanted to pick it up, and dropped twenty peas. She rushed to pick

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them up and lost all the rest. Then she flew into a rage, swept away all the pease and ran off.

THE MILCH COW

A Man had a Cow; she gave each day a pot full of milk. The Man invited a number of guests. To have as much milk as possible, he did not milk the Cow for ten days. He thought that on the tenth day the Cow would give him ten pitchers of milk.

But the Cow's milk went back, and she gave less milk than before.

THE DUCK AND THE MOON

A Duck was swimming in the pond, trying to find some fish, but she did not find one in a whole day. When night came, she saw the Moon in the water; she thought that it was a fish, and plunged in to catch the Moon. The other ducks saw her do it and laughed at her.

That made the Duck feel so ashamed and bashful that when she saw a fish under the water, she did not try to catch it, and so died of hunger.

THE WOLF IN THE DUST

A Wolf wanted to pick a sheep out of a flock, and stepped into the wind, so that the dust of the flock might blow on him.

The Sheep Dog saw him, and said:

"There is no sense, Wolf, in your walking in the dust: it will make your eyes ache."

But the Wolf said:

"The trouble is, Doggy, that my eyes have been aching for quite awhile, and I have been told that the dust from a flock of sheep will cure the eyes."

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THE MOUSE UNDER THE GRANARY

A Mouse was living under the granary. In the floor of the granary there was a little hole, and the grain fell down through it. The Mouse had an easy life of it, but she wanted to brag of her ease: she gnawed a larger hole in the floor, and invited other mice.

"Come to a feast with me," said she; "there will be plenty to eat for everybody."

When she brought the mice, she saw there was no hole. The peasant had noticed the big hole in the floor, and had stopped it up.

THE BEST PEARS

A master sent his Servant to buy the best-tasting pears. The Servant came to the shop and asked for pears. The dealer gave him some; but the Servant said:

"No, give me the best!"

The dealer said:

"Try one; you will see that they taste good."

"How shall I know," said the Servant, "that they all taste good, if I try one only?"

He bit off a piece from each pear, and brought them to his master. Then his master sent him away.

THE FALCON AND THE COCK

The Falcon was used to the master, and came to his hand when he was called; the Cock ran away from his master and cried when people went up to him. So the Falcon said to the Cock:

"In you Cocks there is no gratitude; one can see that you are of a common breed. You go to your masters only when you are hungry. It is different with us wild birds. We have much strength, and we can fly faster than anybody; still we do not fly away from people, but

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of our own accord go to their hands when we are called. We remember that they feed us."

Then the Cock said:

"You do not run away from people because you have never seen a roast Falcon, but we, you know, see roast Cocks."

THE JACKALS AND THE ELEPHANT

The Jackals had eaten up all the carrion in the woods, and had nothing to eat. So an old Jackal was thinking how to find something to feed on. He went to an Elephant, and said:

"We had a king, but he became overweening: he told us to do things that nobody could do; we want to choose another king, and my people have sent me to ask you to be our king. You will have an easy life with us. Whatever you will order us to do, we will do, and we will honour you in everything. Come to our kingdom!"

The Elephant consented, and followed the Jackal. The Jackal brought him to a swamp. When the Elephant stuck fast in it, the Jackal said:

"Now command! Whatever you command, we will do."

The Elephant said:

"I command you to pull me out from here."

The Jackal began to laugh, and said:

"Take hold of my tail with your trunk, and I will pull you out at once."

The Elephant said:

"Can I be pulled out by a tail?"

But the Jackal said to him:

"Why, then, do you command us to do what is impossible? Did we not drive away our first king for telling us to do what could not be done?"

When the Elephant died in the swamp the Jackals came and ate him up.

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THE HERON, THE FISHES, AND THE CRAB

A Heron was living near a pond. She grew old, and had no strength left with which to catch the fish. She began to contrive how to live by cunning. So she said to the Fishes:

"You Fishes do not know that a calamity is in store for you: I have heard the people say that they are going to let off the pond, and catch every one of you. I know of a nice little pond back of the mountain. I should like to help you, but I am old, and it is hard for me to fly."

The Fishes begged the Heron to help them. So the Heron said:

"All right, I will do what I can for you, and will carry you over: only I cannot do it at once, — I will take you there one after another."

And the Fishes were happy; they kept begging her: "Carry me over! Carry me over!"

And the Heron started carrying them. She would take one up, would carry her into the field, and would eat her up. And thus she ate a large number of Fishes.

In the pond there lived an old Crab. When the Heron began to take out the Fishes, he saw what was up, and said:

"Now, Heron, take me to the new abode!"

The Heron took the Crab and carried him off. When she flew out on the field, she wanted to throw the Crab down. But the Crab saw the fish-bones on the ground, and so squeezed the Heron's neck with his claws, and choked her to death. Then he crawled back to the pond, and told the Fishes.

THE WATER-SPRITE AND THE PEARL

A Man was rowing in a boat, and dropped a costly pearl into the sea. The Man returned to the shore, took

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a pail, and began to draw up the water and to pour it out on the land. He drew the water and poured it out for three days without stopping.

On the fourth day the Water-sprite came out of the sea, and asked:

"Why are you drawing the water?"

The Man said:

"I am drawing it because I have dropped a pearl into it."

The Water-sprite asked him:

"Will you stop soon?"

The Man said:

"I will stop when I dry up the sea."

Then the Water-sprite returned to the sea, brought back that pearl, and gave it to the Man.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE MILK

A Man born blind asked a Seeing Man

"Of what colour is milk?"

The Seeing Man said: "The colour of milk is the same as that of white paper."

The Blind Man asked: "Well, does that colour rustle in your hands like paper?"

The Seeing Man said: "No, it is as white as white flour."

The Blind Man asked: "Well, is it as soft and as powdery as flour?"

The Seeing Man said: "No, it is simply as white as a white hare."

The Blind Man asked: "Well, is it as fluffy and soft as a hare?"

The Seeing Man said: "No, it is as white as snow."

The Blind Man asked: "Well, is it as cold as snow?"

And no matter how many examples the Seeing Man gave, the Blind Man was unable to understand what the white colour of milk was like.

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THE WOLF AND THE BOW

A hunter went out to hunt with bow and arrows. He killed a goat. He threw her on his shoulders and carried her along. On his way he saw a boar. He threw down the goat, and shot at the boar and wounded him. The boar rushed against the hunter and butted him to death, and himself died on the spot. A Wolf scented the blood, and came to the place where lay the goat, the boar, the man, and his bow. The Wolf was glad, and said:

"Now I shall have enough to eat for a long time; only I will not eat everything at once, but little by little, so that nothing may be lost: first I will eat the tougher things, and then I will lunch on what is soft and sweet."

The Wolf sniffed at the goat, the boar, and the man, and said:

"This is all soft food, so I will eat it later; let me first start on these sinews of the bow."

And he began to gnaw the sinews of the bow. When he bit threw the string, the bow sprang back and hit him on his belly. He died on the spot, and other wolves ate up the man, the goat, the boar, and the Wolf.

THE BIRDS IN THE NET

A Hunter set out a net near a lake and caught a number of birds. The birds were large, and they raised the net and flew away with it. The Hunter ran after them. A Peasant saw the Hunter running, and said:

"Where are you running? How can you catch up with the birds, while you are on foot?"

The Hunter said:

"If it were one bird, I should not catch it, but now I shall."

And so it happened. When evening came, the birds

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began to pull for the night each in a different direction: one to the woods, another to the swamp, a third to the field; and all fell with the net to the ground, and the Hunter caught them.

THE KING AND THE FALCON

A certain King let his favourite Falcon loose on a hare, and galloped after him.

The Falcon caught the hare. The King took him away, and began to look for some water to drink. The King found it on a knoll, but it came only drop by drop. The King fetched his cup from the saddle, and placed it under the water. The water flowed in drops, and when the cup was filled, the King raised it to his mouth and wanted to drink it. Suddenly the Falcon fluttered on the King's arm and spilled the water. The King placed the cup once more under the drops. He waited for a long time for the cup to be filled even with the brim, and again, as he carried it to his mouth, the Falcon flapped his wings and spilled the water.

When the King filled his cup for the third time and began to carry it to his mouth, the Falcon again spilled it. The King flew into a rage and killed him by flinging him against a stone with all his force. Just then the King's servants rode up, and one of them ran up-hill to the spring, to find as much water as possible, and to fill the cup. But the servant did not bring the water; he returned with the empty cup, and said:

"You cannot drink that water; there is a snake in the spring, and she has let her venom into the water. It is fortunate that the Falcon has spilled the water. If you had drunk it, you would have died."

The King said:

"How badly I have repaid the Falcon! He has saved my life, and I killed him."

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THE KING AND THE ELEPHANTS

An Indian King ordered all the Blind People to be assembled, and when they came, he ordered that all the Elephants be shown to them. The Blind Men went to the stable and began to feel the Elephants. One felt a leg, another a tail, a third the stump of a tail, a fourth a belly, a fifth a back, a sixth the ears, a seventh the tusks, and an eighth a trunk.

Then the King called the Blind Men, and asked them: "What are my Elephants like?"

One Blind Man said: "Your Elephants are like posts." He had felt the legs.

Another Blind Man said: "They are like bath brooms." He had felt the end of the tail.

A third said: "They are like branches." He had felt the tail stump.

The one who had touched a belly said: "The Elephants are like a clod of earth."

The one who had touched the sides said: "They are like a wall."

The one who had touched a back said: "They are like a mound."

The one who had touched the ears said: "They are like a mortar."

The one who had touched the tusks said: "They are like horns."

The one who had touched the trunk said that they were like a stout rope.

And all the Blind Men began to dispute and to quarrel.

WHY THERE IS EVIL IN THE WORLD

A Hermit was living in the forest, and the animals were not afraid of him. He and the animals talked together and understood each other.

Once the Hermit lay down under a tree, and a Raven

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a Dove, a Stag, and a Snake gathered in the same place, to pass the night. The animals began to discuss why there was evil in the world.

The Raven said:

"All the evil in the world comes from hunger. When I eat my fill, I sit down on a branch and croak a little, and it is all jolly and good, and everything gives me pleasure; but let me just go without eating a day or two, and everything palls on me so that I do not feel like looking at God's world. And something draws me on, and I fly from place to place, and have no rest. When I catch a glimpse of some meat, it makes me only feel sicker than ever, and I make for it without much thinking. At times they throw sticks and stones at me, and the wolves and dogs grab me, but I do not give in. Oh, how many of my brothers are perishing through hunger! All evil comes from hunger."

The Dove said:

"According to my opinion, the evil does not come from hunger, but from love. If we lived singly, the trouble would not be so bad. One head is not poor, and if it is, it is only one. But here we live in pairs. And you come to like your mate so much that you have no rest: you keep thinking of her all the time, wondering whether she has had enough to eat, and whether she is warm. And when your mate flies away from you, you feel entirely lost, and you keep thinking that a hawk may have carried her off, or men may have caught her; and you start out to find her, and fly to your ruin, — either into the hawk's claws, or into a snare. And when your mate is lost, nothing gives you any joy. You do not eat or drink, and all the time search and weep. Oh, so many of us perish in this way! All the evil is not from hunger, but from love."

The Snake said:

"No, the evil is not from hunger, nor from love, but

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from rage. If we lived peacefully, without getting into a rage, everything would be nice for us. But, as it is, whenever a thing does not go exactly right, we get angry, and then nothing pleases us. All we think about is how to revenge ourselves on some one. Then we forget ourselves, and only hiss, and creep, and try to find some one to bite. And we do not spare a soul, — we even bite our own father and mother. We feel as though we could eat ourselves up. And we rage until we perish. All the evil in the world comes from rage."

The Stag said:

"No, not from rage, or from love, or from hunger does all the evil in the world come, but from terror. If it were possible not to be afraid, everything would be well. We have swift feet and much strength: against a small animal we defend ourselves with our horns, and from a large one we flee. But how can I help becoming frightened? Let a branch crackle in the forest, or a leaf rustle, and I am all atremble with fear, and my heart flutters as though it wanted to jump out, and I fly as fast as I can. Again, let a hare run by, or a bird flap its wings, or a dry twig break off, and you think that it is a beast, and you run straight up against him. Or you run away from a dog and run into the hands of a man. Frequently you get frightened and run, not knowing whither, and at full speed rush down a steep hill, and get killed. We have no rest. All the evil comes from terror."

Then the Hermit said:

"Not from hunger, not from love, not from rage, not from terror are all our sufferings, but from our bodies comes all the evil in the world. From them come hunger, and love, and rage, and terror."

THE WOLF AND THE HUNTERS

A Wolf devoured a sheep. The Hunters caught the Wolf and began to beat him. The Wolf said:

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"In vain do you beat me: it is not my fault that I am gray, — God has made me so."

But the Hunters said:

"We do not beat the Wolf for being gray, but for eating the sheep."

THE TWO PEASANTS

Once upon a time two Peasants drove toward each other and caught in each other's sleighs. One cried:

"Get out of my way, — I am hurrying to town."

But the other said:

"Get out of my way, I am hurrying home."

They quarrelled for some time. A third Peasant saw them and said:

"If you are in a hurry, back up!"

THE PEASANT AND THE HORSE

A Peasant went to town to fetch some oats for his Horse. He had barely left the village, when the Horse began to turn around, toward the house. The Peasant struck the Horse with his whip. She went on, and kept thinking about the Peasant:

"Whither is that fool driving me? He had better go home."

Before reaching town, the Peasant saw that the Horse trudged along through the mud with difficulty, so he turned her on the pavement; but the Horse began to turn back from the street. The Peasant gave the Horse the whip, and jerked at the reins; she went on the pavement, and thought:

"Why has he turned me on the pavement? It will only break my hoofs. It is rough underfoot."

The Peasant went to the shop, bought the oats, and drove home. When he came home, he gave the Horse some oats. The Horse ate them and thought:

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"How stupid men are! They are fond of exercising their wits on us, but they have less sense than we. What did he trouble himself about? He drove me somewhere. No matter how far we went, we came home in the end. So it would have been better if we had remained at home from the start: he could have been sitting on the oven, and I eating oats."

THE TWO HORSES

Two Horses were drawing their carts. The Front Horse pulled well, but the Hind Horse kept stopping all the time. The load of the Hind Horse was transferred to the front cart; when all was transferred, the Hind Horse went along with ease, and said to the Front Horse:

"Work hard and sweat! The more you try, the harder they will make you work."

When they arrived at the tavern, their master said:

"Why should I feed two Horses, and haul with one only? I shall do better to give one plenty to eat, and to kill the other: I shall at least have her hide."

So he did.

THE AXE AND THE SAW

Two Peasants went to the forest to cut wood. One of them had an axe, and the other a saw. They picked out a tree, and began to dispute. One said that the tree had to be chopped, while the other said that it had to be sawed down.

A third Peasant said:

"I will easily make peace between you: if the axe is sharp, you had better chop it; but if the saw is sharp you had better saw it."

He took the axe, and began to chop it; but the axe was so dull that it was not possible to cut with it. Then he took the saw; the saw was worthless, and did not saw. So he said:

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"Stop quarrelling awhile; the axe does not chop, and the saw does not saw. First grind your axe and file your saw, and then quarrel."

But the Peasants grew angrier still at one another, because one had a dull axe, and the other a dull saw. And they came to blows.

THE DOGS AND THE COOK

A Cook was preparing a dinner. The Dogs were lying at the kitchen door. The Cook killed a calf and threw the guts out into the yard. The Dogs picked them up and ate them, and said:

"He is a good Cook: he cooks well."

After awhile the Cook began to clean pease, turnips, and onions, and threw out the refuse. The Dogs made for it; but they turned their noses up, and said:

"Our Cook has grown worse: he used to cook well, but now he is no longer any good."

But the Cook paid no attention to the Dogs, and continued to fix the dinner in his own way. The family, and not the Dogs, ate the dinner, and praised it.

THE HARE AND THE HARRIER

A Hare once said to a Harrier:

"Why do you bark when you run after us? You would catch us easier, if you ran after us in silence. With your bark you only drive us against the hunter: he hears where we are running; and he rushes out with his gun and kills us, and does not give you anything."

The Harrier said:

"That is not the reason why I bark. I bark because, when I scent your odour, I am angry, and happy because I am about to catch you; I do not know why, but I cannot keep from barking."

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THE OAK AND THE HAZELBUSH

An old Oak dropped an acorn under a Hazelbush. The Hazelbush said to the Oak:

"Have you not enough space under your own branches? Drop your acorns in an open space. Here I am myself crowded by my shoots, and I do not drop my nuts to the ground, but give them to men."

"I have lived for two hundred years," said the Oak, "and the Oakling which will sprout from that acorn will live just as long."

Then the Hazelbush flew into a rage, and said:

"If so, I will choke your Oakling, and he will not live for three days."

The Oak made no reply, but told his son to sprout out of that acorn. The acorn got wet and burst, and clung to the ground with his crooked rootlet, and sent up a sprout.

The Hazelbush tried to choke him, and gave him no sun. But the Oakling spread upwards and grew stronger in the shade of the Hazelbush. A hundred years passed. The Hazelbush had long ago dried up, but the Oak from that acorn towered to the sky and spread his tent in all directions.

THE HEN AND THE CHICKS

A Hen hatched some Chicks, but did not know how to take care of them. So she said to them:

"Creep back into your shells! When you are inside your shells, I will sit on you as before, and will take care of you."

The Chicks did as they were ordered and tried to creep into their shells, but were unable to do so, and only crushed their wings. Then one of the Chicks said to his mother:

"If we are to stay all the time in our shells, you ought never to have hatched us."

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THE CORN-CRAKE AND HIS MATE

A Corn-crake had made a nest in the meadow late in the year, and at mowing time his Mate was still sitting on her eggs. Early in the morning the peasants came to the meadow, took off their coats, whetted their scythes, and started one after another to mow down the grass and to put it down in rows. The Corn-crake flew up to see what the mowers were doing. When he saw a peasant swing his scythe and cut a snake in two, he rejoiced and flew back to his Mate and said:

"Don't fear the peasants! They have come to cut the snakes to pieces; they have given us no rest for quite awhile."

But his Mate said:

"The peasants are cutting the grass, and with the grass they are cutting everything which is in their way, — the snakes, and the Corn-crake's nest, and the Corn-crake's head. My heart forebodes nothing good: but I cannot carry away the eggs, nor fly from the nest, for fear of chilling them."

When the mowers came to the nest of the Corn-crake, one of the peasants swung his scythe and cut of the head of the Corn-crake's Mate, and put the eggs in his bosom and gave them to his children to play with.

THE COW AND THE BILLY GOAT

An old woman had a Cow and a Billy Goat. The two pastured together. At milking the Cow was restless. The old woman brought out some bread and salt, and gave it to the Cow, and said:

"Stand still, motherkin; take it, take it! I will bring you some more, only stand still."

On the next evening the Goat came home from the field before the Cow, and spread his legs, and stood in front of the old woman. The old woman wanted to strike

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him with the towel, but he stood still, and did not stir. He remembered that the woman had promised the Cow some bread if she would stand still. When the woman saw that he would not budge, she picked up a stick, and beat him with it.

When the Goat went away, the woman began once more to feed the Cow with bread, and to talk to her.

"There is no honesty in men," thought the Goat. "I stood still better than the Cow, and was beaten for it."

He stepped aside, took a run, hit against the milk-pail, spilled the milk, and hurt the old woman.

THE FOX'S TAIL

A Man caught a Fox, and asked her:

"Who has taught you Foxes to cheat the dogs with your tails?"

The Fox asked: "How do you mean, to cheat? We do not cheat the dogs, but simply run from them as fast as we can."

The Man said:

"Yes, you do cheat them with your tails. When the dogs catch up with you and are about to clutch you, you turn your tails to one side; the dogs turn sharply after the tail, and then you run in the opposite direction."

The Fox laughed, and said:

"We do not do so in order to cheat the dogs, but in order to turn around; when a dog is after us, and we see that we cannot get away straight ahead, we turn to one side, and in order to do that suddenly, we have to swing the tail to the other side, just as you do with your arms, when you have to turn around. That is not our invention; God himself invented it when He created us, so that the dogs might not be able to catch all the Foxes."

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STORIES FOR CHILDREN

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STORIES FOR CHILDREN

THE FOUNDLING

A POOR woman had a daughter by the name of Másha. Másha went in the morning to fetch water, and saw at the door something wrapped in rags. When she touched the rags, there came from it the sound of "Ooah, ooah, ooah!" Másha bent down and saw that it was a tiny, red-skinned baby. It was crying aloud: "Ooah, ooah!"

Másha took it into her arms and carried it into the house, and gave it milk with a spoon. Her mother said:

"What have you brought?"

"A baby. I found it at our door."

The mother said:

"We are poor as it is; we have nothing to feed the baby with; I will go to the chief and tell him to take the baby."

Másha began to cry, and said:

"Mother, the child will not eat much; leave it here! See what red, wrinkled little hands and fingers it has!"

Her mother looked at them, and she felt pity for the child. She did not take the baby away. Másha fed and swathed the child, and sang songs to it, when it went to sleep.

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THE PEASANT AND THE CUCUMBERS

A PEASANT once went to the gardener's, to steal cucumbers. He crept up to the cucumbers, and thought:

"I will carry off a bag of cucumbers, which I will sell; with the money I will buy a hen. The hen will lay eggs, hatch them, and raise a lot of chicks. I will feed the chicks and sell them; then I will buy me a young sow, and she will bear a lot of pigs. I will sell the pigs, and buy me a mare; the mare will foal me some colts. I will raise the colts, and sell them. I will buy me a house, and start a garden. In the garden I will sow cucumbers, and will not let them be stolen, but will keep a sharp watch on them. I will hire watchmen, and put them in the cucumber patch, while I myself will come on them, unawares, and shout: 'Oh, there, keep a sharp lookout!'"

And this he shouted as loud as he could. The watchmen heard it, and they rushed out and beat the peasant.

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THE FIRE

DURING harvest-time the men and women went out to work. In the village were left only the old and the very young. In one hut there remained a grandmother with her three grandchildren.

The grandmother made a fire in the oven, and lay down to rest herself. Flies kept alighting on her and biting her. She covered her head with a towel and fell asleep. One of the grandchildren, Másha (she was three years old), opened the oven, scraped some coals into a potsherd, and went into the vestibule. In the vestibule lay sheaves: the women were getting them bound.

Másha brought the coals, put them under the sheaves, and began to blow. When the straw caught fire, she was glad; she went into the hut and took her brother Kiryúsha by the arm (he was a year and a half old, and had just learned to walk), and brought him out, and said to him:

"See, Kilyúska, what a fire I have kindled."

The sheaves were already burning and crackling. When the vestibule was filled with smoke, Másha became frightened and ran back into the house. Kiryúsha fell over the threshold, hurt his nose, and began to cry; Másha pulled him into the house, and both hid under a bench.

The grandmother heard nothing, and did not wake. The elder boy, Ványa (he was eight years old), was in the street. When he saw the smoke rolling out of the vestibule, he ran to the door, made his way through the smoke into the house, and began to waken his grandmother; but she was dazed from her sleep, and, forgetting the

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children, rushed out and ran to the farmyards to call the people.

In the meantime Másha was sitting under the bench and keeping quiet; but the little boy cried, because he had hurt his nose badly. Ványa heard his cry, looked under the bench, and called out to Másha:

"Run, you will burn!"

Másha ran to the vestibule, but could not pass for the smoke and fire. She turned back. Then Ványa raised a window and told her to climb through it. When she got through, Ványa picked up his brother and dragged him along. But the child was heavy and did not let his brother take him. He cried and pushed Ványa. Ványa fell down twice, and when he dragged him up to the window, the door of the hut was already burning. Ványa thrust the child's head through the window and wanted to push him through; but the child took hold of him with both his hands (he was very much frightened) and would not let them take him out. Then Ványa cried to Másha:

"Pull him by the head!" while he himself pushed him behind.

And thus they pulled him through the window and into the street.

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THE OLD HORSE

In our village there was an old; old man, Pímen Timoféich. He was ninety years old. He was living at the house of his grandson, doing no work. His back was bent: he walked with a cane and moved his feet slowly.

He had no teeth at all, and his face was wrinkled. His nether lip trembled; when he walked and when he talked, his lips smacked, and one could not understand what he was saying.

We were four brothers, and we were fond of riding. But we had no gentle riding-horses. We were allowed to ride only on one horse, — the name of that horse was Raven.

One day mamma allowed us to ride, and all of us went with the valet to the stable. The coachman saddled Raven for us, and my eldest brother was the first to take a ride. He rode for a long time; he rode to the threshing-floor and around the garden, and when he came back, we shouted:

"Now gallop past us!"

My elder brother began to strike Raven with his feet and with the whip, and Raven galloped past us.

After him, my second brother mounted the horse. He, too, rode for quite awhile, and he, too, urged Raven on with the whip and galloped up the hill. He wanted to ride longer, but my third brother begged him to let him ride at once.

My third brother rode to the threshing-floor, and around the garden, and down the village, and raced up-hill to the

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stable. When he rode up to us Raven was panting, and his neck and shoulders were dark from sweat.

When my turn came, I wanted to surprise my brothers and to show them how well I could ride, so I began to drive Raven with all my might, but he did not want to get away from the stable. And no matter how much I beat him, he would not run, but only shied and turned back. I grew angry at the horse, and struck him as hard as I could with my feet and with the whip. I tried to strike him in places where it would hurt most; I broke the whip and began to strike his head with what was left of the whip. But Raven would not run. Then I turned back, rode up to the valet, and asked him for a stout switch. But the valet said to me:

"Don't ride any more, sir! Get down! What use is there in torturing the horse?"

I felt offended, and said:

"But I have not had a ride yet. Just watch me gallop! Please, give me a good-sized switch! I will heat him up."

Then the valet shook his head, and said:

"Oh, sir, you have no pity; why should you heat him up? He is twenty years old. The horse is worn out; he can barely breathe, and is old. He is so very old! Just like Pímen Timoféich. You might just as well sit down on Timoféich's back and urge him on with a switch. Well, would you not pity him?"

I thought of Pímen, and listened to the valet's words. I climbed down from the horse and, when I saw how his sweaty sides hung down, how he breathed heavily through his nostrils, and how he switched his bald tail, I understood that it was hard for the horse. Before that I used to think that it was as much fun for him as for me. I felt so sorry for Raven that I began to kiss his sweaty neck and to beg his forgiveness for having beaten him.

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Since then I have grown to be a big man, and I always am careful with the horses, and always think of Raven and of Pímen Timoféitch whenever I see anybody torture a horse.

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HOW I LEARNED TO RIDE

WHEN I was a little fellow, we used to study every day, and only on Sundays and holidays went out and played with our brothers. Once my father said:

"The children must learn to ride. Send them to the riding-school!"

I was the youngest of the brothers, and I asked:

"May I, too, learn to ride?"

My father said:

"You will fall down."

I began to beg him to let me learn, and almost cried. My father said:

"All right, you may go, too. Only look out! Don't cry when you fall off. He who does not once fall down from a horse will not learn to ride."

When Wednesday came, all three of us were taken to the riding-school. We entered by a large porch, and from the large porch went to a smaller one. Beyond the porch was a very large room: instead of a floor it had sand. And in this room were gentlemen and ladies and just such boys as we. That was the riding-school. The riding-school was not very light, and there was a smell of horses, and you could hear them snap whips and call to the horses, and the horses strike their hoofs against the wooden walls. At first I was frightened and could not see things well. Then our valet called the riding-master, and said:

"Give these boys some horses: they are going to learn how to ride."

The master said:

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"All right!"

Then he looked at me, and said:

"He is very small, yet."

But the valet said:

"He promised not to cry when he falls down."

The master laughed and went away.

Then they brought three saddled horses, and we took off our cloaks and walked down a staircase to the riding-school. The master was holding a horse by a cord, and my brothers rode around him. At first they rode at a slow pace, and later at a trot. Then they brought a pony. It was a red horse, and his tail was cut off. He was called Ruddy. The master laughed, and said to me:

"Well, young gentleman, get on your horse!"

I was both happy and afraid, and tried to act in such a manner as not to be noticed by anybody. For a long time I tried to get my foot into the stirrup, but could not do it because I was too small. Then the master raised me up in his hands and put me on the saddle. He said:

"The young master is not heavy, — about two pounds in weight, that is all."

At first he held me by my hand, but I saw that my brothers were not held, and so I begged him to let go of me. He said:

"Are you not afraid?"

I was very much afraid, but I said that I was not. I was so much afraid because Ruddy kept dropping his ears. I thought he was angry at me. The master said:

"Look out, don't fall down!" and let go of me. At first Ruddy went at a slow pace, and I sat up straight. But the saddle was sleek, and I was afraid I would slip off. The master asked me:

"Well, are you fast in the saddle?"

I said:

"Yes, I am."

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"If so, go at a slow trot!" and the master clicked his tongue.

Ruddy started at a slow trot, and began to jog me. But I kept silent, and tried not to slip to one side. The master praised me:

"Oh, a fine young gentleman, indeed!"

I was very glad to hear it.

Just then the master's friend went up to him and began to talk with him, and the master stopped looking at me.

Suddenly I felt that I had slipped a little to one side on my saddle. I wanted to straighten myself up, but was unable to do so. I wanted to call out to the master to stop the horse, but I thought it would be a disgrace if I did it, and so kept silence. The master was not looking at me and Ruddy ran at a trot, and I slipped still more to one side. I looked at the master and thought that he would help me, but he was still talking with his friend, and without looking at me kept repeating:

"Well done, young gentleman!"

I was now altogether to one side, and was very much frightened. I thought that I was lost; but I felt ashamed to cry. Ruddy shook me up once more, and I slipped off entirely and fell to the ground. Then Ruddy stopped, and the master looked at the horse and saw that I was not on him. He said:

"I declare, my young gentleman has dropped off!" and walked over to me.

When I told him that I was not hurt, he laughed and said:

"A child's body is soft."

I felt like crying. I asked him to put me again on the horse, and I was lifted on the horse. After that I did not fall down again.

Thus we rode twice a week in the riding-school, and I soon learned to ride well, and was not afraid of anything.

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THE WILLOW

DURING Easter week a peasant went out to see whether the ground was all thawed out.

He went into the garden and touched the soil with a stick. The earth was soft. The peasant went into the woods; here the catkins were already swelling on the willows. The peasant thought:

"I will fence my garden with willows; they will grow up and will make a good hedge!"

He took his axe, cut down a dozen willows, sharpened them at the end, and stuck them in the ground.

All the willows sent up sprouts with leaves, and underground let out just such sprouts for roots; and some of them took hold of the ground and grew, and others did not hold well to the ground with their roots, and died and fell down.

In the fall the peasant was glad at the sight of his willows: six of them had taken root. The following spring the sheep killed two willows by gnawing at them, and only two were left. Next spring the sheep nibbled at these also. One of them was completely ruined, and the other came to, took root, and grew to be a tree. In the spring the bees just buzzed in the willow. In swarming time the swarms were often put out on the willow, and the peasants brushed them in. The men and women frequently ate and slept under the willow, and the children climbed on it and broke off rods from it.

The peasant that had set out the willow was long dead, and still it grew. His eldest son twice cut down its branches and used them for fire-wood. The willow kept

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growing. They trimmed it all around, and cut it down to a stump, but in the spring it again sent out twigs, thinner ones than before, but twice as many as ever, as is the case with a colt's forelock.

And the eldest son quit farming, and the village was given up, but the willow grew in the open field. Other peasants came there, and chopped the willow, but still it grew. The lightning struck it; but it sent forth side branches, and it grew and blossomed. A peasant wanted to cut it down for a block, but he gave it up, it was too rotten. It leaned sidewise, and held on with one side only; and still it grew, and every year the bees came there to gather the pollen.

One day, early in the spring, the boys gathered under the willow, to watch the horses. They felt cold, so they started a fire. They gathered stubbles, wormwood, and sticks. One of them climbed on the willow and broke off a lot of twigs. They put it all in the hollow of the willow and set fire to it. The tree began to hiss and its sap to boil, and the smoke rose and the tree burned; its whole inside was smudged. The young shoots dried up, the blossoms withered.

The children drove the horses home. The scorched willow was left all alone in the field. A black raven flew by, and he sat down on it, and cried:

"So you are dead, old smudge! You ought to have died long ago!"

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BÚLKA

I HAD a small bulldog. He was called Búlka. He was black; only the tips of his front feet were white. All bulldogs have their lower jaws longer than the upper, and the upper teeth come down behind the nether teeth, but Búlka's lower jaw protruded so much that I could put my finger between the two rows of teeth. His face was broad, his eyes large, black, and sparkling; and his teeth and incisors stood out prominently. He was as black as a negro. He was gentle and did not bite, but he was strong and stubborn. If he took hold of a thing, he clenched his teeth and clung to it like a rag, and it was not possible to tear him off, any more than as though he were a lobster.

Once he was let loose on a bear, and he got hold of the bear's ear and stuck to him like a leech. The bear struck him with his paws and squeezed him, and shook him from side to side, but could not tear himself loose from him, and so he fell down on his head, in order to crush Búlka; but Búlka held on to him until they poured cold water over him.

I got him as a puppy, and raised him myself. When I went to the Caucasus, I did not want to take him along, and so went away from him quietly, ordering him to be shut up. At the first station I was about to change the relay, when suddenly I saw something black and shining coming down the road. It was Búlka in his brass collar. He was flying at full speed toward the station. He rushed up to me, licked my hand, and stretched himself out in the shade under the cart. His tongue stuck out a

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whole hand's length. He now drew it in to swallow the spittle, and now stuck it out again a whole hand's length. He tried to breathe fast, but could not do so, and his sides just shook. He turned from one side to the other, and struck his tail against the ground.

I learned later that after I had left he had broken a pane, jumped out of the window, and followed my track along the road, and thus raced twenty versts through the greatest heat.

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BÚLKA AND THE WILD BOAR

ONCE we went into the Caucasus to hunt the wild boar, and Búlka went with me. The moment the hounds started, Búlka rushed after them, following their sound, and disappeared in the forest. That was in the month of November; the boars and sows are then very fat.

In the Caucasus there are many edible fruits in the forests where the boars live: wild grapes, cones, apples, pears, blackberries, acorns, wild plums. And when all these fruits get ripe and are touched by the frost, the boars eat them and grow fat.

At that time a boar gets so fat that he cannot run from the dogs. When they chase him for about two hours, he makes for the thicket and there stops. Then the hunters run up to the place where he stands, and shoot him. They can tell by the bark of the hounds whether the boar has stopped, or is running. If he is running, the hounds yelp, as though they were beaten; but when he stops, they bark as though at a man, with a howling sound.

During that chase I ran for a long time through the forest, but not once did I cross a boar track. Finally I heard the long-drawn bark and howl of the hounds, and ran up to that place. I was already near the boar. I could hear the crashing in the thicket. The boar was turning around on the dogs, but I could not tell by the bark that they were not catching him, but only circling around him. Suddenly I heard something rustle behind me, and I saw that it was Búlka. He had evidently strayed from the hounds in the forest and had lost his way, and now was hearing their barking and making for

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them, like me, as fast as he could. He ran across a clearing through the high grass, and all I could see of him was his black head and his tongue clinched between his white teeth. I called him back, but he did not look around, and ran past me and disappeared in the thicket. I ran after him, but the farther I went, the more and more dense did the forest grow. The branches kept knocking off my cap and struck me in the face, and the thorns caught in my garments. I was near to the barking, but could not see anything.

Suddenly I heard the dogs bark louder, and something crashed loudly, and the boar began to puff and snort. I immediately made up my mind that Búlka had got up to him and was busy with him. I ran with all my might through the thicket to that place. In the densest part of the thicket I saw a dappled hound. She was barking and howling in one spot, and within three steps from her something black could be seen moving around.

When I came nearer, I could make out the boar, and I heard Búlka whining shrilly. The boar grunted and made for the hound; the hound took her tail between her legs and leaped away. I could see the boar's side and head. I aimed at his side and fired. I saw that I had hit him. The boar grunted and crashed through the thicket away from me. The dogs whimpered and barked in his track; I tried to follow them through the undergrowth. Suddenly I saw and heard something almost under my feet. It was Búlka. He was lying on his side and whining. Under him there was a puddle of blood. I thought the dog was lost; but I had no time to look after him, I continued to make my way through the thicket. Soon I saw the boar. The dogs were trying to catch him from behind, and he kept turning, now to one side, and now to another. When the boar saw me, he moved toward me. I fired a second time, almost resting the barrel against him, so that his bristles caught fire, and the boar groaned

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and tottered, and with his whole cadaver dropped heavily on the ground.

When I came up, the boar was dead, and only here and there did his body jerk and twitch. Some of the dogs, with bristling hair, were tearing his belly and legs, while the others were lapping the blood from his wound.

Then I thought of Búlka, and went back to find him. He was crawling toward me and groaning. I went up to him and looked at his wound. His belly was ripped open, and a whole piece of his guts was sticking out of his body and dragging on the dry leaves. When my companions came up to me, we put the guts back and sewed up his belly. While we were sewing him up and sticking the needle through his skin, he kept licking my hand.

The boar was tied up to the horse's tail, to pull him out of the forest, and Búlka was put on the horse, and thus taken home. Búlka was sick for about six weeks, and got well again.

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PHEASANTS

WILD fowls are called pheasants in the Caucasus. There are so many of them that they are cheaper there than tame chickens. Pheasants are hunted with the "hobby," by scaring up, and from under dogs. This is the way they are hunted with the "hobby." They take a piece of canvas and stretch it over a frame, and in the middle of the frame they make a cross piece. They cut a hole in the canvas. This frame with the canvas is called a hobby. With this hobby and with the gun they start out at dawn to the forest. The hobby is carried in front, and through the hole they look out for the pheasants. The pheasants feed at daybreak in the clearings. At times it is a whole brood, — a hen with all her chicks, and at others a cock with his hen, or several cocks together.

The pheasants do not see the man, and they are not afraid of the canvas and let the hunter come close to them. Then the hunter puts down the hobby, sticks his gun through the rent, and shoots at whichever bird he pleases.

This is the way they hunt by scaring up. They let a watch-dog into the forest and follow him. When the dog finds a pheasant, he rushes for it. The pheasant flies on a tree, and then the dog begins to bark at it. The hunter follows up the barking and shoots the pheasant in the tree. This chase would be easy, if the pheasant alighted on a tree in an open place, or if it sat still, so that it might be seen. But they always alight on dense trees, in the thicket, and when they see the hunter they hide themselves in the branches. And it is hard to make one's

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way through the thicket to the tree on which a pheasant is sitting, and hard to see it. So long as the dog alone barks at it, it is not afraid: it sits on a branch and preens and flaps its wings at the dog. But the moment it sees a man, it immediately stretches itself out along a bough, so that only an experienced hunter can tell it, while an inexperienced one will stand near by and see nothing.

When the Cossacks steal up to the pheasants, they pull their caps over their faces and do not look up, because a pheasant is afraid of a man with his gun, but more still of his eyes.

This is the way they hunt from under dogs. They take a setter and follow him to the forest. The dog scents the place where the pheasants have been feeding at daybreak, and begins to make out their tracks. No matter how the pheasants may have mixed them up, a good dog will always find the last track, that takes them out from the spot where they have been feeding. The farther the dog follows the track, the stronger will the scent be, and thus he will reach the place where the pheasant sits or walks about in the grass in the daytime. When he comes near to where the bird is, he thinks that it is right before him, and starts walking more cautiously so as not to frighten it, and will stop now and then, ready to jump and catch it. When the dog comes up very near to the pheasant, it flies up, and the hunter shoots it.

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MILTON AND BÚLKA

I BOUGHT me a setter to hunt pheasants with. The name of the dog was Milton. He was a big, thin, gray, spotted dog, with long lips and ears, and he was very strong and intelligent. He did not fight with Búlka. No dog ever tried to get into a fight with Búlka. He needed only to show his teeth, and the dogs would take their tails between their legs and slink away.

Once I went with Milton to hunt pheasants. Suddenly Búlka ran after me to the forest. I wanted to drive him back, but could not do so; and it was too far for me to take him home. I thought he would not be in my way, and so walked on; but the moment Milton scented a pheasant in the grass and began to search for it, Búlka rushed forward and tossed from side to side. He tried to scare up the pheasant before Milton. He heard something in the grass, and jumped and whirled around; but he had a poor scent and could not find the track himself, but watched Milton, to see where he was running. The moment Milton started on the trail, Búlka ran ahead of him. I called Búlka back and beat him, but could not do a thing with him. The moment Milton began to search, he darted forward and interfered with him.

I was already on the point of going home, because I thought that the chase was spoiled; but Milton found a better way of cheating Búlka. This is what he did: the moment Búlka rushed ahead of him, he gave up the trail and turned in another direction, pretending that he was searching there. Búlka rushed there where Milton was, and Milton looked at me and wagged his tail and went

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back to the right trail. Búlka again ran up to Milton and rushed past him, and again Milton took some ten steps to one side and cheated Búlka, and again led me straight; and so he cheated Búlka all the way and did not let him spoil the chase.

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THE TURTLE

ONCE I went with Milton to the chase. Near the forest he began to search. He straightened out his tail, pricked his ears, and began to sniff. I fixed the gun and followed him. I thought that he was looking for a partridge, hare, or pheasant. But Milton did not make for the forest, but for the field. I followed him and looked ahead of me. Suddenly I saw what he was searching for. In front of him was running a small turtle, of the size of a cap. Its bare, dark gray head on a long neck was stretched out like a pestle; the turtle in walking stretched its bare legs far out, and its back was all covered with bark.

When it saw the dog, it hid its legs and head and let itself down on the grass so that only its shell could be seen. Milton grabbed it and began to bite at it, but could not bite through it, because the turtle has just such a shell on its belly as it has on its back, and has only openings in front, at the back, and at the sides, where it puts forth its head, its legs, and its tail.

I took the turtle away from Milton, and tried to see how its back was painted, and what kind of a shell it had, and how it hid itself. When you hold it in your hands and look between the shell, you can see something black and alive inside, as though in a cellar. I threw away the turtle, and walked on, but Milton would not leave it, and carried it in his teeth behind me. Suddenly Milton whimpered and dropped it. The turtle had put forth its foot inside of his mouth, and had scratched it. That made him so angry that he began to bark; he grasped it once more and carried it behind me. I ordered Milton to

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throw it away, but he paid no attention to me. Then I took the turtle from him and threw it away. But he did not leave it. He hurriedly dug a hole near it; when the hole was dug, he threw the turtle into it and covered it up with dirt.

The turtles live on land and in the water, like snakes and frogs. They breed their young from eggs. These eggs they lay on the ground, and they do not hatch them, but the eggs burst themselves, like fish spawn, and the turtles crawl out of them. There are small turtles, not larger than a saucer, and large ones, seven feet in length and weighing seven hundredweights. The large turtles live in the sea.

One turtle lays in the spring hundreds of eggs. The turtle's shells are its ribs. Men and other animals have each rib separate, while the turtle's ribs are all grown together into a shell. But the main thing is that with all the animals the ribs are inside the flesh, while the turtle has the ribs on the outside, and the flesh beneath them.

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BÚLKA AND THE WOLF

WHEN I left the Caucasus, they were still fighting there, and in the night it was dangerous to travel without a guard.

I wanted to leave as early as possible, and so did not lie down to sleep.

My friend came to see me off, and we sat the whole evening and night in the village street, in front of my cabin.

It was a moonlit night with a mist, and so bright that one could read, though the moon was not to be seen.

In the middle of the night we suddenly heard a pig squealing in the yard across the street. One of us cried: "A wolf is choking the pig!"

I ran into the house, grasped a loaded gun, and ran into the street. They were all standing at the gate of the yard where the pig was squealing, and cried to me: "Here!" Milton rushed after me, — no doubt he thought that I was going out to hunt with the gun; but Búlka pricked his short ears, and tossed from side to side, as though to ask me whom he was to clutch. When I ran up to the wicker fence, I saw a beast running straight toward me from the other side of the yard. That was the wolf. He ran up to the fence and jumped on it. I stepped aside and fixed my gun. The moment the wolf jumped down from the fence to my side, I aimed, almost touching him with the gun, and pulled the trigger; but my gun made "Click" and did not go off. The wolf did not stop, but ran across the street.

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Milton and Búlka made for him. Milton was near to the wolf, but was afraid to take hold of him; and no matter how fast Búlka ran on his short legs, he could not keep up with him. We ran as fast as we could after the wolf, but both the wolf and the dogs disappeared from sight. Only at the ditch, at the end of the village, did we hear a low barking and whimpering, and saw the dust rise in the mist of the moon and the dogs busy with the wolf. When we ran up to the ditch, the wolf was no longer there, and both dogs returned to us with raised tails and angry faces. Búlka snarled and pushed me with his head: evidently he wanted to tell me something, but did not know how.

We examined the dogs, and found a small wound on Búlka's head. He had evidently caught up with the wolf before he got to the ditch, but had not had a chance to get hold of him, while the wolf snapped at him and ran away. It was a small wound, so there was no danger.

We returned to the cabin, and sat down and talked about what had happened. I was angry because the gun had missed fire, and thought of how the wolf would have remained on the spot, if the gun had shot. My friend wondered how the wolf could have crept into the yard. An old Cossack said that there was nothing remarkable about it, because that was not a wolf, but a witch who had charmed my gun. Thus we sat and kept talking. Suddenly the dogs darted off, and we saw the same wolf in the middle of the street; but this time he ran so fast when he heard our shout that the dogs could not catch up with him.

After that the old Cossack was fully convinced that it was not a wolf, but a witch; but I thought that it was a mad wolf, because I had never seen or heard of such a thing as a wolf's coming back toward the people, after it had been driven away.

In any case I poured some powder on Búlka's wound,

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and set it on fire. The powder flashed up and burned out the sore spot.

I burned out the sore with powder, in order to burn away the poisonous saliva, if it had not yet entered the blood. But if the saliva had already entered the blood, I knew that the blood would carry it through the whole body, and then it would not be possible to cure him.

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WHAT HAPPENED TO BÚLKA IN PYATIGÓRSK

FROM the Cossack village I did not travel directly to Russia, but first to Pyatigórsk, where I stayed two months. Milton I gave away to a Cossack hunter, and Búlka I took along with me to Pyatigórsk.

Pyatigórsk [in English, Five-Mountains] is called so because it is situated on Mount Besh-tau. And besh means in Tartar "five," and tau "mountain." From this mountain flows a hot sulphur stream. It is as hot as boiling water, and over the spot where the water flows from the mountain there is always a steam as from a samovár.

The whole place, on which the city stands, is very cheerful. From the mountain flow the hot springs, and at the foot of the mountain is the river Podkúmok. On the slopes of the mountain are forests; all around the city are fields, and in the distance are seen the mountains of the Caucasus. On these the snow never melts, and they are always as white as sugar. One large mountain, Elbrus, is like a white loaf of sugar; it can be seen from everywhere when the weather is clear. People come to the hot springs to be cured, and over them there are arbours and awnings, and all around them are gardens with walks. In the morning the music plays, and people drink the water, or bathe, or stroll about.

The city itself is on the mountain, but at the foot of it there is a suburb. I lived in that suburb in a small house. The house stood in a yard, and before the windows was a small garden, and in the garden stood the landlord's beehives, not in hollow stems, as in Russia, but

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in round, plaited baskets. The bees are there so gentle that in the morning I used to sit with Búlka in that garden, amongst the beehives.

Búlka walked about between the hives, and sniffed, and listened to the bees' buzzing; he walked so softly among them that he did not interfere with them, and they did not bother him.

One morning I returned home from the waters, and sat down in the garden to drink coffee. Búlka began to scratch himself behind his ears, and made a grating noise with his collar. The noise worried the bees, and so I took the collar off. A little while later I heard a strange and terrible noise coming from the city. The dogs barked, howled, and whimpered, people shouted, and the noise descended lower from the mountain and came nearer and nearer to our suburb.

Búlka stopped scratching himself, put his broad head with its white teeth between his fore legs, stuck out his tongue as he wished, and lay quietly by my side. When he heard the noise he seemed to understand what it was. He pricked his ears, showed his teeth, jumped up, and began to snarl. The noise came nearer. It sounded as though all the dogs of the city were howling, whimpering, and barking. I went to the gate to see what it was, and my landlady came out, too. I asked her:

"What is this?"

She said:

"The prisoners of the jail are coming down to kill the dogs. The dogs have been breeding so much that the city authorities have ordered all the dogs in the city to be killed."

"So they would kill Búlka, too, if they caught him?"

"No, they are not allowed to kill dogs with collars."

Just as I was speaking, the prisoners were coming up to our house. In front walked the soldiers, and behind them four prisoners in chains. Two of the prisoners had

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in their hands long iron hooks, and two had clubs. In front of our house, one of the prisoners caught a watch-dog with his hook and pulled it up to the middle of the street, and another began to strike it with the club.

The little dog whined dreadfully, but the prisoners shouted and laughed. The prisoner with the hook turned over the dog, and when he saw that it was dead, he pulled out the hook and looked around for other dogs.

Just then Búlka rushed headlong at that prisoner, as though he were a bear. I happened to think that he was without his collar, so I shouted: "Búlka, back!" and told the prisoners not to strike the dog. But the prisoner laughed when he saw Búlka, and with his hook nimbly struck him and caught him by his thigh. Búlka tried to get away; but the prisoner pulled him up toward him and told the other prisoner to strike him. The other raised his club, and Búlka would have been killed, but he jerked, and broke the skin at the thigh and, taking his tail between his legs, flew, with the red sore on his body, through the gate and into the house, and hid himself under my bed.

He was saved because the skin had broken in the spot where the hook was.

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BÚLKA'S AND MILTON'S END

BÚLKA and Milton died at the same time. The old Cossack did not know how to get along with Milton. Instead of taking him out only for birds, he went with him to hunt wild boars. And that same fall a tusky boar ripped him open. Nobody knew how to sew him up, and so he died.

Búlka, too, did not live long after the prisoners had caught him. Soon after his salvation from the prisoners he began to feel unhappy, and started to lick everything that he saw. He licked my hands, but not as formerly when he fawned. He licked for a long time, and pressed his tongue against me, and then began to snap. Evidently he felt like biting my hand, but did not want to do so. I did not give him my hand. Then he licked my boot and the foot of a table, and then he began to snap at these things. That lasted about two days, and on the third he disappeared, and no one saw him or heard of him.

He could not have been stolen or run away from me. This happened six weeks after the wolf had bitten him. Evidently the wolf had been mad. Búlka had gone mad, and so went away. He had what hunters call the rabies. They say that this madness consists in this, that the mad animal gets cramps in its throat. It wants to drink and cannot, because the water makes the cramps worse. And so it gets beside itself from pain and thirst, and begins to bite. Evidently Búlka was beginning to have these cramps when he started to lick and then to bite my hand and the foot of the table.

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I went everywhere in the neighbourhood and asked about Búlka, but could not find out what had become of him, or how he had died. If he had been running about and biting, as mad dogs do, I should have heard of him. No doubt he ran somewhere into a thicket and there died by himself.

The hunters say that when an intelligent dog gets the rabies, he runs to the fields and forests, and there tries to find the herb which he needs, and rolls in the dew, and gets cured. Evidently Búlka never got cured. He never came back.

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THE GRAY HARE

A GRAY hare was living in the winter near the village. When night came, he pricked one ear and listened; then he pricked his second ear, moved his whiskers, sniffed, and sat down on his hind legs. Then he took a leap or two over the deep snow, and again sat down on his hind legs, and looked around him. Nothing could be seen but snow. The snow lay in waves and glistened like sugar. Over the hare's head hovered a frost vapour, and through this vapour could be seen the large, bright stars.

The hare had to cross the highway, in order to come to a threshing-floor he knew of. On the highway the runners could be heard squeaking, and the horses snorting, and seats creaking in the sleighs.

The hare again stopped near the road. Peasants were walking beside the sleighs, and the collars of their caftans were raised. Their faces were scarcely visible. Their beards, moustaches, and eyelashes were white. Steam rose from their mouths and noses. Their horses were sweaty, and the hoarfrost clung to the sweat. The horses jostled under their arches, and dived in and out of snow-drifts. The peasants ran behind the horses and in front of them, and beat them with their whips. Two peasants walked beside each other, and one of them told the other how a horse of his had once been stolen.

When the carts passed by, the hare leaped across the road and softly made for the threshing-floor. A dog saw the hare from a cart. He began to bark and darted after the hare. The hare leaped toward the threshing-floor over the snow-drifts, which held him back; but the dog

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stuck fast in the snow after the tenth leap, and stopped. Then the hare, too, stopped and sat up on his hind legs, and then softly went on to the threshing-floor.

On his way he met two other hares on the sowed winter field. They were feeding and playing. The hare played awhile with his companions, dug away the frosty snow with them, ate the wintergreen, and went on.

In the village everything was quiet; the fires were out. All one could hear was a baby's cry in a hut and the crackling of the frost in the logs of the cabins. The hare went to the threshing-floor, and there found some companions. He played awhile with them on the cleared floor, ate some oats from the open granary, climbed on the kiln over the snow-covered roof, and across the wicker fence started back to his ravine.

The dawn was glimmering in the east; the stars grew less, and the frost vapours rose more densely from the earth. In the near-by village the women got up, and went to fetch water; the peasants brought the feed from the barn; the children shouted and cried. There were still more carts going down the road, and the peasants talked aloud to each other.

The hare leaped across the road, went up to his old lair, picked out a high place, dug away the snow, lay with his back in his new lair, dropped his ears on his back, and fell asleep with open eyes.

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GOD SEES THE TRUTH, BUT DOES NOT TELL AT ONCE

In the city of Vladímir there lived a young merchant, Aksénov by name. He had two shops and a house.

Aksénov was a light-complexioned, curly-headed, fine-looking man and a very jolly fellow and good singer. In his youth Aksénov had drunk much, and when he was drunk he used to become riotous, but when he married he gave up drinking, and that now happened very rarely with him.

One day in the summer Aksénov went to the Nízhni-Nóvgorod fair. As he bade his family good-bye, his wife said to him:

"Iván Dmítrievich, do not start to-day! I have had a bad dream about you."

Aksénov laughed, and said:

"Are you afraid that I might go on a spree at the fair?"

His wife said:

"I do not know what I am afraid of, but I had a bad dream: I dreamed that you came to town, and when you took off your cap I saw that your head was all gray."

Aksénov laughed.

"That means that I shall make some profit. If I strike a good bargain, you will see me bring you some costly presents."

And he bade his family farewell, and started.

In the middle of his journey he met a merchant whom he knew, and they stopped together in a hostelry for the night. They drank their tea together, and lay down to

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"'Whose knife is this?'"

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sleep in two adjoining rooms. Aksénov did not like to sleep long; he awoke in the middle of the night and, as it was easier to travel when it was cool, wakened his driver and told him to hitch the horses. Then he went to the "black" hut, paid his bill, and went away.

When he had gone about forty versts, he again stopped to feed the horses and to rest in the vestibule of a hostelry. At dinner-time he came out on the porch, and ordered the samovár to be prepared for him. He took out his guitar and began to play. Suddenly a tróyka with bells drove up to the hostelry, and from the cart leaped an officer with two soldiers, and he went up to Aksénov, and asked him who he was and where he came from.

Aksénov told him everything as it was, and said:

"Would you not like to drink tea with me?"

But the officer kept asking him questions:

"Where did you stay last night? Were you alone, or with a merchant? Did you see the merchant in the morning? Why did you leave so early in the morning?"

Aksénov wondered why they asked him about all that; he told them everything as it was, and said:

"Why do you ask me this? I am not a thief, nor a robber. I am travelling on business of my own, and you have nothing to ask me about."

Then the officer called the soldiers, and said:

"I am the chief of the rural police, and I ask you this, because the merchant with whom you passed last night has been found with his throat cut. Show me your things, and you look through them!"

They entered the house, took his valise and bag, and opened them and began to look through them. Suddenly the chief took a knife out of the bag, and cried out:

"Whose knife is this?"

Aksénov looked, and saw that they had taken out a blood-stained knife from his bag, and he was frightened.

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"How did the blood get on the knife?"

Aksénov wanted to answer, but could not pronounce a word.

"I — I do not know — I — the knife — is not mine!"

Then the chief said:

"In the morning the merchant was found in his bed with his throat cut. No one but you could have done it. The house was locked from within, and there was no one in the house but you. Here is the bloody knife in your bag, and your face shows your guilt. Tell me, how did you kill him, and how much money did you rob him of?"

Aksénov swore that he had not done it; that he had not seen the merchant after drinking tea with him; that he had with him his own eight thousand; that the knife was not his. But his voice faltered, his face was pale, and he trembled from fear, as though he were guilty.

The chief called in the soldiers, told them to bind him and to take him to the cart. When he was rolled into the cart with his legs tied, he made the sign of the cross and began to cry. They took away his money and things, and sent him to jail to the nearest town. They sent to Vladímir to find out what kind of a man Aksénov was, and all the merchants and inhabitants of Vladímir testified to the fact that Aksénov had drunk and caroused when he was young, but that he was a good man. Then they began to try him. He was tried for having killed the Ryazán merchant and having robbed him of twenty thousand roubles.

The wife was grieving for her husband and did not know what to think. Her children were still young, and one was still at the breast. She took them all and went with them to the town where her husband was kept in prison. At first she was not admitted, but later she implored the authorities, and she was taken to her husband. When she saw him in prison garb and in chains, together

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with murderers, she fell to the ground and could not come to for a long time. Then she placed her children about her, sat down beside him, and began to tell him about house matters, and to ask him about everything which had happened. He told her everything. She said:

"What shall I do?"

He said:

"We must petition the Tsar. An innocent man cannot be allowed to perish."

His wife said that she had already petitioned the Tsar, but that the petition had not reached him. Aksénov said nothing, and only lowered his head. Then his wife said:

"You remember the dream I had about your getting gray. Indeed, you have grown gray from sorrow. If you had only not started then!"

And she looked over his hair, and said:

"Iván, my darling, tell your wife the truth: did you not do it?"

Aksénov said, "And you, too, suspect me!" and covered his face with his hands, and began to weep.

Then a soldier came, and told his wife that she must leave with her children. And Aksénov for the last time bade his family farewell.

When his wife had left, Aksénov thought about what they had been talking of. When he recalled that his wife had also suspected him and had asked him whether he had killed the merchant, he said to himself: "Evidently none but God can know the truth, and He alone must be asked, and from Him alone can I expect mercy." And from that time on Aksénov no longer handed in petitions and stopped hoping, but only prayed to God.

Aksénov was sentenced to be beaten with the knout, and to be sent to hard labour. And it was done.

He was beaten with the knout, and later, when the knout sores healed over, he was driven with other convicts to Siberia.

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In Siberia, Aksénov passed twenty-six years at hard labour. His hair turned white like snow, and his beard grew long, narrow, and gray. All his mirth went away. He stooped, began to walk softly, spoke little, never laughed, and frequently prayed to God.

In the prison Aksénov learned to make boots, and with the money which he earned he bought himself the "Legends of the Holy Martyrs," and read them while it was light in the prison; on holidays he went to the prison church and read the Epistles, and sang in the choir, — his voice was still good. The authorities were fond of Aksénov for his gentleness, and his prison comrades respected him and called him "grandfather" and "God's man." When there were any requests to be made of the authorities, his comrades always sent him to speak for them, and when the convicts had any disputes between themselves, they came to Aksénov to settle them.

No one wrote Aksénov letters from his home, and he did not know whether his wife and children were alive, or not.

Once they brought some new prisoners to the prison. In the evening the old prisoners gathered around the new men, and asked them from what town they came, or from what village, and for what acts they had been sent up. Aksénov, too, sat down on the bed-boards near the new prisoners and, lowering his head, listened to what they were saying. One of the new prisoners was a tall, sound-looking old man of about sixty years of age, with a gray, clipped beard. He was telling them what he had been sent up for:

"Yes, brothers, I have come here for no crime at all. I had unhitched a driver's horse from the sleigh. I was caught. They said, 'You stole it.' And I said, 'I only wanted to get home quickly, for I let the horse go. Besides, the driver is a friend of mine. I am telling you the truth.'—'No,' they said, 'you have stolen it.' But they did not know what I had seen stealing, or where I had

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been stealing. There were crimes for which I ought to have been sent up long ago, but they could not convict me, and now I am here contrary to the law. 'You are lying,— you have been in Siberia, but you did not make a long visit there —'"

"Where do you come from?" asked one of the prisoners.

"I am from the city of Vladímir, a burgher of that place. My name is Makár, and by my father Seménovich."

Aksénov raised his head, and asked:

"Seménovich, have you not heard in Vladímir about the family of Merchant Aksénov? Are they alive?"

"Yes, I have heard about them! They are rich merchants, even though their father is in Siberia. He is as much a sinner as I, I think. And you, grandfather, what are you here for?"

Aksénov did not like to talk of his misfortune. He sighed, and said:

"For my sins have I passed twenty-six years at hard labour."

Makár Seménovich said:

"For what sins?"

Aksénov said, "No doubt, I deserved it," and did not wish to tell him any more; but the other prison people told the new man how Aksénov had come to be in Siberia. They told him how on the road some one had killed a merchant and had put the knife into his bag, and he thus was sentenced though he was innocent.

When Makár Seménovich heard that, he looked at Aksénov, clapped his knees with his hands, and said:

"What a marvel! What a marvel! But you have grown old, grandfather!"

He was asked what he was marvelling at, and where he had seen Aksénov, but Makár Seménovich made no reply, and only said:

"It is wonderful, boys, where we were fated to meet!"

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And these words made Aksénov think that this man might know something about who had killed the merchant. He said:

"Seménovich, have you heard before this about that matter, or have we met before?"

"Of course I have heard. The earth is full of rumours. That happened a long time ago: I have forgotten what I heard," said Makár Seménovich.

"Maybe you have heard who killed the merchant?" asked Aksénov.

Makár Seménovich laughed and said:

"I suppose he was killed by the man in whose bag the knife was found. Even if somebody stuck that knife into that bag, he was not caught, so he is no thief. And how could the knife have been put in? Was not the bag under your head? You would have heard him."

The moment Aksénov heard these words, he thought that that was the man who had killed the merchant. He got up and walked away. All that night Aksénov could not fall asleep. He felt sad, and had visions: now he saw his wife such as she had been when she bade him farewell for the last time, as he went to the fair. He saw her, as though she was alive, and he saw her face and eyes, and heard her speak to him and laugh. Then he saw his children such as they had been then, — just as little, — one of them in a fur coat, the other at the breast. And he thought of himself, such as he had been then, — gay and young; he recalled how he had been sitting on the porch of the hostelry, where he was arrested, and had been playing the guitar, and how light his heart had been then. And he recalled the pillory, where he had been whipped, and the executioner, and the people all around, and the chains, and the prisoners, and his prison life of the last twenty-six years, and his old age. And such gloom came over him that he felt like laying hands on himself.

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"And all that on account of that evil-doer!" thought Aksénov.

And such a rage fell upon him against Makár Seménovich, that he wanted to have his revenge upon him, even if he himself were to be ruined by it. He said his prayers all night long, but could not calm himself. In the daytime he did not walk over to Makár Seménovich, and did not look at him.

Thus two weeks passed. At night Aksénov could not sleep, and he felt so sad that he did not know what to do with himself.

Once, in the night, he walked all over the prison, and saw dirt falling from underneath one bedplace. He stopped to see what it was. Suddenly Makár Seménovich jumped up from under the bed and looked at Aksénov with a frightened face. Aksénov wanted to pass on, so as not to see him; but Makár took him by his arm, and told him that he had dug a passage way under the wall, and that he each day carried the dirt away in his boot-legs and poured it out in the open, whenever they took the convicts out to work. He said:

"Keep quiet, old man, — I will take you out, too. And if you tell, they will whip me, and I will not forgive you, — I will kill you."

When Aksénov saw the one who had done him evil, he trembled in his rage, and pulled away his arm, and said:

"I have no reason to get away from here, and there is no sense in killing me, — you killed me long ago. And whether I will tell on you or not depends on what God will put into my soul."

On the following day, when the convicts were taken out to work, the soldiers noticed that Makár Seménovich was pouring out the dirt, and so they began to search in the prison, and found the hole. The chief came to the prison and began to ask all who had dug the hole. Everybody denied it. Those who knew had not seen Makár

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Seménovich, because they knew that for this act he would be whipped half-dead. Then the chief turned to Aksénov. He knew that Aksénov was a just man, and said:

"Old man, you are a truthful man, tell me before God who has done that."

Makár Seménovich stood as though nothing had happened and looked at the chief, and did not glance at Aksénov. Aksénov's arms and lips trembled, and he could not utter a word for a long time. He thought: "If I protect him, why should I forgive him, since he has ruined me? Let him suffer for my torments! And if I tell on him, they will indeed whip him to death. And suppose that I have a wrong suspicion against him. Will that make it easier for me?"

The chief said once more:

"Well, old man, speak, tell the truth! Who has been digging it?"

Aksénov looked at Makár Seménovich, and said:

"I cannot tell, your Honour. God orders me not to tell. And I will not tell. Do with me as you please,—you have the power."

No matter how much the chief tried, Aksénov would not say anything more. And so they did not find out who had done the digging.

On the following night, as Aksénov lay down on the bed-boards and was just falling asleep, he heard somebody come up to him and sit down at his feet. He looked in the darkness and recognized Makár. Aksénov said:

"What more do you want of me? What are you doing here?"

Makár Seménovich was silent. Aksénov raised himself, and said:

"What do you want? Go away, or I will call the soldier."

Makár bent down close to Aksénov, and said to him in a whisper:

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"Iván Dmítrievich, forgive me!"

Aksénov said:

"For what shall I forgive you?"

"It was I who killed the merchant and put the knife into your bag. I wanted to kill you, too, but they made a noise in the yard, so I put the knife into your bag and climbed through the window."

Aksénov was silent and did not know what to say. Makár Seménovich slipped down from the bed, made a low obeisance, and said:

"Iván Dmítrievich, forgive me, forgive me for God's sake! I will declare that it was I who killed the merchant, — you will be forgiven. You will return home."

Aksénov said:

"It is easy for you to speak so, but see how I have suffered! Where shall I go now? My wife has died, my children have forgotten me. I have no place to go to — "

Makár Seménovich did not get up from the floor. He struck his head against the earth, and said:

"Iván Dmítrievich, forgive me! When they whipped me with the knout I felt better than now that I am looking at you. You pitied me, and did not tell on me. Forgive me, for Christ's sake! Forgive me, the accursed evil-doer!" And he burst out into tears.

When Aksénov heard Makár Seménovich crying, he began to weep himself, and said:

"God will forgive you. Maybe I am a hundred times worse than you!"

And suddenly a load fell off from his soul. And he no longer pined for his home, and did not wish to leave the prison, but only thought of his last hour.

Makár Seménovich did not listen to Aksénov, but declared his guilt. When the decision came for Aksénov to leave, — he was dead.

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HUNTING WORSE THAN SLAVERY

We were hunting bears. My companion had a chance to shoot at a bear: he wounded him, but only in a soft spot. A little blood was left on the snow, but the bear got away.

We met in the forest and began to discuss what to do: whether to go and find that bear, or to wait two or three days until the bear should lie down again.

We asked the peasant bear drivers whether we could now surround the bear. An old bear driver said:

"No, we must give the bear a chance to calm himself. In about five days it will be possible to surround him, but if we go after him now he will only be frightened and will not lie down."

But a young bear driver disputed with the old man, and said that he could surround him now.

"Over this snow," he said, "the bear cannot get away far, — he is fat. He will lie down to-day again. And if he does not, I will overtake him on snow-shoes."

My companion, too, did not want to surround the bear now, and advised waiting.

But I said:

"What is the use of discussing the matter? Do as you please, but I will go with Demyán along the track. If we overtake him, so much is gained; if not, — I have nothing else to do to-day anyway, and it is not yet late."

And so we did.

My companions went to the sleigh, and back to the village, but Demyán and I took bread with us, and remained in the woods.

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When all had left us, Demyán and I examined our guns, tucked our fur coats over our belts, and followed the track.

It was fine weather, chilly and calm. But walking on snow-shoes was a hard matter: the snow was deep and powdery.

The snow had not settled in the forest, and, besides, fresh snow had fallen on the day before, so that the snow-shoes sunk half a foot in the snow, and in places even deeper.

The bear track could be seen a distance away. We could see the way the bear had walked, for in spots he had fallen in the snow to his belly and had swept the snow aside. At first we walked in plain sight of the track, through a forest of large trees; then, when the track went into a small pine wood, Demyán stopped.

"We must now give up the track," he said. "He will, no doubt, lie down here. He has been sitting on his haunches, — you can see it by the snow. Let us go away from the track, and make a circle around him. But we must walk softly and make no noise, not even cough, or we shall scare him."

We went away from the track, to the left. We walked about five hundred steps and there we again saw the track before us. We again followed the track, and this took us to the road. We stopped on the road and began to look around, to see in what direction the bear had gone. Here and there on the road we could see the bear's paws with all the toes printed on the snow, while in others we could see the tracks of a peasant's bast shoes. He had, evidently, gone to the village.

We walked along the road. Demyán said to me:

"We need not watch the road; somewhere he will turn off the road, to the right or to the left, — we shall see in the snow. Somewhere he will turn off, — he will not go to the village."

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We walked thus about a mile along the road; suddenly we saw the track turn off from the road. We looked at it, and see the wonder! It was a bear's track, but leading not from the road to the woods, but from the woods to the road: the toes were turned to the road. I said:

"That is another bear."

Demyán looked at it, and thought awhile.

"No," he said, "that is the same bear, only he has begun to cheat. He left the road backwards."

We followed the track, and so it was. The bear had evidently walked about ten steps backwards from the road, until he got beyond a fir-tree, and then he had turned and gone on straight ahead. Demyán stopped, and said:

"Now we shall certainly fall in with him. He has no place but this swamp to lie down in. Let us surround him."

We started to surround him, going through the dense pine forest. I was getting tired, and it was now much harder to travel. Now I would strike against a juniper-bush, and get caught in it; or a small pine-tree would get under my feet; or the snow-shoes would twist, as I was not used to them; or I would strike a stump or a block under the snow. I was beginning to be worn out. I took off my fur coat, and the sweat was just pouring down from me. But Demyán sailed along as in a boat. It looked as though the snow-shoes walked under him of their own accord. He neither caught in anything, nor did his shoes turn on him.

And he even threw my fur coat over his shoulders, and kept urging me on.

We made about three versts in a circle, and walked past the swamp. Demyán suddenly stopped in front of me, and waved his hand. I walked over to him. Demyán bent down, and pointed with his hand, and whispered to me:

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"Do you see, a magpie is chattering on a windfall: the bird is scenting the bear from a distance. It is he."

We walked to one side, made another verst, and again hit the old trail. Thus we had made a circle around the bear, and he was inside of it. We stopped. I took off my hat and loosened my wraps: I felt as hot as in a bath, and was as wet as a mouse. Demyán, too, was all red, and he wiped his face with his sleeve.

"Well," he said, "we have done our work, sir, so we may take a rest."

The evening glow could be seen through the forest. We sat down on the snow-shoes to rest ourselves. We took the bread and salt out of the bags; first I ate a little snow, and then the bread. The bread tasted to me better than any I had eaten in all my life. We sat awhile; it began to grow dark. I asked Demyán how far it was to the village.

"About twelve versts. We shall reach it in the night; but now we must rest. Put on your fur coat, sir, or you will catch a cold."

Demyán broke off some pine branches, knocked down the snow, made a bed, and we lay down beside each other, with our arms under our heads. I do not remember how I fell asleep. I awoke about two hours later. Something crashed.

I had been sleeping so soundly that I forgot where I was. I looked around me: what marvel was that? Where was I? Above me were some white chambers, and white posts, and on everything glistened white tinsel. I looked up: there was a white, checkered cloth, and between the checks was a black vault in which burned fires of all colours. I looked around, and I recalled that we were in the forest, and that the snow-covered trees had appeared to me as chambers, and that the fires were nothing but the stars that flickered between the branches.

In the night a hoarfrost had fallen, and there was hoar-

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frost on the branches, and on my fur coat, and Demyán was all covered with hoarfrost, and hoarfrost fell from above. I awoke Demyán. We got up on our snow-shoes and started. The forest was quiet. All that could be heard was the sound we made as we slid on our snow-shoes over the soft snow, or when a tree would crackle from the frost, and a hollow sound would pass through the whole woods. Only once did something living stir close to us and run away again. I thought it was the bear. We walked over to the place from where the noise had come, and we saw hare tracks. The young aspens were nibbled down. The hares had been feeding on them.

We came out to the road, tied the snow-shoes behind us, and walked down the road. It was easy to walk. The snow-shoes rattled and rumbled over the beaten road; the snow creaked under our boots; the cold hoarfrost stuck to our faces like down. And the stars seemed to run toward us along the branches: they would flash, and go out again, — just as though the sky were walking round and round.

My companion was asleep, — I awoke him. We told him how we had made a circle around the bear, and told the landlord to collect the drivers for the morning. We ate our supper and lay down to sleep.

I was so tired that I could have slept until dinner, but my companion woke me. I jumped up and saw that my companion was all dressed and busy with his gun.

"Where is Demyán?"

"He has been in the forest for quite awhile. He has investigated the circle, and has been back to take the drivers out."

I washed myself, put on my clothes, and loaded my guns. We seated ourselves in the sleigh, and started.

There was a severe frost, the air was calm, and the sun could not be seen: there was a mist above, and the hoarfrost was settling.

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We travelled about three versts by the road, and reached the forest. We saw a blue smoke in a hollow, and peasants, men and women, were there with clubs.

We climbed out of the sleigh and went up to the people. The peasants were sitting and baking potatoes, and joking with the women.

Demyán was with them. The people got up, and Demyán took them away to place them in our last night's circuit. The men and women stretched themselves out in single file, — there were thirty of them and they could be seen only from the belt up, — and went into the woods; then my companion and I followed their tracks.

Though they had made a path, it was hard to walk; still, we could not fall, for it was like walking between two walls.

Thus we walked for half a verst. I looked up, and there was Demyán running to us from the other side on snow-shoes, and waving his hand for us to come to him.

We went up to him, and he showed us where to stand. I took up my position and looked around.

To the left of me was a tall pine forest. I could see far through it, and beyond the trees I saw the black spot of a peasant driver. Opposite me was a young pine growth, as tall as a man's stature. In this pine growth the branches were hanging down and stuck together from the snow. The path through the middle of the pine grove was covered with snow. This path was leading toward me. To the right of me was a dense pine forest, and beyond the pine grove there was a clearing. And on this clearing I saw Demyán place my companion.

I examined my two guns and cocked them, and began to think where to take up a stand. Behind me, about three steps from me, there was a pine-tree. "I will stand by that pine, and will lean the other gun against it." I made my way to that pine, walking knee-deep in snow. I tramped down a space of about four feet each way, and

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there took my stand. One gun I took into my hands, and the other, with hammers raised, I placed against the tree. I unsheathed my dagger and put it back in the scabbard, to be sure that in case of need it would come out easily.

I had hardly fixed myself, when Demyán shouted from the woods:

"Start it now, start it!"

And as Demyán shouted this, the peasants in the circuit cried, each with a different tone of voice: "Come now! Oo-oo-oo!" and the women cried, in their thin voices: "Ai! Eekh!"

The bear was in the circle. Demyán was driving him. In the circuit the people shouted, and only my companion and I stood still, did not speak or move, and waited for the bear. I stood, and looked, and listened, and my heart went pitapat. I was clutching my gun and trembling. Now, now he will jump out, I thought, and I will aim and shoot, and he will fall — Suddenly I heard to the left something tumbling through the snow, only it was far away. I looked into the tall pine forest: about fifty steps from me, behind the trees, stood something large and black. I aimed and waited. I thought it might come nearer. I saw it move its ears and turn around. Now I could see the whole of him from the side. It was a huge beast. I aimed hastily. Bang! I heard the bullet strike the tree. Through the smoke I saw the bear make back for the cover and disappear in the forest. "Well," I thought, "my business is spoiled: he will not run up to me again; either my companion will have a chance to shoot at him, or he will go through between the peasants, but never again toward me." I reloaded the gun, and stood and listened. The peasants were shouting on all sides, but on the right, not far from my companion, I heard a woman yell, "Here he is! Here he is! Here he is! This way! This way! Oi, oi, oi! Ai, ai, ai!"

There was the bear, in full sight. I was no longer ex-

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pecting the bear to come toward me, and so looked to the right toward my companion. I saw Demyán running without the snow-shoes along the path, with a stick in his hand, and going up to my companion, sitting down near him, and pointing with the stick at something, as though he were aiming. I saw my companion raise his gun and aim at where Demyán was pointing. Bang! he fired it off.

"Well," I thought, "he has killed him." But I saw that my companion was not running toward the bear. "Evidently he missed him, or did not strike him right. He will get away," I thought, "but he will not come toward me."

What was that? Suddenly I heard something in front of me: somebody was flying like a whirlwind, and scattering the snow near by, and panting. I looked ahead of me, but he was making headlong toward me along the path through the dense pine growth. I could see that he was beside himself with fear. When he was within five steps of me I could see the whole of him: his chest was black and his head was enormous, and of a reddish colour. He was flying straight toward me, and scattering the snow in all directions. I could see by the bear's eyes that he did not see me and in his fright was rushing headlong. He was making straight for the pine where I was standing. I raised my gun, and shot, but he came still nearer. I saw that I had not hit him: the bullet was carried past him. He heard nothing, plunged onward, and did not see me. I bent down the gun, almost rested it against his head. Bang! This time I hit him, but did not kill him.

He raised his head, dropped his ears, showed his teeth, — and straight toward me. I grasped the other gun; but before I had it in my hand, he was already on me, knocked me down, and flew over me. "Well," I thought, "that is good, he will not touch me." I was just getting up, when

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I felt something pressing against me and holding me down. In his onrush he ran past me, but he turned around and rushed against me with his whole breast. I felt something heavy upon me, something warm over my face, and I felt him taking my face into his jaws. My nose was already in his mouth, and I felt hot, and smelled his blood. He pressed my shoulders with his paws, and I could not stir. All I could do was to pull my head out of his jaws and press it against my breast, and I turned my nose and eyes away. But he was trying to get at my eyes and nose. I felt him strike the teeth of his upper jaw into my forehead, right below the hair, and the lower jaw into the cheek-bones below the eyes, and he began to crush me. It was as though my head were cut with knives. I jerked and pulled out my head, but he chawed and chawed and snapped at me like a dog. I would turn my head away, and he would catch it again. "Well," I thought, "my end has come." Suddenly I felt lighter. I looked up, and he was gone: he had jumped away from me, and was running now.

When my companion and Demyán saw that the bear had knocked me into the snow, they dashed for me. My companion wanted to get there as fast as possible, but lost his way; instead of running on the trodden path, he ran straight ahead, and fell down. While he was trying to get out of the snow, the bear was gnawing at me. Demyán ran up to me along the path, without a gun, just with the stick which he had in his hands, and he shouted, "He is eating up the gentleman! He is eating up the gentleman!" And he kept running and shouting, "Oh, you wretched beast! What are you doing? Stop! Stop!"

The bear listened to him, stopped, and ran away. When I got up, there was much blood on the snow, just as though a sheep had been killed, and over my eyes the flesh hung in rags. While the wound was fresh I felt no pain.

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My companion ran up to me, and the peasants gathered around me. They looked at my wounds, and washed them with snow. I had entirely forgotten about the wounds, and only asked, "Where is the bear? Where has he gone?"

Suddenly we heard, "Here he is! Here he is!" We saw the bear running once more against us. We grasped our guns, but before we fired he ran past us. The bear was mad: he wanted to bite me again, but when he saw so many people he became frightened. We saw by the track that the bear was bleeding from the head. We wanted to follow him up, but my head hurt me, and so we drove to town to see a doctor.

The doctor sewed up my wounds with silk, and they began to heal.

A month later we went out again to hunt that bear; but I did not get the chance to kill him. The bear would not leave the cover, and kept walking around and around and roaring terribly. Demyán killed him. My shot had crushed his lower jaw and knocked out a tooth.

This bear was very large, and he had beautiful black fur. I had the skin stuffed, and it is lying now in my room. The wounds on my head have healed, so that one can scarcely see where they were.

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A PRISONER OF THE CAUCASUS

I.

A CERTAIN gentleman was serving as an officer in the Caucasus. His name was Zhilín.

One day he received a letter from home. His old mother wrote to him:

"I have grown old, and I should like to see my darling son before my death. Come to bid me farewell and bury me, and then, with God's aid, return to the service. I have also found a bride for you: she is bright and pretty and has property. If you take a liking to her, you can marry her, and stay here for good."

Zhilín reflected: "Indeed, my old mother has grown feeble; perhaps I shall never see her again. I must go; and if the bride is a good girl, I may marry her."

He went to the colonel, got a furlough, bade his companions good-bye, treated his soldiers to four buckets of vódka, and got himself ready to go.

At that time there was a war in the Caucasus. Neither in the daytime, nor at night, was it safe to travel on the roads. The moment a Russian walked or drove away from a fortress, the Tartars either killed him or took him as a prisoner to the mountains. It was a rule that a guard of soldiers should go twice a week from fortress to fortress. In front and in the rear walked soldiers, and between them were other people.

It was in the summer. The carts gathered at daybreak outside the fortress, and the soldiers of the convoy came

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out, and all started. Zhilín rode on horseback, and his cart with his things went with the caravan.

They had to travel twenty-five versts. The caravan proceeded slowly; now the soldiers stopped, and now a wheel came off a cart, or a horse stopped, and all had to stand still and wait.

The sun had already passed midday, but the caravan had made only half the distance. It was dusty and hot; the sun just roasted them, and there was no shelter: it was a barren plain, with neither tree nor bush along the road.

Zhilín rode out ahead. He stopped and waited for the caravan to catch up with him. He heard them blow the signal-horn behind: they had stopped again.

Zhilín thought: "Why can't I ride on, without the soldiers? I have a good horse under me, and if I run against Tartars, I will gallop away. Or had I better not go?"

He stopped to think it over. There rode up to him another officer, Kostylín, with a gun, and said:

"Let us ride by ourselves, Zhilín! I cannot stand it any longer: I am hungry, and it is so hot. My shirt is dripping wet."

Kostylín was a heavy, stout man, with a red face, and the perspiration was just rolling down his face. Zhilín thought awhile and said:

"Is your gun loaded?"

"It is."

"Well, then, we will go, but on one condition, that we do not separate."

And so they rode ahead on the highway. They rode through the steppe, and talked, and looked about them. They could see a long way off.

When the steppe came to an end, the road entered a cleft between two mountains. So Zhilín said:

"We ought to ride up the mountain to take a look;

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for here they may leap out on us from the mountain without our seeing them."

But Kostylín said:

"What is the use of looking? Let us ride on!"

Zhilín paid no attention to him.

"No," he said, "you wait here below, and I will take a look up there."

And he turned his horse to the left, up-hill. The horse under Zhilín was a thoroughbred (he had paid a hundred roubles for it when it was a colt, and had himself trained it), and it carried him up the slope as though on wings. The moment he reached the summit, he saw before him a number of Tartars on horseback, about eighty fathoms away. There were about thirty of them. When he saw them, he began to turn back; and the Tartars saw him, and galloped toward him, and on the ride took their guns out of the covers. Zhilín urged his horse down-hill as fast as its legs would carry him, and he shouted to Kostylín:

"Take out the gun!" and he himself thought about his horse: "Darling, take me away from here! Don't stumble! If you do, I am lost. If I get to the gun, they shall not catch me."

But Kostylín, instead of waiting, galloped at full speed toward the fortress, the moment he saw the Tartars. He urged the horse on with the whip, now on one side, and now on the other. One could see through the dust only the horse switching her tail.

Zhilín saw that things were bad. The gun had disappeared, and he could do nothing with a sword. He turned his horse back to the soldiers, thinking that he might get away. He saw six men crossing his path. He had a good horse under him, but theirs were better still, and they crossed his path. He began to check his horse: he wanted to turn around; but the horse was running at full speed and could not be stopped, and he flew straight

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toward them. He saw a red-bearded Tartar on a gray horse, who was coming near to him. He howled and showed his teeth, and his gun was against his shoulder.

"Well," thought Zhilín, "I know you devils. When you take one alive, you put him in a hole and beat him with a whip. I will not fall into your hands alive — "

Though Zhilín was not tall, he was brave. He drew his sword, turned his horse straight against the Tartar, and thought:

"Either I will knock his horse off its feet, or I will strike the Tartar with my sword."

Zhilín got within a horse's length from him, when they shot at him from behind and hit the horse. The horse dropped on the ground while going at full speed, and fell on Zhilín's leg.

He wanted to get up, but two stinking Tartars were already astride of him. He tugged and knocked down the two Tartars, but three more jumped down from their horses and began to strike him with the butts of their guns. Things grew dim before his eyes, and he tottered. The Tartars took hold of him, took from their saddles some reserve straps, twisted his arms behind his back, tied them with a Tartar knot, and fastened him to the saddle. They knocked down his hat, pulled off his boots, rummaged all over him, and took away his money and his watch, and tore all his clothes.

Zhilín looked back at his horse. The dear animal was lying just as it had fallen down, and only twitched its legs and did not reach the ground with them; in its head there was a hole, and from it the black blood gushed and wet the dust for an ell around.

A Tartar went up to the horse, to pull off the saddle. The horse was struggling still, and so he took out his dagger and cut its throat. A whistling sound came from the throat, and the horse twitched, and was dead.

The Tartars took off the saddle and the trappings.

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The red-bearded Tartar mounted his horse, and the others seated Zhilín behind him. To prevent his falling off, they attached him by a strap to the Tartar's belt, and they rode off to the mountains.

Zhilín was sitting back of the Tartar, and shaking and striking with his face against the stinking Tartar's back. All he saw before him was the mighty back, and the muscular neck, and the livid, shaved nape of his head underneath his cap. Zhilín's head was bruised, and the blood was clotted under his eyes. And he could not straighten himself on the saddle, nor wipe off his blood. His arms were twisted so badly that his shoulder bones pained him.

They rode for a long time from one mountain to another, and forded a river, and came out on a path, where they rode through a ravine.

Zhilín wanted to take note of the road on which they were travelling, but his eyes were smeared with blood, and he could not turn around.

It was getting dark. They crossed another stream and rode up a rocky mountain. There was an odour of smoke, and the dogs began to bark. They had come to a native village. The Tartars got down from their horses; the Tartar children gathered around Zhilín, and screamed, and rejoiced, and aimed stones at him.

The Tartar drove the boys away, took Zhilín down from his horse, and called a labourer. There came a Nogay, with large cheek-bones; he wore nothing but a shirt. The shirt was torn and left his breast bare. The Tartar gave him a command. The labourer brought the stocks, — two oak planks drawn through iron rings, and one of these rings with a clasp and lock.

They untied Zhilín's hands, put the stocks on him, and led him into a shed: they pushed him in and locked the door. Zhilín fell on the manure pile. He felt around in the darkness for a soft spot, and lay down there.

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II.

Zhilín lay awake nearly the whole night. The nights were short. He saw through a chink that it was getting light. He got up, made the chink larger, and looked out.

Through the chink Zhilín saw the road: it went downhill; on the right was a Tartar cabin, and near it two trees. A black dog lay on the threshold, and a goat strutted about with her kids, which were jerking their little tails. He saw a young Tartar woman coming up the hill; she wore a loose coloured shirt and pantaloons and boots, and her head was covered with a caftan, and on her head there was a large tin pitcher with water. She walked along, jerking her back, and bending over, and by the hand she led a young shaven Tartar boy in nothing but his shirt. The Tartar woman went into the cabin with the water, and out came the Tartar of the day before, with the red beard, wearing a silk half-coat, a silver dagger on a strap, and shoes on his bare feet. On his head there was a tall, black sheepskin hat, tilted backwards. He came out, and he stretched himself and smoothed his red beard. He stood awhile, gave the labourer an order, and went away.

Then two boys rode by, taking the horses to water. The muzzles of the horses were wet. Then there ran out some other shaven boys, in nothing but their shirts, with no trousers; they gathered in a crowd, walked over to the shed, picked up a stick, and began to poke it through the chink. When Zhilín shouted at the children, they screamed and started to run back, so that their bare knees glistened in the sun.

Zhilín wanted to drink, — his throat was all dried up. He thought: "If they would only come to see me!" He heard them open the shed. The red Tartar came in, and with him another, black-looking fellow, of smaller stature.

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His eyes were black and bright, his cheeks ruddy, his small beard clipped; his face looked jolly, and he kept laughing all the time. This swarthy fellow was dressed even better: he had on a silk half-coat, of a blue colour, embroidered with galloons. In his belt there was a large silver dagger; his slippers were of red morocco and also embroidered with silver. Over his thin slippers he wore heavier shoes. His cap was tall, of white astrakhan.

The red Tartar came in. He said something, as though scolding, and stopped. He leaned against the door-post, dangled his dagger, and like a wolf looked furtively at Zhilín. But the swarthy fellow — swift, lively, walking around as though on springs — went up straight to Zhilín, squatted down, showed his teeth, slapped him on the shoulder, began to rattle off something in his language, winked with his eyes, clicked his tongue, and kept repeating: "Goot Uruss! Goot Uruss!"

Zhilín did not understand a thing and said:

"Give me to drink, give me water to drink!"

The swarthy fellow laughed. "Goot Uruss!" he kept rattling off.

Zhilín showed with his lips and hands that he wanted something to drink.

The swarthy fellow understood what he wanted, laughed out, looked through the door, and called some one: "Diana!"

In came a thin, slender little girl, of about thirteen years of age, who resembled the swarthy man very much. Evidently she was his daughter. Her eyes, too, were black and bright, and her face was pretty. She wore a long blue shirt, with broad sleeves and without a belt. The skirt, the breast, and the sleeves were trimmed with red. On her legs were pantaloons, and on her feet slippers, with high-heeled shoes over them; on her neck she wore a necklace of Russian half-roubles. Her head was uncovered; her braid was black, with a ribbon

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through it, and from the ribbon hung small plates and a Russian rouble.

Her father gave her a command. She ran away, and came back and brought a small tin pitcher. She gave him the water, and herself squatted down, bending up in such a way that her shoulders were below her knees. She sat there, and opened her eyes, and looked at Zhilín drinking, as though he were some animal.

Zhilín handed her back the pitcher. She jumped away like a wild goat. Even her father laughed. He sent her somewhere else. She took the pitcher and ran away; she brought some fresh bread on a round board, and again sat down, bent over, riveted her eyes on him, and kept looking.

The Tartars went away and locked the door.

After awhile the Nogay came to Zhilín, and said:

"Ai-da, master, ai-da!"

He did not know any Russian, either. All Zhilín could make out was that he should follow him.

Zhilín started with the stocks, and he limped and could not walk, so much did the stocks pull his legs aside. Zhilín went out with the Nogay. He saw a Tartar village of about ten houses, and a church of theirs, with a small tower. Near one house stood three horses, all saddled. Boys were holding the reins. From the house sprang the swarthy Tartar, and he waved his hand for Zhilín to come up, He laughed all the while, and talked in his language, and disappeared through the door.

Zhilín entered the house. It was a good living-room, — the walls were plastered smooth with clay. Along the front wall lay coloured cushions, and at the sides hung costly rugs; on the rugs were guns, pistols, swords, — all in silver. By one wall there was a small stove, on a level with the floor. The floor was of dirt and as clean as a threshing-floor, and the whole front corner was carpeted with felt; and over the felt lay rugs, and on

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the rugs cushions. On these rugs sat the Tartars, in their slippers without their outer shoes: there were the swarthy fellow, the red Tartar, and three guests. At their backs were feather cushions, and before them, on a round board, were millet cakes and melted butter in a bowl, and Tartar beer, "buza," in a small pitcher. They were eating with their hands, and their hands were all greasy from the butter.

The swarthy man jumped up and ordered Zhilín to be placed to one side, not on a rug, but on the bare floor; he went back to his rug, and treated his guests to millet cakes and buza. The labourer placed Zhilín where he had been ordered, himself took off his outer shoes, put them at the door, where stood the other shoes, and sat down on the felt next to the masters. He looked at them as they ate, and wiped off his spittle.

The Tartars ate the cakes. Then there came a Tartar woman, in a shirt like the one the girl had on, and in pantaloons, and with a kerchief over her head. She carried away the butter and the cakes, and brought a small wash-basin of a pretty shape, and a pitcher with a narrow neck. The Tartars washed their hands, then folded them, knelt down, blew in every direction, and said their prayers. Then one of the Tartar guests turned to Zhilín, and began to speak in Russian:

"You," he said, "were taken by Kazi-Muhammed," and he pointed to the red Tartar, "and he gave you to Abdul-Murat." He pointed to the swarthy man. "Abdul-Murat is now your master."

Zhilín kept silence. Then Abdul-Murat began to speak. He pointed to Zhilín, and laughed, and kept repeating:

"Soldier Uruss! Goot Uruss!"

The interpreter said:

"He wants you to write a letter home that they may send a ransom for you. When they send it, you will be set free."

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Zhilín thought awhile and said:

"How much ransom does he want?"

The Tartars talked together; then the interpreter said:

"Three thousand in silver."

"No," said Zhilín, "I cannot pay that."

Abdul jumped up, began to wave his hands and to talk to Zhilín, thinking that he would understand him. The interpreter translated. He said:

"How much will you give?"

Zhilín thought awhile, and said:

"Five hundred roubles."

Then the Tartars began to talk a great deal, all at the same time. Abdul shouted at the red Tartar. He was so excited that the spittle just spirted from his mouth.

But the red Tartar only scowled and clicked his tongue.

They grew silent, and the interpreter said:

"The master is not satisfied with five hundred roubles. He has himself paid two hundred for you. Kazi-Muhammed owed him a debt. He took you for that debt. Three thousand roubles, nothing less will do. And if you do not write, you will be put in a hole and beaten with a whip."

"Oh," thought Zhilín, "it will not do to show that I am frightened; that will only be worse." He leaped to his feet, and said:

"Tell that dog that if he is going to frighten me, I will not give him a penny, and I will refuse to write. I have never been afraid of you dogs, and I never will be."

The interpreter translated, and all began to speak at the same time.

They babbled for a long time; then the swarthy Tartar jumped up and walked over to Zhilín:

"Uruss," he said, "dzhigit, dzhigit Uruss!"

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Dzhigit in their language means a "brave." And he laughed; he said something to the interpreter, and the interpreter said:

"Give one thousand roubles!"

Zhilín stuck to what he had said:

"I will not give more than five hundred. And if you kill me, you will get nothing."

The Tartars talked awhile and sent the labourer somewhere, and themselves kept looking now at Zhilín and now at the door. The labourer came, and behind him walked a fat man; he was barefoot and tattered; he, too, had on the stocks.

Zhilín just shouted, for he recognized Kostylín. He, too, had been caught. They were placed beside each other. They began to talk to each other, and the Tartars kept silence and looked at them. Zhilín told what had happened to him; and Kostylín told him that his horse had stopped and his gun had missed fire, and that the same Abdul had overtaken and captured him.

Abdul jumped up, and pointed to Kostylín, and said something. The interpreter translated it, and said that both of them belonged to the same master, and that the one who would first furnish the money would be the first to be released.

"Now you," he said, "are a cross fellow, but your friend is meek; he has written a letter home, and they will send five thousand roubles. He will be fed well, and will not be insulted."

So Zhilín said:

"My friend may do as he pleases; maybe he is rich, but I am not. As I have said, so will it be. If you want to, kill me, — you will not gain by it, — but more than five hundred will I not give."

They were silent for awhile. Suddenly Abdul jumped up, fetched a small box, took out a pen, a piece of paper, and some ink, put it all before Zhilín, slapped him on the

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shoulder, and motioned for him to write. He agreed to the five hundred.

"Wait awhile," Zhilín said to the interpreter. "Tell him that he has to feed us well, and give us the proper clothes and shoes, and keep us together, — it will be jollier for us, — and take off the stocks." He looked at the master and laughed. The master himself laughed. He listened to the interpreter, and said:

"I will give you the best of clothes, — a Circassian mantle and boots, — you will be fit to marry. We will feed you like princes. And if you want to stay together, you may live in the shed. But the stocks cannot be taken off, for you will run away. For the night we will take them off."

He ran up to Zhilín, and tapped him on the shoulder:

"You goot, me goot!"

Zhilín wrote the letter, but he did not address it right. He thought he would run away.

Zhilín and Kostylín were taken back to the shed. They brought for them maize straw, water in a pitcher, bread, two old mantles, and worn soldier boots. They had evidently been pulled off dead soldiers. For the night the stocks were taken off, and they were locked in the barn.

III.

Zhilín and his companion lived thus for a whole month. Their master kept laughing.

"You, Iván, goot, me, Abdul, goot!"

But he did not feed them well. All he gave them to eat was unsalted millet bread, baked like pones, or entirely unbaked dough.

Kostylín wrote home a second letter. He was waiting for the money to come, and felt lonesome. He sat for days at a time in the shed counting the days before the letter would come, or he slept. But Zhilín knew that

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his letter would not reach any one, and so he did not write another.

"Where," he thought, "is my mother to get so much money? As it is, she lived mainly by what I sent her. If she should collect five hundred roubles, she would be ruined in the end. If God grants it, I will manage to get away from here."

And he watched and thought of how to get away.

He walked through the village and whistled, or he sat down somewhere to work with his hands, either making a doll from clay, or weaving a fence from twigs. Zhilín was a great hand at all kinds of such work.

One day he made a doll, with a nose, and hands, and legs, in a Tartar shirt, and put the doll on the roof. The Tartar maidens were going for water. His master's daughter, Dina, saw the doll, and she called up the Tartar girls. They put down their pitchers, and looked, and laughed. Zhilín took down the doll and gave it to them. They laughed, and did not dare take it. He left the doll, and went back to the shed to see what they would do.

Dina ran up, looked around, grasped the doll, and ran away with it.

In the morning, at daybreak, he saw Dina coming out with the doll in front of the house. The doll was all dressed up in red rags, and she was rocking the doll and singing to it in her fashion. The old woman came out. She scolded her, took the doll away from her and broke it, and sent Dina to work.

Zhilín made another doll, a better one than before, and he gave it to Dina. One day Dina brought him a small pitcher. She put it down, herself sat down and looked at him, and laughed, as she pointed to the pitcher.

"What is she so happy about?" thought Zhilín.

He took the pitcher and began to drink. He thought it was water, but, behold, it was milk. He drank the milk, and said:

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"It is good!"

Dina was very happy.

"Good, Iván, good!" and she jumped up, clapped her hands, took away the pitcher, and ran off.

From that time she brought him milk every day on the sly. The Tartars make cheese-cakes from goat milk, and dry them on the roofs, — and so she brought him those cakes also. One day the master killed a sheep, so she brought him a piece of mutton in her sleeve. She would throw it down and run away.

One day there was a severe storm, and for an hour the rain fell as though from a pail. All the streams became turbid. Where there was a ford, the water was now eight feet deep, and stones were borne down. Torrents were running everywhere, and there was a roar in the mountains. When the storm was over, streams were coming down the village in every direction. Zhilín asked his master to let him have a penknife, and with it he cut out a small axle and little boards, and made a wheel, and to each end of the wheel he attached a doll.

The girls brought him pieces of material, and he dressed the dolls: one a man, the other a woman. He fixed them firmly, and placed the wheel over a brook. The wheel began to turn, and the dolls to jump.

The whole village gathered around it; boys, girls, women, and men came, and they clicked with their tongues:

"Ai, Uruss! Ai, Iván!"

Abdul had a Russian watch, but it was broken. He called Zhilín, showed it to him, and clicked his tongue. Zhilín said:

"Let me have it! I will fix it!"

He took it to pieces with a penknife; then he put it together, and gave it back to him. The watch was running now.

The master was delighted. He brought his old half-

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coat, — it was all in rags, — and made him a present of it. What could he do but take it? He thought it would be good enough to cover himself with in the night.

After that the rumour went abroad that Zhilín was a great master. They began to come to him from distant villages: one, to have him fix a gun-lock or a pistol, another, to set a clock a-going. His master brought him tools, — pinchers, gimlets, and files.

One day a Tartar became sick: they sent to Zhilín, and said, "Go and cure him!" Zhilín did not know anything about medicine. He went, took a look at him, and thought, "Maybe he will get well by himself." He went to the barn, took some water and sand, and mixed it. In the presence of the Tartars he said a charm over the water, and gave it to him to drink. Luckily for him, the Tartar got well.

Zhilín began to understand their language. Some of the Tartars got used to him. When they needed him, they called, "Iván, Iván!" but others looked at him awry, as at an animal.

The red Tartar did not like Zhilín. Whenever he saw him, he frowned and turned away, or called him names. There was also an old man; he did not live in the village, but came from farther down the mountain. Zhilín saw him only when he came to the mosque, to pray to God. He was a small man; his cap was wrapped with a white towel. His beard and moustache were clipped, and they were as white as down; his face was wrinkled and as red as a brick. His nose was hooked, like a hawk's beak, and his eyes were gray and mean-looking; of teeth he had only two tusks. He used to walk in his turban, leaning on a crutch, and looking around him like a wolf. Whenever he saw Zhilín, he grunted and turned away.

One day Zhilín went down-hill, to see where the old man was living. He walked down the road, and saw a little garden, with a stone fence, and inside the fence were

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cherry and apricot trees, and stood a hut with a flat roof. He came closer to it, and he saw beehives woven from straw, and bees were swarming around and buzzing. The old man was kneeling, and doing something to a hive. Zhilín got up higher, to get a good look, and made a noise with his stocks. The old man looked around and shrieked; he pulled the pistol out from his belt and fired at Zhilín. He had just time to hide behind a rock.

The old man went to the master to complain about Zhilín. The master called up Zhilín, and laughed, and asked:

"Why did you go to the old man?"

"I have not done him any harm," he said. "I just wanted to see how he lives."

The master told the old man that. But the old man was angry, and hissed, and rattled something off; he showed his teeth and waved his hand threateningly at Zhilín.

Zhilín did not understand it all; but he understood that the old man was telling his master to kill all the Russians, and not to keep them in the village. The old man went away.

Zhilín asked his master what kind of a man that old Tartar was. The master said:

"He is a big man! He used to be the first dzhigit: he killed a lot of Russians, and he was rich. He had three wives and eight sons. All of them lived in the same village. The Russians came, destroyed the village, and killed seven of his sons. One son was left alive, and he surrendered himself to the Russians. The old man went and surrendered himself, too, to the Russians. He stayed with them three months, found his son there, and killed him, and then he ran away. Since then he has stopped fighting. He has been to Mecca, to pray to God, and that is why he wears the turban. He who has been to Mecca is called a Hadji and puts on a turban. He has no use

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for you fellows. He tells me to kill you; but I cannot kill you, — I have paid for you; and then, Iván, I like you. I not only have no intention of killing you, but I would not let you go back, if I had not given my word to you." He laughed as he said that, and added in Russian: "You, Iván, good, me, Abdul, good!"

IV.

Zhilín lived thus for a month. In the daytime he walked around the village and made things with his hands, and when night came, and all was quiet in the village, he began to dig in the shed. It was difficult to dig on account of the rocks, but he sawed the stones with the file, and made a hole through which he meant to crawl later. "First I must find out what direction to go in," he thought; "but the Tartars will not tell me anything."

So he chose a time when his master was away; he went after dinner back of the village, up-hill, where he could see the place. But when his master went away, he told his little boy to keep an eye on Zhilín and to follow him everywhere. So the boy ran after Zhilín, and said:

"Don't go! Father said that you should not go there. I will call the people!"

Zhilín began to persuade him.

"I do not want to go far," he said; "I just want to walk up the mountain: I want to find an herb with which to cure you people. Come with me; I cannot run away with the stocks. To-morrow I will make you a bow and arrows."

He persuaded the boy, and they went together. As he looked up the mountain, it looked near, but with the stocks it was hard to walk; he walked and walked, and climbed the mountain with difficulty. Zhilín sat down and began to look at the place. To the south of the shed

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there was a ravine, and there a herd of horses was grazing, and in a hollow could be seen another village. At that village began a steeper mountain, and beyond that mountain there was another mountain. Between the mountains could be seen a forest, and beyond it again the mountains, rising higher and higher. Highest of all, there were white mountains, capped with snow, just like sugar loaves. And one snow mountain stood with its cap above all the rest. To the east and the west there were just such mountains; here and there smoke rose from villages in the clefts.

"Well," he thought, "that is all their side."

He began to look to the Russian side. At his feet was a brook and his village, and all around were little gardens. At the brook women were sitting, — they looked as small as dolls, — and washing the linen. Beyond the village and below it there was a mountain, and beyond that, two other mountains, covered with forests; between the two mountains could be seen an even spot, and on that plain, far, far away, it looked as though smoke were settling. Zhilín recalled where the sun used to rise and set when he was at home in the fortress. He looked down there, — sure enough, that was the valley where the Russian fortress ought to be. There, then, between those two mountains, he had to run.

The sun was beginning to go down. The snow-capped mountains changed from white to violet; it grew dark in the black mountains; vapour arose from the clefts, and the valley, where our fortress no doubt was, gleamed in the sunset as though on fire. Zhilín began to look sharply, — something was quivering in the valley, like smoke rising from chimneys. He was sure now that it must be the Russian fortress.

It grew late; he could hear the mullah call; the flock was being driven, and the cows lowed. The boy said to him, "Come!" but Zhilín did not feel like leaving.

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They returned home. "Well," thought Zhilín, "now I know the place, and I must run." He wanted to run that same night. The nights were dark, — the moon was on the wane. Unfortunately the Tartars returned toward evening. At other times they returned driving cattle before them, and then they were jolly. But this time they did not drive home anything, but brought back a dead Tartar, a red-haired companion of theirs. They came back angry, and all gathered to bury him. Zhilín, too, went out to see. They wrapped the dead man in linen, without putting him in a coffin, and carried him under the plane-trees beyond the village, and placed him on the grass. The mullah came, and the old men gathered around him, their caps wrapped with towels, and took off their shoes and seated themselves in a row on their heels, in front of the dead man.

At their head was the mullah, and then three old men in turbans, sitting in a row, and behind them other Tartars. They sat, and bent their heads, and kept silence. They were silent for quite awhile. Then the mullah raised his head, and said:

"Allah!" (That means "God.") He said that one word, and again they lowered their heads and kept silence for a long time; they sat without stirring. Again the mullah raised his head:

"Allah!" and all repeated, "Allah!" and again they were silent. The dead man lay on the grass, and did not stir, and they sat about him like the dead. Not one of them stirred. One could hear only the leaves on the plane-tree rustling in the breeze. Then the mullah said a prayer, and all got up, lifted the dead body, and carried it away. They took it to a grave, — not a simple grave, but dug under like a cave. They took the dead man under his arms and by his legs, bent him over, let him down softly, pushed him under in a sitting posture, and fixed his arms on his body.

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A Nogay dragged up a lot of green reeds; they bedded the grave with it, then quickly filled it with dirt, levelled it up, and put a stone up straight at the head of it. They tramped down the earth, and again sat down in a row near the grave. They were silent for a long time.

"Allah, Allah, Allah!" They sighed and got up.

A red-haired Tartar distributed money to the old men; then he got up, took a whip, struck himself three times on his forehead, and went home.

Next morning Zhilín saw the red Tartar take a mare out of the village, and three Tartars followed him. They went outside the village; then the red-haired Tartar took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, — he had immense arms, — and took out his dagger and whetted it on a steel. The Tartars jerked up the mare's head, and the red-haired man walked over to her, cut her throat, threw her down, and began to flay her, — to rip the skin open with his fists. Then came women and girls, and they began to wash the inside and the entrails. Then they chopped up the mare and dragged the flesh to the house. And the whole village gathered at the house of the red-haired Tartar to celebrate the dead man's wake.

For three days did they eat the horse-flesh, drink buza, and remember the dead man. On the fourth day Zhilín saw them get ready to go somewhere for a dinner. They brought horses, dressed themselves up, and went away, — about ten men, and the red Tartar with them; Abdul was the only one who was left at home. The moon was just beginning to increase, and the nights were still dark.

"Well," thought Zhilín, "to-night I must run," and he told Kostylín so. But Kostylín was timid.

"How can we run? We do not know the road."

"I know it."

"But we cannot reach it in the night."

"If we do not, we shall stay for the night in the woods. I have a lot of cakes with me. You certainly do not mean

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to stay. It would be all right if they sent the money; but suppose they cannot get together so much. The Tartars are mean now, because the Russians have killed one of theirs. I understand they want to kill us now."

Kostylín thought awhile:

"Well, let us go!"

V.

Zhilín crept into the hole and dug it wider, so that Kostylín could get through; and then they sat still and waited for everything to quiet down in the village.

When all grew quiet, Zhilín crawled through the hole and got out. He whispered to Kostylín to crawl out. Kostylín started to come out, but he caught a stone with his foot, and it made a noise. Now their master had a dappled watch-dog, and he was dreadfully mean; his name was Ulyashin. Zhilín had been feeding him before. When Ulyashin heard the voice, he began to bark and rushed forward, and with him other dogs. Zhilín gave a low whistle and threw a piece of cake to the dog, and the dog recognized him and wagged his tail and stopped barking.

The master heard it, and he called out from the hut "Hait, hait, Ulyashin!"

But Zhilín was scratching Ulyashin behind his ears; so the dog was silent and rubbed against his legs and wagged his tail.

They sat awhile around the corner. All was silent; nothing could be heard but the sheep coughing in the hut corner, and the water rippling down the pebbles. It was dark; the stars stood high in the heaven; the young moon shone red above the mountain, and its horns were turned upward. In the clefts the mist looked as white as milk.

Zhilín got up and said to his companion:

"Now, my friend, let us start!"

They started. They had made but a few steps, when

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they heard the mullah sing out on the roof: "Allah besmillah! Ilrakhman!" That meant that the people were going to the mosque. They sat down again, hiding behind a wall. They sat for a long time, waiting for the people to pass by. Again everything was quiet.

"Well, with God's aid!" They made the sign of the cross, and started. They crossed the yard and went downhill to the brook; they crossed the brook and walked down the ravine. The mist was dense and low on the ground, and overhead the stars were, oh, so visible. Zhilín saw by the stars in what direction they had to go. In the mist it felt fresh, and it was easy to walk, only the boots were awkward, they had worn down so much. Zhilín took off his boots and threw them away, and marched on barefoot. He leaped from stone to stone, and kept watching the stars. Kostylín began to fall behind.

"Walk slower," he said. "The accursed boots, — they have chafed my feet."

"Take them off! You will find it easier without them."

Kostylín walked barefoot after that; but it was only worse: he cut his feet on the rocks, and kept falling behind. Zhilín said to him:

"If you bruise your feet, they will heal up; but if they catch you, they will kill you, — so it will be worse."

Kostylín said nothing, but he groaned as he walked. They walked for a long time through a ravine. Suddenly they heard dogs barking. Zhilín stopped and looked around; he groped with his hands and climbed a hill.

"Oh," he said, "we have made a mistake, — we have borne too much to the right. Here is a village, — I saw it from the mountain; we must go back and to the left, and up the mountain. There must be a forest here."

But Kostylín said:

"Wait at least awhile! Let me rest: my feet are all blood-stained."

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"Never mind, friend, they will heal up! Jump more lightly, — like this!"

And Zhilín ran back, and to the left, up the mountain into the forest. Kostylín kept falling behind and groaning. Zhilín hushed him, and walked on.

They got up the mountain, and there, indeed, was a forest. They went into the forest, and tore all the clothes they had against the thorns. They struck a path in the forest, and followed it.

"Stop!" Hoofs were heard tramping on the path. They stopped to listen. It was the sound of a horse's hoofs. They started, and again it began to thud. They stopped, and it, too, stopped. Zhilín crawled up to it, and saw something standing in the light on the road. It was not exactly a horse, and again it was like a horse with something strange above it, and certainly not a man. He heard it snort. "What in the world is it?" Zhilín gave a light whistle, and it bolted away from the path, so that he could hear it crash through the woods: the branches broke off, as though a storm went through them.

Kostylín fell down in fright. But Zhilín laughed and said:

"That is a stag. Do you hear him break the branches with his horns? We are afraid of him, and he is afraid of us."

They walked on. The Pleiades were beginning to settle, — it was not far from morning. They did not know whether they were going right, or not. Zhilín thought that that was the path over which they had taken him, and that he was about ten versts from his own people; still there were no certain signs, and, besides, in the night nothing could be made out. They came out on a clearing. Kostylín sat down, and said:

"Do as you please, but I will not go any farther! My feet refuse to move."

Zhilín begged him to go on.

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"No," he said, "I cannot walk on."

Zhilín got angry, spit out in disgust, and scolded him.

"Then I will go by myself, — good-bye!"

Kostylín got up and walked on. They walked about four versts. The mist grew denser in the forest, and nothing could be seen in front of them, and the stars were quite dim.

Suddenly they heard a horse tramping in front of them. They could hear the horse catch with its hoofs in the stones. Zhilín lay down on his belly, and put his ear to the ground to listen.

"So it is, a rider is coming this way!"

They ran off the road, sat down in the bushes, and waited. Zhilín crept up to the road, and saw a Tartar on horseback, driving a cow before him, and mumbling something to himself. The Tartar passed by them. Zhilín went back to Kostylín.

"Well, with God's help, he is gone. Get up, and let us go!"

Kostylín tried to get up, but fell down.

"I cannot, upon my word, I cannot. I have no strength."

The heavy, puffed-up man was in a perspiration, and as the cold mist in the forest went through him and his feet were all torn, he went all to pieces. Zhilín tried to get him up, but Kostylín cried:

"Oh, it hurts!"

Zhilín was frightened.

"Don't shout so! You know that the Tartar is not far off, — he will hear you." But he thought: "He is, indeed, weak, so what shall I do with him? It will not do to abandon my companion."

"Well," he said, "get up, get on my back, and I will carry you, if you cannot walk."

He took Kostylín on his back, put his hands on Kostylín's legs, walked out on the road, and walked on.

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"Only be sure," he said, "and do not choke me with your hands, for Christ's sake. Hold on to my shoulders!"

It was hard for Zhilín: his feet, too, were blood-stained, and he was worn out. He kept bending down, straightening up Kostylín, and throwing him up, so that he might sit higher, and dragged him along the road.

Evidently the Tartar had heard Kostylín's shout. Zhilín heard some one riding from behind and calling in his language. Zhilín made for the brush. The Tartar pulled out his gun and fired; he screeched in his fashion, and rode back along the road.

"Well," said Zhilín, "we are lost, my friend! That dog will collect the Tartars and they will start after us. If we cannot make another three versts, we are lost." But he thought about Kostylín: "The devil has tempted me to take this log along. If I had been alone, I should have escaped long ago."

Kostylín said:

"Go yourself! Why should you perish for my sake?"

"No, I will not go, — it will not do to leave a comrade."

He took him once more on his shoulders, and held on to him. Thus they walked another verst. The woods extended everywhere, and no end was to be seen. The mist was beginning to lift, and rose in the air like little clouds, and the stars could not be seen. Zhilín was worn out.

They came to a little spring by the road; it was lined with stones. Zhilín stopped and put down Kostylín.

"Let me rest," he said, "and get a drink! We will eat our cakes. It cannot be far now."

He had just got down to drink, when he heard the tramping of horses behind them. Again they rushed to the right, into the bushes, down an incline, and lay down.

They could hear Tartar voices. The Tartars stopped at the very spot where they had left the road. They

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talked awhile, then they made a sound, as though sicking dogs. Something crashed through the bushes, and a strange dog made straight for them. It stopped and began to bark.

Then the Tartars came down, — they, too, were strangers. They took them, bound them, put them on their horses, and carried them off.

They travelled about three versts, when they were met by Abdul, the prisoners' master, and two more Tartars. They talked with each other, and the prisoners were put on the other horses and taken back to the village.

Abdul no longer laughed, and did not speak one word with them.

They were brought to the village at daybreak, and were placed in the street. The children ran up and beat them with stones and sticks, and screamed.

The Tartars gathered in a circle, and the old man from down-hill came, too. They talked together. Zhilín saw that they were sitting in judgment on them, discussing what to do with them. Some said that they ought to be sent farther into the mountains, but the old man said that they should be killed. Abdul disputed with them and said:

"I have paid money for them, and I will get a ransom for them."

But the old man said:

"They will not pay us anything; they will only give us trouble. It is a sin to feed Russians. Kill them, and that will be the end of it."

They all went their way. The master walked over to Zhilín and said:

"If the ransom does not come in two weeks, I will beat you to death. And if you try to run again I will kill you like a dog. Write a letter, and write it well!"

Paper was brought to them, and they wrote the letters. The stocks were put on them, and they were taken back

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of the mosque. There was a ditch there, about twelve feet in depth, — and into this ditch they were let down.

VI.

They now led a very hard life. The stocks were not taken off, and they were not let out into the wide world. Unbaked dough was thrown down to them, as to dogs, and water was let down to them in a pitcher. There was a stench in the ditch, and it was close and damp. Kostylín grew very ill, and swelled, and had a breaking out on his whole body; and he kept groaning all the time, or he slept. Zhilín was discouraged: he saw that the situation was desperate. He did not know how to get out of it.

He began to dig, but there was no place to throw the dirt in; the master saw it, and threatened to kill him.

One day he was squatting in the ditch, and thinking of the free world, and he felt pretty bad. Suddenly a cake fell down on his knees, and a second, and some cherries. He looked up, — it was Dina. She looked at him, laughed, and ran away. Zhilín thought: "Maybe Dina will help me."

He cleaned up a place in the ditch, scraped up some clay, and began to make dolls. He made men, horses, and dogs. He thought: "When Dina comes I will throw them to her."

But on the next day Dina did not come. Zhilín heard the tramping of horses; somebody rode by, and the Tartars gathered at the mosque; they quarrelled and shouted, and talked about the Russians. And he heard the old man's voice. He could not make out exactly what it was, but he guessed that the Russians had come close to the village, and that the Tartars were afraid that they might come to the village, and they did not know what to do with the prisoners.

They talked awhile and went away. Suddenly he heard

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something rustle above him. He looked up; Dina was squatting down, and her knees towered above her head; she leaned over, and her necklace hung down and dangled over the ditch. Her little eyes glistened like stars. She took two cheese-cakes out of her sleeve and threw them down to him. Zhilín said to her:

"Why have you not been here for so long? I have made you some toys. Here they are!"

He began to throw one after the other to her, but she shook her head, and did not look at them.

"I do not want them," she said. She sat awhile in silence, and said: "Iván, they want to kill you!" She pointed with her hand to her neck.

"Who wants to kill me?"

"My father, — the old men tell him to. I am sorry for you."

So Zhilín said:

"If you pity me, bring me a long stick!"

She shook her head, to say that she could not. He folded his hands, and began to beg her:

"Dina, if you please! Dear Dina, bring it to me!"

"I cannot," she said. "The people are at home, and they would see me."

And she went away.

Zhilín was sitting there in the evening, and thinking what would happen. He kept looking up. The stars could be seen, and the moon was not yet up. The mullah called, and all grew quiet. Zhilín was beginning to fall asleep; he thought the girl would be afraid.

Suddenly some clay fell on his head. He looked up and saw a long pole coming down at the end of the ditch. It tumbled, and descended, and came down into the ditch. Zhilín was happy; he took hold of it and let it down, — it was a stout pole. He had seen it before on his master's roof.

He looked up: the stars were shining high in the

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heavens, and over the very ditch Dina's eyes glistened in the darkness. She bent her face over the edge of the ditch, and whispered: "Iván, Iván!" and waved her hands in front of her face, as much as to say: "Speak softly!"

"What is it?" asked Zhilín.

"They are all gone. There are two only at the house."

So Zhilín said:

"Kostylín, come, let us try for the last time; I will give you a lift."

Kostylín would not even listen.

"No," he said, "I shall never get away from here. Where should I go, since I have no strength to turn around?"

"If so, good-bye! Do not think ill of me!"

He kissed Kostylín.

He took hold of the pole, told Dina to hold on to it, and climbed up. Two or three times he slipped down: the stocks were in his way. Kostylín held him up, and he managed to get on. Dina pulled him by the shirt with all her might, and laughed.

Zhilín took the pole, and said:

"Take it to where you found it, for if they see it, they will beat you."

She dragged the pole away, and Zhilín went down-hill. He crawled down an incline, took a sharp stone, and tried to break the lock of the stocks. But the lock was a strong one, and he could not break it. He heard some one running down the hill, leaping lightly. He thought it was Dina. Dina ran up, took a stone, and said:

"Let me do it!"

She knelt down and tried to break it; but her arms were as thin as rods, — there was no strength in them. She threw away the stone, and began to weep. Zhilín again worked on the lock, and Dina squatted near him, and held on to his shoulder. Zhilín looked around; on

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the left, beyond the mountain, he saw a red glow, — the moon was rising.

"Well," he thought, "before the moon is up I must cross the ravine and get to the forest."

He got up, threw away the stone, and, though in the stocks, started to go.

"Good-bye, Dina dear! I will remember you all my life."

Dina took hold of him; she groped all over him, trying to find a place to put the cakes. He took them from her.

"Thank you," he said, "you are a clever girl. Who will make dolls for you without me?" And he patted her on the head.

Dina began to cry. She covered her eyes with her hands, and ran up-hill like a kid. In the darkness he could hear the ornaments in the braid striking against her shoulders.

Zhilín made the sign of the cross, took the lock of his fetters in his hand, that it might not clank, and started down the road, dragging his feet along, and looking at the glow, where the moon was rising. He recognized the road. By the straight road it would be about eight versts. If he only could get to the woods before the moon was entirely out! He crossed a brook, — and it was getting light beyond the mountain. He walked through the ravine; he walked and looked, but the moon was not yet to be seen. It was getting brighter, and on one side of the ravine everything could be seen more and more clearly. The shadow was creeping down the mountain, up toward him.

Zhilín walked and kept in the shade. He hurried on, but the moon was coming out faster still; the tops of the trees on the right side were now in the light. As he came up to the woods, the moon came out entirely from behind the mountains, and it grew bright and white as in the daytime. All the leaves could be seen on the trees.

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The mountains were calm and bright; it was as though everything were dead. All that could be heard was the rippling of a brook below.

He reached the forest, — he came across no men. Zhilín found a dark spot in the woods and sat down to rest himself.

He rested, and ate a cake. He found a stone, and began once more to break down the lock. He bruised his hands, but did not break the lock. He got up, and walked on. He marched about a verst, but his strength gave out, — his feet hurt him so. He would make ten steps and then stop. "What is to be done?" he thought. "I will drag myself along until my strength gives out entirely. If I sit down, I shall not be able to get up. I cannot reach the fortress, so, when day breaks, I will lie down in the forest for the day, and at night I will move on."

He walked the whole night. He came across two Tartars only, but he heard them from afar, and so hid behind a tree.

The moon was beginning to pale, and Zhilín had not yet reached the edge of the forest.

"Well," he thought, "I will take another thirty steps, after which I will turn into the forest, where I will sit down."

He took the thirty steps, and there he saw that the forest came to an end. He went to the edge of it, and there it was quite light. Before him lay the steppe and the fortress, as in the palm of the hand, and to the left, close by at the foot of the mountain, fires were burning and going out, and the smoke was spreading, and men were near the camp-fires.

He took a sharp look at them: the guns were glistening, — those were Cossacks and soldiers.

Zhilín was happy. He collected his last strength and walked down-hill. And he thought: "God forfend that

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a Tartar rider should see me in the open! Though it is not far off, I should not get away."

No sooner had he thought so, when, behold, on a mound stood three Tartars, not more than 150 fathoms away. They saw him, and darted toward him. His heart just sank in him. He waved his arms and shouted as loud as he could:

"Brothers! Help, brothers!"

Our men heard him, and away flew the mounted Cossacks. They started toward him, to cut off the Tartars.

The Cossacks had far to go, but the Tartars were near. And Zhilín collected his last strength, took the stocks in his hand, and ran toward the Cossacks. He was beside himself, and he made the sign of the cross, and shouted:

"Brothers! Brothers! Brothers!"

There were about fifteen Cossacks.

The Tartars were frightened, and they stopped before they reached him. And Zhilín ran up to the Cossacks.

The Cossacks surrounded him, and asked:

"Who are you? Where do you come from?"

But Zhilín was beside himself, and he wept, and muttered:

"Brothers! Brothers!"

The soldiers ran out, and surrounded Zhilín: one gave him bread, another gruel, a third vódka; one covered him with a cloak, another broke off the lock.

The officers heard of it, and took him to the fortress. The soldiers were happy, and his companions came to see him.

Zhilín told them what had happened, and said:

"So I have been home, and got married! No, evidently that is not my fate."

And he remained in the service in the Caucasus. Not till a month later was Kostylín ransomed for five thousand. He was brought back more dead than alive.

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ERMÁK

In the reign of Iván Vasílevich the Terrible there were the rich merchants, the Stroganóvs, and they lived in Perm, on the river Káma. They heard that along the river Káma, in a circle of 140 versts, there was good land: the soil had not been ploughed for centuries, the forests had not been cut down for centuries. In the forests were many wild animals, and along the river fish lakes, and no one was living on that land, but only Tartars passed through it.

The Stroganóvs wrote a letter to the Tsar:

"Give us this land, and we will ourselves build towns there and gather people and settle them there, and will not allow the Tartars to pass through it."

The Tsar agreed to it, and gave them the land. The Stroganóvs sent out clerks to gather people. And there came to them a large number of roving people. Whoever came received from the Stroganóvs land, forest, and cattle, and no tenant pay was collected. All they had to do was to live and, in case of need, to go out in mass to fight the Tartars. Thus the land was settled by the Russian people.

About twenty years passed. The Stroganóvs grew richer yet, and that land, 140 versts around, was not enough for them. They wanted to have more land still. About one hundred versts from them were high mountains, the Ural Mountains, and beyond them, they had heard, there was good land, and to that land there was no end. This land was ruled by a small Siberian prince, Kuchum by name. In former days Kuchum had sworn allegiance to

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the Russian Tsar, but later he began to rebel, and he threatened to destroy Stroganóv's towns.

So the Stroganóvs wrote to the Tsar:

"You have given us land, and we have conquered it and turned it over to you; now the thievish Tsarling Kuchum is rebelling against you, and wants to take that land away and ruin us. Command us to take possession of the land beyond the Ural Mountains; we will conquer Kuchum, and will bring all his land under your rule."

The Tsar assented, and wrote back:

"If you have sufficient force, take the land away from Kuchum. Only do not entice many people away from Russia."

When the Stroganóvs got that letter from the Tsar, they sent out clerks to collect more people. And they ordered them to persuade mostly the Cossacks from the Vólga and the Don to come. At that time many Cossacks were roving along the Vólga and the Don. They used to gather in bands of two, three, or six hundred men, and to select an atamán, and to row down in barges, to capture ships and rob them, and for the winter they stayed in little towns on the shore.

The clerks arrived at the Vólga, and there they asked who the famous Cossacks of that region were. They were told:

"There are many Cossacks. It is impossible to live for them. There is Míshka Cherkáshenin, and Sarý-Azmán; but there is no fiercer one than Ermák Timoféich, the atamán. He has a thousand men, and not only the merchants and the people are afraid of him, but even the Tsarian army does not dare to cope with him."

And the clerks went to Ermák the atamán, and began to persuade him to go to the Stroganóvs. Ermák received the clerks, listened to their speeches, and promised to come with his people about the time of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

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Near the holiday of the Assumption there came to the Stroganóvs six hundred Cossacks, with their atamán, Ermák Timoféich. At first Stroganóv sent them against the neighbouring Tartars. The Cossacks annihilated them. Then, when nothing was doing, the Cossacks roved in the neighbourhood and robbed.

So Stroganóv sent for Ermák, and said:

"I will not keep you any longer, if you are going to be so wanton."

But Ermák said:

"I do not like it myself, but I cannot control my people, they are spoiled. Give us work to do!"

So Stroganóv said:

"Go beyond the Ural and fight Kuchum, and take possession of his land. The Tsar will reward you for it."

And he showed the Tsar's letter to Ermák. Ermák rejoiced, and collected his men, and said:

"You are shaming me before my master, — you are robbing without reason. If you do not stop, he will drive you away, and where will you go then? At the Vólga there is a large Tsarian army; we shall be caught, and then we shall suffer for our old misdeeds. But if you feel lonesome, here is work for you."

And he showed them the Tsar's letter, in which it said that Stroganóv had been permitted to conquer land beyond the Ural. The Cossacks had a consultation, and agreed to go. Ermák went to Stroganóv, and they began to deliberate how they had best go.

They discussed how many barges they needed, how much grain, cattle, guns, powder, lead, how many captive Tartar interpreters, and how many foreigners as masters of gunnery.

Stroganóv thought:

"Though it may cost me much, I must give them everything or else they will stay here and will ruin me."

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Stroganóv agreed to everything, gathered what was needed, and fitted out Ermák and the Cossacks.

On the 1st of September the Cossacks rowed with Ermák up the river Chúsovaya on thirty-two barges, with twelve men in each. For four days they rowed up the river, and then they turned into Serébryanaya River. Beyond that point it was impossible to navigate. They asked the guides, and learned that from there they had to cross the mountains and walk overland about two hundred versts, and then the rivers would begin again. The Cossacks stopped, built a town, and unloaded all their equipment; they abandoned the boats, made carts, put everything upon them, and started overland, across the mountains. All those places were covered with forest, and nobody was living there. They marched for about ten days, and struck the river Zharóvnya. Here they stopped again, and made themselves boats. They loaded them, and rowed down the river. They rowed five days, and then came more cheerful places, — meadows, forests, lakes. There was a plenty of fish and of animals, and animals that had not been scared by hunters. They rowed another day, and sailed into the river Túra. Along the Túra they came on Tartar people and towns.

Ermák sent some Cossacks to take a look at a town, to see what it was like, and whether there was any considerable force in it. Twenty Cossacks went there, and they frightened all the Tartars, and seized the whole town, and captured all the cattle. Some of the Tartars they killed, and others they brought back alive.

Ermák asked the Tartars through his interpreters what kind of people they were, and under whose rule they were living. The Tartars said that they were in the Siberian kingdom, and that their king was Kuchum.

Ermák let the Tartars go, but three of the more intelligent he took with him, to show him the road.

They rowed on. The farther they rowed, the larger

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did the river grow; and the farther they went, the better did the places become.

They met more and more people; only they were not strong men. And all the towns that were near the river the Cossacks conquered.

In one town they captured a large number of Tartars and one old man who was held in respect. They asked him what kind of a man he was. He said:

"I am Tauzik, a servant of my king, Kuchum, who has made me a commander in this town."

Ermák asked Tauzik about his king; how far his city of Sibír was; whether Kuchum had a large force; whether he had much wealth. Tauzik told him everything. He said:

"Kuchum is the first king in the world. His city of Sibír is the largest city in the world. In that city," he said, "there are as many people and as many cattle as there are stars in the heaven. There is no counting his force, and not all the kings of the world can conquer him."

But Ermák said:

"We Russians have come here to conquer your king and to take his city, and to put it into the hands of the Russian Tsar. We have a large force. Those who have come with me are only the advance-guard; those that are rowing down behind us in barges are numberless, and all of them have guns. Our guns pierce trees, not like your bows and arrows. Just look!"

And Ermák fired at a tree, and pierced it, and the Cossacks began to shoot on all sides. Tauzik in fright fell on his knees. Ermák said to him:

"Go to your King Kuchum and tell him what you have seen! Let him surrender, and if he does not, we will destroy him."

And he dismissed Tauzik.

The Cossacks rowed on. They sailed into the river

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Toból, and were getting nearer to the city of Sibír. They sailed up to the small river Babasán, and there they saw a small town on its bank, and around the town a large number of Tartars.

They sent an interpreter to the Tartars, to find out what kind of people they were. The interpreter returned, and said:

"That is Kuchum's army that has gathered there. The leader of that army is Kuchum's own son-in-law, Mametkul. He has commanded me to tell you that you must return, or else he will destroy you."

Ermák gathered his Cossacks, landed on the bank, and began to shoot at the Tartars. The moment the Tartars heard the shooting, they began to run. The Cossacks ran after them, and killed some, and captured others. Mametkul barely escaped.

The Cossacks sailed on. They sailed into a broad, rapid river, the Irtýsh. Down Irtýsh River they sailed for a day, and came to a fair town, and there they stopped. The Cossacks went to the town. As they were coming near, the Tartars began to shoot their arrows, and they wounded three Cossacks. Then Ermák sent an interpreter to tell the Tartars that they must surrender the town, or else they would all be killed. The interpreter went, and he returned, and said:

"Here lives Kuchum's servant, Atik Murza Kachara. He has a large force, and he says that he will not surrender the town."

Ermák gathered the Cossacks, and said:

"Boys, if we do not take this town, the Tartars will rejoice, and will not let us pass on. The more we strike them with terror, the easier will it be. Land all, and attack them all at once!"

So they did. There were many Tartars there, and they were brave.

When the Cossacks rushed at them, the Tartars began

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to shoot their arrows. They covered the Cossacks with them. Some were killed, and some wounded.

The Cossacks became enraged, and when they got to the Tartars, they killed all they could lay their hands on.

In this town the Cossacks found much property, — cattle, rugs, furs, and honey. They buried the dead, rested themselves, took away much property, and sailed on. They did not sail far, when they saw on the shore, like a city, an endless number of troops, and the whole army surrounded by a ditch and the ditch protected by timber. The Cossacks stopped. They deliberated. Ermák gathered a circle about him.

"Well, boys, what shall we do?"

The Cossacks were frightened. Some said that they ought to sail past, while others said that they ought to go back.

And they looked gloomy and began to scold Ermák. They said:

"Why did you bring us here? Already a few of ours have been killed, and many have been wounded; and all of us will perish here."

They began to weep.

But Ermák said to his sub-atamán, Iván Koltsó:

"Well, Ványa, what do you think?"

And Koltsó said:

"What do I think? If they do not kill us to-day, they will to-morrow; and if not to-morrow, we shall die anyway on the oven. In my opinion, we ought to go out on the shore and rush in a body against the Tartars. Maybe God will give us victory."

Ermák said:

"You are a brave man, Ványa! That is what must be done. Oh, you boys! You are not Cossacks, but old women. All you are good for is to catch sturgeon and frighten Tartar women. Can't you see for yourselves? If we turn back we shall be destroyed; and if we stay here,

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they will destroy us. How can we go back? After a little work, it will come easier. Listen, boys! My father had a strong mare. Down-hill she would pull and on an even place she would pull. But when it came to going up-hill, she became stubborn and turned back, thinking that it would be easier. But my father took a club and belaboured her with it. She twisted and tugged and broke the whole cart. My father unhitched her from the cart and gave her a terrible whacking. If she had pulled the cart, she would have suffered no torment. So it is with us, boys. There is only one thing left for us to do, and that is to make straight for the Tartars."

The Cossacks laughed, and said:

"Timoféich, you are evidently more clever than we are. You have no business to ask us fools. Take us where you please. A man does not die twice, and one death cannot be escaped."

And Ermák said:

"Listen, boys! This is what we shall do. They have not yet seen us all. Let us divide into three parts. Those in the middle will march straight against them, and the other two divisions will surround them on the right and on the left. When the middle detachment begins to walk toward them, they will think that we are all there, and so they will leap forward. Then we will strike them from the sides. That's the way, boys! If we beat these, we shall not have to be afraid of anybody. We shall ourselves be kings."

And so they did. When the middle detachment with Ermák advanced, the Tartars screamed and leaped forward; then they were attacked by Iván Koltsó on the right, and by Meshcheryákov the atamán on the left. The Tartars were frightened, and ran. The Cossacks killed a great many of them. After that nobody dared to oppose Ermák. And thus he entered the very city of Sibír. And there Ermák settled down as though he were a king.

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Then kinglets came to see Ermák, to bow to him. Tartars began to settle down in Sibír, and Kuchum and his son-in-law Mametkul were afraid to go straight at him, but kept going around in a circle, wondering how they might destroy him.

In the spring, during high water, the Tartars came running to Ermák, and said:

"Mametkul is again going against you: he has gathered a large army, and is making a stand near the river Vagáy."

Ermák made his way over rivers, swamps, brooks, and forests, stole up with his Cossacks, rushed against Mametkul, killed a large number of Tartars, and took Mametkul alive and brought him to Sibír. After that there were only a few unruly Tartars left, and Ermák went that summer against those that had not yet surrendered; and along the Irtýsh and the Ob Ermák conquered so much land that one could not march around it in two months.

When Ermák had conquered all that land, he sent a messenger to the Stroganóvs, and a letter:

"I have taken Kuchum's city," he said, "and have captured Mametkul, and have brought all the people here under my rule. Only I have lost many Cossacks. Send people to us that we may feel more cheerful. There is no end to the wealth in this country."

He sent to them many costly furs, — fox, marten, and sable furs.

Two years passed after that. Ermák was still holding Sibír, but no aid came from Russia, and few Russians were left with Ermák.

One day the Tartar Karacha sent a messenger to Ermák, saying:

"We have surrendered to you, but now the Nogays are oppressing us. Send your brave men to aid us! We shall together conquer the Nogays. And we swear to you that we shall not insult your brave men."

Ermák believed their oath, and sent forty men under

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Iván Koltsó. When these forty men came there, the Tartars rushed against them and killed them, so there were still fewer Cossacks left.

Another time some Bukhara merchants sent word to Ermák that they were on their way to the city of Sibír with goods, but that Kuchum had taken his stand with an army and would not let them pass through.

Ermák took with him fifty men and went out to clear the road for the Bukhara merchants. He came to the Irtýsh River, but did not find the Bukharans. He remained there over night. It was a dark night, and it rained. The Cossacks had just lain down to sleep, when suddenly the Tartars rushed out and threw themselves on the sleepy men and began to strike them down. Ermák jumped up and began to fight. He was wounded in the hand. He ran toward the river. The Tartars after him. He into the river. That was the last time he was seen. His body was not recovered, and no one found out how he died.

The following year came the Tsar's army, and the Tartars were pacified.

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NATURAL SCIENCE STORIES

1869 – 1872

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NATURAL SCIENCE STORIES

STORIES FROM PHYSICS

THE MAGNET

I.

In olden days there was a shepherd whose name was Magnes. Magnes lost a sheep. He went to the mountains to find it. He came to a place where there were barren rocks. He walked over these rocks, and felt that his boots were sticking to them. He touched them with his hand, but they were dry and did not stick to his hand. He started to walk again, and again his boots stuck to the rocks. He sat down, took off one of his boots, took it into his hand, and touched the rocks with it.

Whenever he touched them with his skin, or with the sole of his boot, they did not stick; but when he touched them with the nails, they did stick.

Magnes had a cane with an iron point.

He touched a rock with the wood; it did not stick; he touched it with the iron end, and it stuck so that he could not pull it off.

Magnes looked at the stone, and he saw that it looked like iron, and he took pieces of that stone home with him. Since then that rock has been known, and has been called Magnet.

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II.

Magnet is found in the earth with iron ore. Where there is magnet in the ore, the iron is of the best quality. The magnet resembles iron.

If you put a piece of iron on a magnet, the iron itself begins to attract other iron. And if you put a steel needle on a magnet, and hold it thus for awhile, the needle will become a magnet, and will attract iron. If two magnets are brought together at their ends, one side will turn away from the other, while the other sides will be attracted.

If a magnetic rod is broken in two, each half will attract at one end, and will turn away at the other end. Cut it again, and the same will happen; cut it again, as often as you please, and still the same will happen: equal ends will turn away from each other, while opposite ends will be attracted, as though the magnet were pushing away at one end, and pulling in at the other. No matter how you may break it, it will be as though there were a bump at one end, and a saucer at the other. Whichever way you put them together, — a bump and a saucer will meet, but a bump and a bump, or a saucer and a saucer will not.

III.

If you magnetize a needle (holding it for awhile over a magnet), and attach it in the middle to a pivot in such a way that it can move freely around, and let it loose, it will turn with one end toward midday (south), and with the other toward midnight (north).

When the magnet was not known, people did not sail far out to sea. When they went out far into the sea, so that land was not to be seen, they could tell only by the stars and the sun where they had to sail. But when it was dark, and the sun or stars could not be seen, they did

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not know which way to sail. And a ship was borne by the winds and carried on rocks and wrecked.

So long as the magnet was not known, they did not sail far from the shore; but when the magnet was discovered, they made a magnetic needle on a pivot, so that it should move around freely. By this needle they could tell in which direction to sail. With the magnetic needle they began to sail farther away from the shores, and since then they have discovered many new seas.

On ships there is always a magnetic needle (compass), and there is a measuring-rope with knots at the stern of a ship. This rope is fixed in such a way that when it unrolls, they can tell how far the ship has travelled. And thus, in sailing in a boat, they always know in what spot it is, whether far from the shore, and in what direction it is sailing.

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MOISTURE

I.

WHY does a spider sometimes make a close cobweb, and sit in the very middle of its nest, and at other times leave its nest and start a new spider-web?

The spider makes its cobweb according to the weather, both the present and the future weather. Looking at a spider, you can tell what kind of weather it is going to be: if it sits tightly in the middle of the cobweb and does not come out, it means that it is going to rain. If it leaves the nest and makes new cobwebs, it is going to clear off.

How can the spider know in advance what weather it is going to be?

The spider's senses are so fine that as soon as the moisture begins to gather in the air, — though we do not yet feel it, and for us the weather is clear, — for the spider it is already raining.

Just as a naked man will feel the moisture, when a man in his clothes does not, so it is already raining for a spider, while for us it is only getting ready to rain.

II.

Why do the doors swell in the winter and close badly, while in the summer they shrink and close well?

Because in the fall and winter the wood is saturated with water, like a sponge, and spreads out, while in the

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summer the water comes out as a vapour, and the wood shrinks.

Why does soft wood, like aspen, swell more, and oak less?

Because in the hard wood, in the oak, the empty places are smaller, and the water cannot gather there, while in the soft wood in the aspen, there are larger empty places, and the water can gather there. In rotten wood these empty places are still larger, and so rotten wood swells most and shrinks most.

Beehives are made out of the softest and rottenest wood; the very best are made from rotten willow wood. Why? Because the air passes through the rotten wood, and in such a hive the bees feel better.

Why do boards warp?

Because they dry unevenly. If you place a damp board with one side toward the stove, the water will leave it, and the board will contract on that side and will pull the other side along; but the damp side cannot contract, because it is full of water, and so the whole board will be bent.

To keep the floors from warping, the dry boards are cut into small pieces, and these pieces are boiled in water. When all the water is boiled out of them, they are glued together, and then they never warp (parquetry).

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THE DIFFERENT CONNECTION OF PARTICLES

WHY are cart bolsters cut and wheel naves turned not from oak, but from birch? Bolsters and naves have to be strong, and oak is not more expensive than birch.

Because oak splits lengthwise, and birch does not split, but ravels out.

Because, though oak is more firmly connected than birch, it is connected in such a way that it splits lengthwise, while birch does not.

Why are wheels and runners bent from oak and elm, and not from birch and linden?

Because, when oak and elm are steamed in a bath, they bend and do not break, while birch and linden ravel in every direction.

This is again for the same reason, that is, that the particles of the wood in the oak and in the birch are differently connected.

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CRYSTALS

If you pour salt into water and stir it, the salt will begin to melt and will entirely disappear; but if you pour more and still more salt into it, the salt will in the end not dissolve, and no matter how much you may stir after that, the salt will remain as a white powder. The water is saturated with the salt and cannot receive any more. But heat the water and it will receive more; and the salt which did not dissolve in the cold water, will melt in hot water. But pour in more salt, even the hot water will not receive it. And if you heat the water still more, the water will pass away in steam, and more of the salt will be left.

Thus, for everything which dissolves in the water there is a measure after which the water will not dissolve any more. Of anything, more will be dissolved in hot than in cold water, and in each case, when it is saturated, it will not receive any more. The thing will be left, but the water will go away in steam.

If the water is saturated with saltpetre powder, and then more saltpetre is added, and all is heated and is allowed to cool off without being stirred, the superfluous saltpetre will not settle as a powder at the bottom of the water, but will all gather in little six-edged columns, and will settle at the bottom and at the sides, one column near another. If the water is saturated with saltpetre powder and is put in a warm place, the water will go away in vapours, and the superfluous saltpetre will again gather in six-edged columns.

If water is saturated with simple salt and heated, and

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is allowed to pass away in vapour, the superfluous salt will not settle as powder, but as little cubes. If the water is saturated both with salt and saltpetre, the superfluous salt and saltpetre will not mix, but will settle each in its own way: the saltpetre in columns, and the salt in cubes.

If water is saturated with lime, or with some other salt, and anything else, each thing will settle in its own way, when the water passes away in vapour: one in three-edged columns, another in eight-edged columns, a third in bricks, a fourth in little stars, — each in its own way. These figures are different in each solid thing. At times these forms are as large as a hand, — such stones are found in the ground. At times these forms are so small that they cannot be made out with the naked eye; but in each thing there is its own form.

If, when the water is saturated with saltpetre, and little figures are forming in it, a corner be broken off one of these little figures with a needle, new pieces of saltpetre will come up and will fix the broken end as it ought to be, — into a six-edged column. The same will happen to salt and to any other thing. All the tiny particles turn around and attach themselves with the right side to each other.

When ice freezes, the same takes place.

A snowflake flies, and no figure is seen in it; but the moment it settles on anything dark and cold, on cloth, on fur, — you can make out its figure; you will see a little star, or a six-cornered little board. On the windows the steam does not freeze in any form whatever, but always as a star.

What is ice? It is cold, solid water. When liquid water becomes solid, it forms itself into figures and the heat leaves it. The same takes place with saltpetre: when it changes from a liquid into solid figures, the heat leaves it. The same is true of salt, of melted cast-iron, when it changes from a liquid into a solid. Whenever a

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thing changes from a liquid into a solid, heat leaves it, and it forms figures. And when it changes from a solid to a liquid it takes up heat, and the cold leaves it, and its figures are dissolved.

Bring in melted iron and let it cool off; bring in hot dough and let it cool off; bring in slacked lime and let it cool off, — and it will be warm. Bring in ice and let it melt, — and it will grow cold. Bring in saltpetre, salt, or any other thing that dissolves in the water, and melt it in the water, and it will grow cold. In order to freeze ice-cream, they put salt in the water.

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INJURIOUS AIR

In the village of Nikólskoe, the people went on a holiday to mass. In the manor yard were left the cow-tender, the elder, and the groom. The cow-tender went to the well for water. The well was in the yard itself. She pulled out the bucket, but could not hold it. The bucket pulled away from her, struck the side of the well, and tore the rope. The cow-tender returned to the hut and said to the elder:

"Aleksándr! Climb down into the well, — I have dropped the bucket into it."

Aleksándr said:

"You have dropped it, so climb down yourself."

The cow-tender said that she did not mind fetching it herself, if he would let her down.

The elder laughed at her, and said:

"Well, let us go! You have an empty stomach now, so I shall be able to hold you up, for after dinner I could not do it."

The elder tied a stick to a rope, and the woman sat astride it, took hold of the rope, and began to climb down into the well, while the elder turned the well-wheel. The well was about twenty feet deep, and there was less than three feet of water in it. The elder let her down slowly, and kept asking:

"A little more?"

And the cow-tender cried from below:

"Just a little more!"

Suddenly the elder felt the rope give way: he called the cow-tender, but she did not answer. The elder looked

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into the well, and saw the cow-tender lying with her head in the water, and with her feet in the air. The elder called for help, but there was nobody near by; only the groom came. The elder told him to hold the wheel, and he himself pulled out the rope, sat down on the stick, and went down into the well.

The moment the groom let the elder down to the water, the same thing happened to the elder. He let go of the rope and fell head foremost upon the woman. The groom began to cry, and ran to church to call the people. Mass was over, and people were walking home. All the men and women rushed to the well. They gathered around it, and everybody holloaed, but nobody knew what to do. The young carpenter Iván made his way through the crowd, took hold of the rope, sat down on the stick, and told them to let him down. Iván tied himself to the rope with his belt. Two men let him down, and the rest looked into the well, to see what would become of Iván. Just as he was getting near the water, he dropped his hands from the rope, and would have fallen down head foremost, if the belt had not held him. All shouted, "Pull him out!" and Iván was pulled out.

He hung like dead down from the belt, and his head was drooping and beating against the sides of the well. His face was livid. They took him off the rope and put him down on the ground. They thought that he was dead; but he suddenly drew a deep breath, began to rattle, and soon revived.

Others wanted to climb down, but an old peasant said that they could not go down because there was bad air in the well, and that that bad air killed people. Then the peasants ran for hooks and began to pull out the elder and the woman. The elder's mother and wife cried at the well, and others tried to quiet them; in the meantime the peasants put down the hooks and tried to get out the dead people. Twice they got the elder half-way up by

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his clothes; but he was heavy, and his clothes tore and he fell down. Finally they stuck two hooks into him and pulled him out. Then they pulled out the cow-tender. Both were dead and did not revive.

Then, when they examined the well, they found that indeed there was bad air down in the well.

This air is so heavy that neither man nor any animal can live in it. They let down a cat into the well, and the moment she reached the place where the bad air was, she died. Not only can no animal live there, even no candle will burn in it. They let down a candle, and the moment it reached that spot, it went out.

There are places underground where that air gathers, and when a person gets into one of those places, he dies at once. For this purpose they have lamps in the mines, and before a man goes down to such a place, they let down the lamp. If it goes out, no man can go there; then they let down fresh air until the lamp will burn.

Near the city of Naples there is one such cave. There is always about three feet of bad air in it on the ground, but above it the air is good. A man can walk through the cave, and nothing will happen to him, but a dog will die the moment it enters.

Where does this bad air come from? It is made of the same good air that we breathe. If you gather a lot of people in one place, and close all the doors and windows, so that no fresh air can get in, you will get the same kind of an air as in the well, and people will die.

One hundred years ago, during a war, the Hindoos captured 146 Englishmen and shut them up in a cave underground, where the air could not get in.

After the captured Englishmen had been there a few hours they began to die, and toward the end of the night 123 had died, and the rest came out more dead than alive, and ailing. At first the air had been good in the cave; but when the captives had inhaled all the good air,

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and no fresh air came in, it became bad, just like what was in the well, and they died.

Why does the good air become bad when many people come together?

Because, when people breathe, they take in good air and breathe out bad air.

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HOW BALLOONS ARE MADE

If you take a blown-up bladder under water and let go of it, it will fly up to the surface of the water and will swim on it. Just so, when water is boiled in a pot, it becomes light at the bottom, over the fire, — it is turned into a gas; and when a little of that water-gas is collected it goes up as a bubble. First comes up one bubble, then another, and when the whole water is heated, the bubbles come up without stopping. Then the water boils.

Just as the bubbles leap to the surface, full of vapoury water, because they are lighter than water, just so will a bladder which is filled with hydrogen, or with hot air, rise, because hot air is lighter than cold air, and hydrogen is lighter than any other gases.

Balloons are made with hydrogen or with hot air. With hydrogen they are made as follows: They make a large bladder, attach it by ropes to posts, and fill it with hydrogen. The moment the ropes are untied, the balloon flies up in the air, and keeps flying up until it gets beyond the air which is heavier than hydrogen. When it gets up into the light air, it begins to swim in it like a bladder on the surface of the water.

With hot air balloons are made like this: They make a large empty ball, with a neck below, like an upturned pitcher, and to the mouth of it they attach a bunch of cotton, and that cotton is soaked with spirits, and lighted. The fire heats the air in the balloon, and makes it lighter than the cold air, and the balloon is drawn upward, like the bladder in the water. And the balloon will fly up

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until it comes to the air which is lighter than the hot air in the balloon.

Nearly one hundred years ago two Frenchmen, the brothers Montgolfier, invented the air balloons. They made a balloon of canvas and paper and filled it with hot air, — the balloon flew. Then they made another, a larger balloon, and tied under the balloon a sheep, a cock, and a duck, and let it off. The balloon rose and came down safely. Then they attached a little basket under the balloon, and a man seated himself in it. The balloon flew so high that it disappeared from view; it flew away, and came down safely. Then they thought of filling a balloon with hydrogen, and began to fly higher and faster.

In order to fly with a balloon, they attach a basket under the balloon, and in this basket two, three, and even eight persons are seated, and they take with them food and drink.

In order to rise and come down as one pleases, there is a valve in the balloon, and the man who is flying with it can pull a rope and open or close the valve. If the balloon rises too high, and the man who is flying wants to come down, he opens the valve, — the gas escapes, the balloon is compressed, and begins to come down. Then there are always bags with sand in the balloon. When a bag with sand is thrown out, the balloon gets lighter, and it flies up. If the one who is flying wants to get down, but sees that it is not what he wants below him, — either a river or a forest, — he throws out the sand from the bags, and the balloon grows lighter and rises again.

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GALVANISM

THERE was once a learned Italian, Galvani. He had an electric machine, and he showed his students what electricity was. He rubbed the glass hard with silk with something smeared over it, and then he approached to the glass a brass knob which was attached to the glass, and a spark flew across from the glass to the brass knob. He explained to them that the same kind of a spark came from sealing-wax and amber. He showed them that feathers and bits of paper were now attracted, and now repelled, by electricity, and explained to them the reason of it. He did all kinds of experiments with electricity, and showed them all to his students.

Once his wife grew ill. He called a doctor and asked him how to cure her. The doctor told him to prepare a frog soup for her. Galvani gave order to have edible frogs caught. They caught them for him, killed them, and left them on his table.

Before the cook came after the frogs, Galvani kept on showing the electric machine to his students, and sending sparks through it.

Suddenly he saw the dead frogs jerk their legs on the table. He watched them, and saw that every time when he sent a spark through the machine, the frogs jerked their legs. Galvani collected more frogs, and began to experiment with them. And every time he sent a spark through the machine, the dead frogs moved their legs as though they were alive.

It occurred to Galvani that live frogs moved their legs because electricity passed through them. Galvani knew

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that there was electricity in the air; that it was more noticeable in the amber and glass, but that it was also in the air, and that thunder and lightning came from the electricity in the air.

So he tried to discover whether the dead frogs would not move their legs from the electricity in the air. For this purpose he took the frogs, skinned them, chopped off their heads, and hung them on brass hooks on the roof, beneath an iron gutter. He thought that as soon as there should be a storm, and the air should be filled with electricity, it would pass by the brass rod to the frogs, and they would begin to move.

But the storm passed several times, and the frogs did not move. Galvani was just taking them down, and as he did so a frog's leg touched the iron gutter, and it jerked. Galvani took down the frogs and made the following experiment: he tied to the brass hook an iron wire, and touched the leg with the wire, and it jerked.

So Galvani decided that the animals lived because there was electricity in them, and that the electricity jumped from the brain to the flesh, and that made the animals move. Nobody had at that time tried this matter and they did not know any better, and so they all believed Galvani. But at that time another learned man, Volta, experimented in his own way, and proved to everybody that Galvani was mistaken. He tried touching the frog differently from what Galvani had done, not with a copper hook with an iron wire, but either with a copper hook and a copper wire, or an iron hook and an iron wire, — and the frogs did not move. The frogs moved only when Volta touched them with an iron wire that was connected with a copper wire.

Volta thought that the electricity was not in the dead frog but in the iron and copper. He experimented and found it to be so: whenever he brought together the iron and the copper, there was electricity; and this electricity

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made the dead frogs jerk their legs. Volta tried to produce electricity differently from what it had been produced before. Before that they used to get electricity by rubbing glass or sealing-wax. But Volta got electricity by uniting iron and copper. He tried to connect iron and copper and other metals, and by the mere combination of metals, silver, platinum, zinc, lead, iron, he produced electric sparks.

After Volta they tried to increase electricity by pouring all kinds of liquids — water and acids — between the metals. These liquids made the electricity more powerful, so that it was no longer necessary, as before, to rub in order to produce it; it is enough to put pieces of several metals in a bowl and fill it with a liquid, and there will be electricity in that bowl, and the sparks will come from the wires.

When this kind of electricity was discovered, people began to apply it: they invented a way of gold and silver plating by means of electricity, and electric light, and a way to transmit signs from place to place over a long distance by means of electricity.

For this purpose pieces of different metals are placed in jars, and liquids are poured into them. Electricity is collected in these jars, and is transferred by means of wires to the place where it is wanted, and from that place the wire is put into the ground. The electricity runs through the ground back to the jars, and rises from the earth by means of the other wire; thus the electricity keeps going around and around, as in a ring, — from the wire into the ground, and along the ground, and up the wire, and again through the earth. Electricity can travel in either direction, just as one wants to send it: it can first go along the wire and return through the earth, or first go through the earth, and then return through the wire. Above the wire, in the place where the signs are given, there is attached a magnetic hand, and that hand

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turns in one direction, when the electricity is allowed to pass through the wire and back through the earth, and in another direction, when the electricity is sent through the earth and back through the wire. Along this hand there are certain signs, and by means of these signs they write from one place to another on the telegraph.

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THE SUN'S HEAT

Go out in the winter on a calm, frosty day into the field, or into the woods, and look about you and listen: all around you is snow, the rivers are frozen, dry grass blades stick out of the grass, the trees are bare, — nothing is moving.

Look in the summer: the rivers are running and rippling, in every puddle the frogs croak and plunge in; the birds fly from place to place, and whistle, and sing; the flies and the gnats whirl around and buzz; the trees and the grass grow and wave to and fro.

Freeze a pot with water, and it will become as hard as a rock. Put the frozen pot on the fire: the ice will begin to break, and melt, and move; the water will begin to stir, and bubbles will rise; then, when it begins to boil, it whirls about and makes a noise. The same happens in the world from the heat. Without heat everything is dead; with the heat everything moves and lives. If there is little heat, there is little motion; with more heat, there is more motion; with much heat, there is much motion; with very much heat, there is also very much motion.

Where does the heat in the world come from? The heat comes from the sun.

In winter the sun travels low, to one side, and its beams do not fall straight upon the earth, and nothing moves. The sun begins to travel higher above our heads, and begins to shine straight down upon the earth, and everything is warmed up in the world, and begins to stir.

The snow settles down; the ice begins to melt on the

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rivers; the water comes down from the mountains; the vapours rise from the water to the clouds, and rain begins to fall. Who does it all? — The sun. The seeds swell, and let out rootlets; the rootlets take hold of the ground; old roots send up new shoots, and the trees and the grass begin to grow. Who has done that? — The sun.

The bears and moles get up; the flies and bees awaken; the gnats are hatched, and the fish come out from their eggs, when it is warm. Who has done it all? — The sun.

The air gets warmed up in one place, and rises, and in its place comes colder air, — and there is a wind. Who has done that? — The sun.

The clouds rise and begin to gather and to scatter, — and the lightning flashes. Who has made that fire? — The sun.

The grass, the grain, the fruits, the trees grow up; animals find their food, men eat their fill, and gather food and fuel for the winter; they build themselves houses, railways, cities. Who has prepared it all? — The sun.

A man has built himself a house. What has he made it of? Of timbers. The timbers were cut out of trees, but the trees are made to grow by the sun.

The stove is heated with wood. Who has made the wood to grow? — The sun.

Man eats bread, or potatoes. Who has made them grow? — The sun. Man eats meat. Who has made the animals, the birds to grow? — The grass. But the grass is made to grow by the sun.

A man builds himself a house from brick and lime. The bricks and the lime are burnt by wood. The wood has been prepared by the sun.

Everything that men need, that is for their use, — all that is prepared by the sun, and on all that goes much sun's heat. The reason that men need bread is because the sun has produced it, and because there is much sun's heat in it. Bread warms him who eats it.

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The reason that wood and logs are needed is because there is much heat in them. He who buys wood for the winter, buys sun's heat; and in the winter he burns the wood whenever he wants it, and lets the sun's heat into his room.

When there is heat, there is motion. No matter what motion it may be, — it all comes from heat, either directly from the sun's heat, or from the heat which the sun has prepared in the coal, the wood, the bread, and the grass.

Horses and oxen pull, men work, — who moves them? — Heat. Where does the heat come from? — From the food. And the food has been prepared by the sun.

Watermills and windmills turn around and grind. Who moves them? — Wind and water. And who drives the wind? — Heat. And who drives the water? — Again heat. Heat raises the water in the shape of vapour, and without this the water would not be falling down. A machine works, — it is moved by steam. And who makes steam? — Wood. And in the wood is the sun's heat.

Heat makes motion, and motion makes heat. And both heat and motion are from the sun.

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STORIES FROM ZOOLOGY

THE OWL AND THE HARE

It was dusk. The owls began to fly through the forest to find some prey.

A large hare leaped out on a clearing and began to smooth out his fur. An old owl looked at the hare, and seated himself on a branch; but a young owl said to him:

"Why do you not catch the hare?"

The old owl said:

"He is too much for me: if I get caught in him, he will drag me into the woods."

But the young owl said:

"I will stick one claw into his body, and with the other I will clutch a tree."

The young owl made for the hare, and stuck one claw into his back so that all his talons entered the flesh, and the other claw it got ready to push into the tree. The hare yanked the owl, while the owl held on to the tree, and thought, "He will not get away." The hare darted forward and tore the owl. One claw was left in the tree, and the other in the hare's back.

The next year a hunter killed that hare, and wondered how the owl's talons had grown into the hare's back.

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HOW THE WOLVES TEACH THEIR WHELPS

I WAS walking along the road, and heard a shout behind me. It was the shepherd boy who was shouting. He was running through the field, and pointing to something.

I looked, and saw two wolves running through the field: one was full-grown, and the other a whelp. The whelp was carrying a dead lamb on his shoulders, and holding on to one of its legs with its teeth. The old wolf was running behind. When I saw the wolves, I ran after them with the shepherd, and we began to shout. In response to our cries came peasants with dogs.

The moment the old wolf saw the dogs and the people, he ran up to the whelp, took the lamb away from him, threw it over his back, and both wolves ran as fast as they could, and disappeared from view.

Then the boy told what had happened: the large wolf had leaped out from the ravine, had seized the lamb, killed it, and carried it off.

The whelp ran up to him and grasped the lamb. The old wolf let the whelp carry the lamb, while he himself ran slowly beside him.

Only when there was danger, did the old wolf stop his teaching and himself take the lamb.

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HARES AND WOLVES

THE hares feed at night on tree bark; the field hares eat the winter rye and the grass, and the threshing-floor hares eat the grain in the granary. Through the night the hares make a deep, visible track through the snow. The hares are hunted by men, and dogs, and wolves, and foxes, and ravens, and eagles. If a hare walked straight ahead, he would be easily caught in the morning by his tracks; but God has made a hare timid, and his timidity saves him.

A hare goes at night fearlessly through the forests and fields, making straight tracks; but as soon as morning comes and his enemies wake up, and he hears the bark of dogs, or the squeak of sleighs, or the voice of peasants, or the crashing of a wolf through the forest, he begins to toss from side to side in his fear. He jumps forward, gets frightened at something, and runs back on his track. He hears something again, and he leaps at full speed to one side and runs away from his old track. Again something makes a noise, and the hare turns back, and again leaps to one side. When it is daylight, he lies down.

In the morning the hunters try to follow the hare tracks, and they get mixed up on the double tracks and long leaps, and marvel at the hare's cunning. But the hare did not mean to be cunning. He is merely afraid of everything.

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THE SCENT

MAN sees with his eyes, hears with his ears, smells with his nose, tastes with his mouth, and feels with his fingers. One man's eyes see better, another man's see worse. One hears from a distance, and another is deaf. One has keen senses and smells a thing from a distance, while another smells at a rotten egg and does not perceive it. One can tell a thing by the touch, and another cannot tell by touch what is wood and what paper. One will take a substance in his mouth and will find it sweet, while another will swallow it without making out whether it is bitter or sweet.

Just so the different senses differ in strength in the animals. But with all the animals the sense of smell is stronger than in man.

When a man wants to recognize a thing, he looks at it, listens to the noise that it makes, now and then smells at it, or tastes it; but, above all, a man has to feel a thing, to recognize it.

But nearly all animals more than anything else need to smell a thing. A horse, a wolf, a dog, a cow, a bear do not know a thing until they smell it.

When a horse is afraid of anything, it snorts, — it clears its nose so as to scent better, and does not stop being afraid until it has smelled the object well.

A dog frequently follows its master's track, but when it sees him, it does not recognize him and begins to bark, until it smells him and finds out that that which has looked so terrible is its master.

Oxen see other oxen stricken down, and hear them roar

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in the slaughter-house, but still do not understand what is going on. But an ox or a cow need only find a spot where there is ox blood, and smell it, and it will understand and will roar and strike with its feet, and cannot be driven off the spot.

An old man's wife had fallen ill; he went himself to milk the cow. The cow snorted, — she discovered that it was not her mistress, and would not give him any milk. The mistress told her husband to put on her fur coat and kerchief, — and the cow gave milk; but the old man threw open the coat, and the cow scented him, and stopped giving milk.

When hounds follow an animal's trail, they never run on the track itself, but to one side, about twenty paces from it. When an inexperienced hunter wants to show the dog the scent, and sticks its nose on the track, it will always jump to one side. The track itself smells so strong to the dog that it cannot make out on the track whether the animal has run ahead or backward. It runs to one side, and then only discovers in what direction the scent grows stronger, and so follows the animal. The dog does precisely what we do when somebody speaks very loud in our ears; we step a distance away, and only then do we make out what is being said. Or, if anything we are looking at is too close, we step back and only then make it out.

Dogs recognize each other and make signs to each other by means of their scent.

The scent is more delicate still in insects. A bee flies directly to the flower that it wants to reach; a worm crawls to its leaf; a bedbug, a flea, a mosquito scents a man a hundred thousand of its steps away.

If the particles which separate from a substance and enter our noses are small, how small must be those particles that reach the organ of smell of the insects!

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TOUCH AND SIGHT

TWIST the forefinger over the middle finger and touch a small ball with them, so that it may roll between the two fingers, and shut your eyes. You will think that there are two balls. Open your eyes, — and you will see that it is one ball. The fingers have deceived you, but the eyes correct you.

Look (best of all sidewise) at a good, clean mirror, — you will think that it is a window or a door, and that there is something behind it. Touch it with a finger, — and you will see that it is a mirror. The eyes have deceived you, but the fingers correct you.

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THE SILKWORM

I HAD some old mulberry-trees in my garden. My grandfather had planted them. In the fall I was given a dram of silkworm eggs, and was advised to hatch them and raise silkworms. These eggs are dark gray and so small that in that dram I counted 5,835 of them. They are smaller than the tiniest pin-head. They are quite dead; only when you crush them do they crack.

The eggs had been lying around on my table, and I had almost forgotten about them.

One day, in the spring, I went into the orchard and noticed the buds swelling on the mulberry-trees, and where the sun beat down, the leaves were out. I thought of the silkworm eggs, and took them apart at home and gave them more room. The majority of the eggs were no longer dark gray, as before, but some were light gray, while others were lighter still, with a milky shade.

The next morning I looked at the eggs, and saw that some of the worms had hatched out, while other eggs were quite swollen. Evidently they felt in their shells that their food was ripening.

The worms were black and shaggy, and so small that it was hard to see them. I looked at them through a magnifying-glass, and saw that in the eggs they lay curled up in rings, and when they came out they straightened themselves out. I went to the garden for some mulberry leaves; I got about three handfuls of leaves, which I put on my table, and began to fix a place for the worms, as I had been taught to do.

While I was fixing the paper, the worms smelled

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their food and started to crawl toward it. I pushed it away, and began to entice the worms to a leaf, and they made for it, as dogs make for a piece of meat, crawling after the leaf over the cloth of the table and across pencils, scissors, and papers. Then I cut off a piece of paper, stuck holes through it with a penknife, placed the leaf on top of it, and with the leaf put it down on the worms. The worms crawled through the holes, climbed on the leaf, and started to eat.

When the other worms hatched out, I again put a piece of paper with a leaf on them, and all crawled through the holes and began to eat. The worms gathered on each leaf and nibbled at it from its edges. Then, when they had eaten everything, they crawled on the paper and looked for more food. Then I put on them new sheets of perforated paper with mulberry leaves upon them, and they crawled over to the new food.

They were lying on my shelf, and when there was no leaf, they climbed about the shelf, and came to its very edge, but they never fell down, though they are blind. The moment a worm comes to an edge, it lets out a web from its mouth before descending, and then it attaches itself to it and lets itself down; it hangs awhile in the air, and watches, and if it wants to get down farther, it does so, and if not, it pulls itself up by its web.

For days at a time the worms did nothing but eat. I had to give them more and more leaves. When a new leaf was brought, and they transferred themselves to it, they made a noise as though a rain were falling on leaves, — that was when they began to eat the new leaf.

Thus the older worms lived for five days. They had grown very large and began to eat ten times as much as ever. On the fifth day, I knew, they would fall asleep, and waited for that to happen. Toward evening, on the fifth day, one of the older worms stuck to the paper and stopped eating and stirring.

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The whole next day I watched it for a long time. I knew that worms moulted several times, because they grew up and found it close in their old hide, and so put on a new one.

My friend and I watched it by turns. In the evening my friend called out:

"It has begun to undress itself, — come!"

I went up to him, and saw that the worm had stuck with its old hide to the paper, had torn a hole at the mouth, thrust forth its head, and was writhing and working to get out, but the old shirt held it fast. I watched it for a long time as it writhed and could not get out, and I wanted to help it. I barely touched it with my nail, but soon saw that I had done something foolish. Under my nail there was something liquid, and the worm died. At first I thought that it was blood, but later I learned that the worm has a liquid mass under its skin, so that the shirt may come off easier. With my nail I no doubt disturbed the new shirt, for, though the worm crawled out, it soon died.

The other worms I did not touch. All of them came out of their shirts in the same manner; only a few died, and nearly all came out safely, though they struggled hard for a long time.

After shedding their skins, the worms began to eat more voraciously, and more leaves were devoured. Four days later they again fell asleep, and again crawled out of their skins. A still larger quantity of leaves was now consumed by them, and they were now a quarter of an inch in length. Six days later they fell asleep once more, and once more came out in new skins, and now were very large and fat, and we had barely time to get leaves ready for them.

On the ninth day the oldest worms quit eating entirely and climbed up the shelves and rods. I gathered them in and gave them fresh leaves, but they turned their

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heads away from them, and continued climbing. Then I remembered that when the worms get ready to roll up into larvæ, they stop eating and climb upward.

I left them alone, and began to watch what they would do.

The eldest worms climbed to the ceiling, scattered about, crawled in all directions, and began to draw out single threads in various directions. I watched one of them. It went into a corner, put forth about six threads each two inches long, hung down from them, bent over in a horseshoe, and began to turn its head and let out a silk web which began to cover it all over. Toward evening it was covered by it as though in a mist; the worm could scarcely be seen. On the following morning the worm could no longer be seen; it was all wrapped in silk, and still it spun out more.

Three days later it finished spinning, and quieted down. Later I learned how much web it had spun in those three days. If the whole web were to be unravelled, it would be more than half a mile in length, seldom less. And if we figure out how many times the worm has to toss its head in these three days in order to let out all the web, it will appear that in these three days the worm tosses its head 300,000 times. Consequently, it makes one turn a second, without stopping. But after the work, when we took down a few cocoons and broke them open, we found inside the worms all dried up and white, looking like pieces of wax.

I knew that from these larvæ with their white, waxen bodies would come butterflies; but as I looked at them, I could not believe it. None the less I went to look at them on the twentieth day, to see what had become of them.

On the twentieth day, I knew, there was to be a change. Nothing was to be seen, and I was beginning to think that something was wrong, when suddenly I noticed that

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the end of one of the cocoons grew dark and moist. I thought that it had probably spoiled, and wanted to throw it away. But then I thought that perhaps it began that way, and so I watched to see what would happen. And, indeed, something began to move at the wet end. For a long time I could not make out what it was. Later there appeared something like a head with whiskers. The whiskers moved. Then I noticed a leg sticking out through the hole, then another, and the legs scrambled to get out of the cocoon. It came out more and more, and I saw a wet butterfly. When all six legs scrambled out, the back jumped out, too, and the butterfly crawled out and stopped. When it dried it was white; it straightened its wings, flew away, circled around, and alighted on the window.

Two days later the butterfly on the window-sill laid eggs in a row, and stuck them fast. The eggs were yellow. Twenty-five butterflies laid eggs. I collected five thousand eggs. The following year I raised more worms, and had more silk spun.

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STORIES FROM BOTANY

THE APPLE-TREE

I SET out two hundred young apple-trees, and for three years I dug around them in the spring and the fall, and in winter wrapped them with straw against the hares. On the fourth year, when the snow melted, I went to take a look at my apple-trees. They had grown stouter during the winter: the bark was glossy and filled with sap; all the branches were sound, and at all the tips and axils there were pea-shaped flower-buds. Here and there the buds were bursting, and the purple edges of the flower-leaves could be seen. I knew that all the buds would be blossoms and fruit, and I was delighted as I looked at the apple-trees. But when I took off the wrapping from the first tree, I saw that down at the ground the bark was nibbled away, like a white ring, to the very wood. The mice had done that. I unwrapped a second tree, and the same had happened there. Of the two hundred trees not one was unharmed. I smeared pitch and wax on the nibbled spots; but when the trees were all in bloom, the blossoms at once fell off; there came out small leaves, and they, too, dropped off. The bark became wrinkled and black. Out of the two hundred apple-trees only nine were left. On these nine trees the bark had not been gnawed through all around, but strips of bark were left on the white ring. On the strips, where the bark held

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together, there grew out knots, and, although the trees suffered, they lived. All the rest were ruined; below the rings there came out shoots, but they were all wild.

The bark of the tree is like the arteries in man: through the arteries the blood goes to the whole body, and through the bark the sap goes along the tree and reaches the branches, leaves, and flowers. The whole inside of a tree may be taken out, as is often the case with old willows, and yet the tree will live so long as the bark is alive; but when the bark is ruined, the tree is gone. If a man's arteries are cut through, he will die, in the first place, because the blood will flow out, and in the second, because the blood will not be distributed through the body.

Even thus a birch dries up when the children bore a hole into it, in order to drink its sap, and all the sap flows out of it.

Just so the apple-trees were ruined because the mice gnawed the bark all around, and the sap could not rise from the roots to the branches, leaves, and flowers.

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THE OLD POPLAR

For five years our garden was neglected. I hired labourers with axes and shovels, and myself began to work with them in the garden. We cut out and chopped out all the dry branches and wild shoots, and the superfluous trees and bushes. The poplars and bird-cherries grew ranker than the rest and choked the other trees. A poplar grows out from the roots, and it cannot be dug out, but the roots have to be chopped out underground.

Beyond the pond there stood an enormous poplar, two men's embraces in circumference. About it there was a clearing, and this was all overgrown with poplar shoots. I ordered them to be cut out: I wanted the spot to look more cheerful, but, above all, I wanted to make it easier for the old poplar, because I thought that all those young trees came from its roots, and were draining it of its sap. When we cut out these young poplars, I felt sorry as I saw them chop out the sap-filled roots underground, and as all four of us pulled at the poplar that had been cut down, and could not pull it out. It held on with all its might, and did not wish to die. I thought that, no doubt, they had to live, since they clung so much to life. But it was necessary to cut them down, and so I did it. Only later, when nothing could be done, I learned that they ought not to have been cut down.

I thought that the shoots were taking the sap away from the old poplar, but it turned out quite differently. When I was cutting them down, the old poplar was already dying. When the leaves came out, I saw (it grew from two boughs) that one bough was bare; and

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that same summer it dried up completely. The tree had been dying for quite awhile, and the tree knew it, so it tried to give its life to the shoots.

That was the reason why they grew so fast. I wanted to make it easier for the tree, and only killed all its children.

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THE BIRD-CHERRY

A BIRD-CHERRY grew out on a hazel bush path and choked the bushes. I deliberated for a long time whether I had better cut down the bird-cherry, or not. This bird-cherry grew not as a bush, but as a tree, about six inches in diameter and thirty feet high, full of branches and bushy, and all besprinkled with bright, white, fragrant blossoms. You could smell it from a distance. I should not have cut it down, but one of the labourers (to whom I had before given the order to cut down the bird-cherry) had begun to chop it without me. When I came, he had already cut in about three inches, and the sap splashed under the axe whenever it struck the same cut. "It cannot be helped, — apparently such is its fate," I thought, and I picked up an axe myself and began to chop it with the peasant.

It is a pleasure to do any work, and it is a pleasure to chop. It is a pleasure to let the axe enter deeply in a slanting line, and then to chop out the chip by a straight stroke, and to chop farther and farther into the tree.

I had entirely forgotten the bird-cherry, and was thinking only of felling it as quickly as possible. When I got tired, I put down my axe and with the peasant pressed against the tree and tried to make it fall. We bent it: the tree trembled with its leaves, and the dew showered down upon us, and the white, fragrant petals of the blossoms fell down.

At the same time something seemed to cry, — the middle of the tree creaked; we pressed against it, and it was as though something wept, there was a crash in the middle,

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and the tree tottered. It broke at the notch and, swaying, fell with its branches and blossoms into the grass. The twigs and blossoms trembled for awhile after the fall, and stopped.

"It was a fine tree!" said the peasant. "I am mightily sorry for it!"

I myself felt so sorry for it that I hurried away to the other labourers.

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HOW TREES WALK

ONE day we were cleaning an overgrown path on a hillock near the pond. We cut down a lot of brier bushes, willows, and poplars, — then came the turn of a bird-cherry. It was growing on the path, and it was so old and stout that it could not be less than ten years old. And yet I knew that five years ago the garden had been cleaned. I could not understand how such an old bird-cherry could have grown out there. We cut it down and went farther. Farther away, in another thicket, there grew a similar bird-cherry, even stouter than the first. I looked at its root, and saw that it grew under an old linden. The linden with its branches choked it, and it had stretched out about twelve feet in a straight line, and only then came out to the light, raised its head, and began to blossom.

I cut it down at the root, and was surprised to find it so fresh, while the root was rotten. After we had cut it down, the peasants and I tried to pull it off; but no matter how much we jerked at it, we were unable to drag it away: it seemed to have stuck fast. I said:

"Look whether it has not caught somewhere."

A workman crawled under it, and called out:

"It has another root; it is out on the path!"

I walked over to him, and saw that it was so.

Not to be choked by the linden, the bird-cherry had gone away from underneath the linden out on the path, about eight feet from its former root. The root which I had cut down was rotten and dry, but the new one was fresh. The bird-cherry had evidently felt that it could

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not exist under the linden, so it had stretched out, dropped a branch to the ground, made a root of that branch, and left the other root. Only then did I understand how the first bird-cherry had grown out on the road. It had evidently done the same, — only it had had time to give up the old root, and so I had not found it.

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THE DECEMBRISTS

Fragments of a Novel

1863 – 1878

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THE DECEMBRISTS

A Novel

FIRST FRAGMENT

I.

THIS happened not long ago, in the reign of Alexander II., in our days of civilization, progress, questions, regeneration of Russia, and so forth, and so forth; at a time when the victorious Russian army was returning from Sevastopol, surrendered to the enemy; when all of Russia celebrated the annihilation of the Black Sea fleet, and white-stoned Moscow received and congratulated with this happy event the remainders of the crews of that fleet, offering them a good Russian cup of vódka, and bread and salt, according to the good Russian custom, and bowing down to their feet. It was that time when Russia, in the person of far-sighted virgin politicians, lamented the shattered dream of a Te Deum in the Cathedral of St. Sophia, and the loss of two great men, so painful for the country, who had perished during the war (one, who had been carried away by the desire to celebrate the Te Deum in the above-mentioned cathedral at the earliest time possible, and who fell in the fields of Wallachia, but who, at least, left two squadrons of hussars in the same fields, and the other, an unappreciated man, who had distributed tea,

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other people's money, and bed-sheets to the wounded, without stealing any of these things); that time, when on all sides, in all branches of human activities, great men — generals, administrators, economists, writers, orators, and simply great men, without any especial calling or purpose — sprang up in Russia like mushrooms; that time, when, at the jubilee of a Moscow actor, there appeared the public opinion, confirmed by a toast, which began to rebuke all the criminals, — when menacing commissions galloped south from St. Petersburg, to convict and punish the evil-doers of the commissariat, — when in all the cities dinners with speeches were given to the heroes of Sevastopol, and when to them, with arms and legs torn off, toasts were drunk, on meeting them on the bridges and on the highways; that time, when oratorical talents developed so rapidly in the nation that a certain dram-shopkeeper everywhere and upon all occasions wrote and printed and recited by rote at dinners such strong speeches, that the guardians of the peace had to take repressive measures against the dram-shopkeeper's eloquence, — when in the very English club a special room was set aside for the discussion of public matters, — when periodicals sprang up under the most diversified standards, — periodicals that evolved European principles on a European basis, but with a Russian world conception, and periodicals on an exclusively Russian basis, but with a European world conception, — when suddenly there appeared so many periodicals that all names seemed to be exhausted, — "The Messenger," and "The Word," and "The Speaker," and "The Observer," and "The Star," and "The Eagle," and many more, and, in spite of it, there appeared ever new names; that time, when the constellation of philosophic writers made its appearance to prove that science was national, and not national, and non-national, and so forth, and the constellation of artistic writers, who described a grove, and the sunrise, and a

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storm, and the love of a Russian maiden, and the indolence of a certain official, and the bad conduct of many officials; that time, when on all sides appeared questions (as in the year '56 they called every concourse of circumstances, of which no one could make any sense), questions of cadet corps, universities, censorship, oral judicature, finance, banking, police, emancipation, and many more: — everybody tried to discover ever new questions, everybody tried to solve them, wrote, read, spoke, made projects, wanted to mend everything, destroy, change, and all Russians, like one man, were in indescribable ecstasy.

That is a state of affairs which has been twice repeated in the Russia of the nineteenth century, — the first time, when in the year '12 we repulsed Napoleon I., and the second time, when in the year '56 we were repulsed by Napoleon III. Great, unforgettable time of the regeneration of the Russian people! Like the Frenchman who said that he has not lived who has not lived through the great French Revolution, I venture to say that he who has not lived through the year '56 in Russia does not know what life is. The writer of these lines not only lived through that time, but was one of the actors of that period. Not only did he pass several weeks in one of the blindages of Sevastopol, but he also wrote a work on the Crimean War, which brought him great fame, and in which he described clearly and minutely how the soldiers fired their guns from the bastions, how the wounds were dressed at the ambulance, and how they buried people in the cemetery. Having achieved these deeds, the writer of these lines arrived in the centre of the empire, — a rocket establishment, — where he cut the laurels for his deeds. He saw the transports of the two capitals and of the whole nation, and experienced in his person to what extent Russia knew how to reward real deserts. The mighty of this world sought his friendship, pressed his hands, gave him dinners, urged him to come to their

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houses, and, in order to learn the details of the war from him, informed him of their own sentimentalities. Consequently the writer of these lines can appreciate that great and memorable time. But that is another matter.

At that very time, two vehicles on wheels and a sleigh were standing at the entrance of the best Moscow hotel. A young man ran through the door, to find out about quarters. In one of the vehicles sat an old man with two ladies. He was talking about the condition of Blacksmith Bridge in the days of the French. It was the continuation of a conversation started as they entered Moscow, and now the old man with the white beard, in his unbuttoned fur coat, calmly continued his conversation in the vehicle, as though he intended to stay in it overnight. His wife and daughter listened to him, but kept looking at the door with some impatience. The young man emerged from the door with the porter and room servant.

"Well, Sergyéy," asked the mother, thrusting her emaciated face out into the glare of the lamplight.

Either because it was his habit, or because he did not wish the porter to take him for a lackey on account of the short fur coat which he wore, Sergyéy replied in French that there were rooms to be had, and opened the carriage door. The old man looked for a moment at his son, and again turned to the dark corner of the vehicle, as though nothing else concerned him:

"There was no theatre then."

"Pierre!" said his wife, lifting her cloak; but he continued:

"Madame Chalmé was in Tverskáya Street —"

Deep in the vehicle could be heard a youthful, sonorous laugh.

"Papa, step out! You are forgetting where we are."

The old man only then seemed to recall that they had arrived, and looked around him.

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"Do step out!"

He pulled his cap down, and submissively passed through the door. The porter took him under his arm, but, seeing that the old man was walking well, he at once offered his services to the lady. Judging from the sable cloak, and from the time it took for her to emerge, and from the way she pressed down on his arm, and from the way she, leaning on her son's arm, walked straight toward the porch, without looking to either side, Natálya Nikoláevna, his wife, seemed to the porter to be an important personage. He did not even separate the young lady from the maids, who climbed out from the other vehicle; like them, she carried a bundle and a pipe, and walked behind. He recognized her only by her laughing and by her calling the old man father.

"Not that way, father, — to the right!" she said, taking hold of the sleeve of his sheepskin coat. "To the right."

On the staircase there resounded, through the noise of the steps, the doors, and the heavy breathing of the elderly lady, the same laughter which had been heard in the vehicle, and about which any one who heard it thought: "How excellently she laughs, — I just envy her."

Their son, Sergyéy, had attended to all the material conditions on the road, and, though he lacked knowledge of the matter, he had attended to it with the energy and self-satisfying activity which are characteristic of twenty-five years of age. Some twenty times, and apparently for no important reason, he ran down to the sleigh in his greatcoat, and ran up-stairs again, shivering in the cold and taking two or three steps at a time with his long, youthful legs. Natálya Nikoláevna asked him not to catch a cold, but he said that it was all right, and continued to give orders, slamming doors, and walking, and, when it seemed that only the servants and peasants had

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to be attended to, he several times walked through all the rooms, leaving the drawing-room by one door, and coming in through another, as though he were looking for something else to do.

"Well, papa, will you be driven to the bath-house? Shall I find out?" he asked.

His papa was deep in thought and, it seemed, was not at all conscious of where he was. He did not answer at once. He heard the words, but did not comprehend them. Suddenly he comprehended.

"Yes, yes, yes. Find out, if you please, at Stone Bridge."

The head of the family walked through the rooms with hasty, agitated steps, and seated himself in a chair.

"Now we must decide what to do, how to arrange matters," he said. "Help along, children, lively! Like good fellows, drag things around, put them up, and to-morrow we shall send Serézha with a note to sister Márya Ivánovna, to the Nikítins, or we shall go there ourselves. Am I right, Natásha? But now, fix things!"

"To-morrow is Sunday. I hope, Pierre, that first of all you will go to mass," said his wife, kneeling in front of a trunk and opening it.

"That is so, it is Sunday! We shall by all means all of us go to the Cathedral of the Assumption. Thus will our return begin. O Lord! When I think of the day when I was for the last time in the Cathedral of the Assumption! Do you remember, Natásha? But that is another matter."

And the head of the family rose quickly from the chair, on which he had just seated himself.

"Now we must settle down!"

And without doing anything, he kept walking from one room to another.

"Well, shall we drink tea? Or are you tired, and do you want to rest?"

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"Yes, yes," replied his wife, taking something out from the trunk. "You wanted to go to the bath-house, did you not?"

"Yes — in my day it was near Stone Bridge. Serézha, go and find out whether there is still a bath-house near Stone Bridge. This room here Serézha and I shall occupy. Serézha! Will you be comfortable here?"

But Serézha had gone to find out about the bath-house.

"No, that will not do," he continued. "You will not have a straight passage to the drawing-room. What do you think, Natásha?"

"Calm yourself, Pierre, everything will come out all right," Natásha said, from another room, where peasants were bringing in things.

But Pierre was still under the influence of that ecstatic mood which the arrival had evoked in him.

"Look there, — don't mix up Serézha's things! You have thrown his snow-shoes down in the drawing-room." And he himself picked them up and with great care, as though the whole future order of the quarters depended upon it, leaned them against the door-post and tried to make them stand there. But the snow-shoes did not stick to it, and, the moment Pierre walked away from them, fell with a racket across the door. Natálya Nikoláevna frowned and shuddered, but, seeing the cause of the fall, she said:

"Sónya, darling, pick them up!"

"Pick them up, darling," repeated the husband, "and I will go to the landlord, or else you will never get done. I must talk things over with him."

"You had better send for him, Pierre. Why should you trouble yourself?"

Pierre assented.

"Sónya, bring him here, what do you call him? M. Cavalier, if you please. Tell him that we want to speak about everything."

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"Chevalier, papa," said Sónya, ready to go out.

Natálya Nikoláevna, who was giving her commands in a soft voice, and was softly stepping from room to room, now with a box, now with a pipe, now with a pillow, imperceptibly finding places for a mountain of baggage, in passing Sónya, had time to whisper to her:

"Do not go yourself, but send a man!"

While a man went to call the landlord, Pierre used his leisure, under the pretext of aiding his consort, in crushing a garment of hers and in stumbling against an empty box. Steadying himself with his hand against the wall, the Decembrist looked around with a smile; but Sónya was looking at him with such smiling eyes that she seemed to be waiting for permission to laugh. He readily granted her that permission, and himself burst out into such a good-natured laugh that all those who were in the room, his wife, the maids, and the peasants, laughed with him. This laughter animated the old man still more. He discovered that the divan in the room for his wife and daughter was not standing very conveniently for them, although they affirmed the opposite, and asked him to calm himself. Just as he was trying with his own hands to help a peasant to change the position of that piece of furniture, the landlord, a Frenchman, entered the room.

"You sent for me," the landlord asked sternly and, in proof of his indifference, if not contempt, slowly drew out his handkerchief, slowly unfolded it, and slowly cleared his nose.

"Yes, my dear sir," said Peter Ivánovich, stepping up toward him, "you see, we do not know ourselves how long we are going to stay here, I and my wife —" and Peter Ivánovich, who had the weakness of seeing a neighbour in every man, began to expound his plans and affairs to him.

M. Chevalier did not share that view of people and was not interested in the information communicated to

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him by Peter Ivánovich, but the good French which Peter Ivánovich spoke (the French language, as is known, is something like rank in Russia) and his lordly manner somewhat raised the landlord's opinion about the newcomers.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

This question did not embarrass Peter Ivánovich. He expressed his desire to have rooms, tea, a samovár, supper, dinner, food for the servants, in short, all those things for which hotels exist, and when M. Chevalier, marvelling at the innocence of the old man, who apparently imagined that he was in the Trukhmén steppe, or supposed that all these things would be given him without pay, informed him that he could have all those things, Peter Ivánovich was in ecstasy.

"Now that is nice! Very nice! And so we shall get things all fixed. Well, then please —" but he felt embarrassed to be speaking all the time about himself, and he began to ask M. Chevalier about his family and his business. When Sergyéy Petróvich returned to the room, he did not seem to approve of his father's address; he observed the landlord's dissatisfaction, and reminded his father of the bath. But Peter Ivánovich was interested in the question of how a French hotel could be run in Moscow in the year '56, and of how Madame Chevalier passed her time. Finally the landlord himself bowed and asked him whether he was not pleased to order anything.

"We will have tea, Natásha. Yes? Tea, then, if you please! We will have some other talks, my dear monsieur! What a charming man!"

"And the bath, papa?"

"Oh, yes, then we shall have no tea."

Thus the only result from the conversation with the newly arrived guests was taken from the landlord. But Peter Ivánovich was now proud and happy of his arrange-

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ments. The drivers, who came to ask a *pourboire*, vexed him, because Serézha had no change, and Peter Ivánovich was on the point of sending once more for the landlord, but the happy thought that others, too, ought to be happy on that evening helped him out of that predicament. He took two three-rouble bills, and, sticking one bill into the hand of one of the drivers, he said, "This is for you" (Peter Ivánovich was in the habit of saying "you" to all without exception, unless to a member of his family); "and this is for you," he said, transferring the other bill from the palm of his hand to that of the driver, in some such manner as people do when paying a doctor for a visit. After attending to all these things, he was taken to the bath-house.

Sónya, who was sitting on the divan, put her hand under her head and burst out laughing.

"Oh, how nice it is, mamma! Oh, how nice!"

Then she placed her feet on the divan, stretched herself, adjusted herself, and fell into the sound, calm sleep of a healthy girl of eighteen years of age, after six weeks on the road. Natálya Nikoláevna, who was still busy taking out things in her sleeping-room, heard, no doubt with her maternal ear, that Sónya was not stirring, and went out to take a look at her. She took a pillow and, raising the girl's reddened, dishevelled head with her large white hand, placed her on the pillow. Sónya drew a deep, deep sigh, shrugged her shoulders, and put her head on the pillow, without saying "*Merci*," as though that had all been done of its own accord.

"Not on that bed, not on that, Gavrílovna, Kátya," Natálya Nikoláevna immediately turned to the maids who were making a bed, and with one hand, as though in passing, she adjusted the straying hair of her daughter. Without stopping and without hurrying, Natálya Nikoláevna dressed herself, and upon the arrival of her husband and her son everything was ready: the trunks were no

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longer in the rooms; in Pierre's sleeping-room everything was arranged as it had been for several decades in Irkútsk: the morning-gown, the pipe, the tobacco-pouch, the sugared water, the Gospel, which he read at night, and even the image stuck to the rich wall-paper in the rooms of Chevalier, who never used such adornments, but on that evening they appeared in all the rooms of the third division of the hotel.

Having dressed herself, Natálya Nikoláevna adjusted her collar and cuffs, which, in spite of the journey, were still clean, combed herself, and seated herself opposite the table. Her beautiful black eyes gazed somewhere into the distance: she looked and rested herself. She seemed to be resting, not from the unpacking alone, nor from the road, nor from the oppressive years, — she seemed to be resting from her whole life, and the distance into which she was gazing, and in which she saw living and beloved faces, was that rest which she was wishing for. Whether it was an act of love, which she had done for her husband, or the love which she had experienced for her children when they were young, or whether it was a heavy loss, or a peculiarity of her character, — everyone who looked at that woman could not help seeing that nothing could be expected from her, that she had long ago given all of herself to life, and that nothing was left of her. All that there was left was something worthy of respect, something beautiful and sad, as a reminiscence, as the moonlight. She could not be imagined otherwise than surrounded by all the comforts of life. It was impossible for her ever to be hungry, or to eat eagerly, or to have on soiled clothes, or to stumble, or to forget to clear her nose. It was a physical impossibility. Why it was so, I do not know, but every motion of hers was dignity, grace, gentleness toward all those who could enjoy her sight.

"Sie pflegen und weben
Himmlische Rosen ins irdische Leben."

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She knew those verses and loved them, but was not guided by them. All her nature was an expression of that thought; all her life was this one unconscious weaving of invisible roses in the lives of those with whom she came in contact. She had followed her husband to Siberia only because she loved him; she had not thought what she could do for him, and instinctively had done everything. She had made his bed, had put away his things, had prepared his dinner and his tea, and, above all, had always been where he was, and no woman could have given more happiness to her husband.

In the drawing-room the samovár was boiling on the round table. Natálya Nikoláevna sat near it. Sónya wrinkled her face and smiled under her mother's hand, which was tickling her, when father and son, with wrinkled finger-tips and glossy cheeks and foreheads (the father's bald spot was particularly glistening), with fluffy white and black hair, and with beaming countenances, entered the room.

"It has grown brighter since you have come in," said Natálya Nikoláevna. "O Lord, how white you are!"

She had been saying that each Saturday, for several decades, and each Saturday Pierre experienced bashfulness and delight, whenever he heard that. They seated themselves at the table; there was an odour of tea and of the pipe, and there were heard the voices of the parents, the children, and the servants, who received their cups in the same room. They recalled everything funny that had happened on the road, admired Sónya's hair-dressing, and laughed. Geographically they were all transferred a distance of five thousand versts, into an entirely different, strange milieu, but morally they were that evening still at home, just such as the peculiar, long, solitary family life had made them to be. It will not be so to-morrow. Peter Ivánovich seated himself near the samovár, and lighted his pipe. He was not in a cheerful mood.

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"So here we are," he said, "and I am glad that we shall not see any one to-night; this is the last evening we shall pass with the family," and he washed these words down with a large mouthful of tea.

"Why the last, Pierre?"

"Why? Because the eaglets have learned to fly, and they have to make their own nests, and from here they will fly each in a different direction —"

"What nonsense!" said Sónya, taking his glass from him, and smiling at him, as she smiled at everything. "The old nest is good enough!"

"The old nest is a sad nest; the old man did not know how to make it, — he was caught in a cage, and in the cage he reared his young ones, and was let out only when his wings no longer would hold him up. No, the eaglets must make their nests higher up, more auspiciously, nearer to the sun; that is what they are his children for, that his example might serve them; but the old one will look on, so long as he is not blind, and will listen, when he becomes blind — Pour in some rum, more, more — enough!"

"We shall see who is going to leave," replied Sónya, casting a cursory glance at her mother, as though she felt uneasy speaking in her presence. "We shall see who is going to leave," she continued. "I am not afraid for myself, neither am I for Serézha." (Serézha was walking up and down in the room, thinking of how clothes would be ordered for him to-morrow, and wondering whether he had better go to the tailor, or send for him; he was not interested in Sónya's conversation with his father.) Sónya began to laugh.

"What is the matter? What?" asked her father.

"You are younger than we, papa. Much younger, indeed," she said, again bursting out into a laugh.

"Indeed!" said the old man, and his austere wrinkles formed themselves into a gentle, and yet contemptuous, smile.

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Natálya Nikoláevna bent away from the samovár which prevented her seeing her husband.

"Sónya is right. You are still sixteen years old, Pierre. Serézha is younger in feelings, but you are younger in soul. I can foresee what he will do, but you will astound me yet."

Whether he recognized the justice of this remark, or was flattered by it, he did not know what reply to make, and only smoked in silence, drank his tea, and beamed with his eyes. But Serézha, with characteristic egoism of youth, interested in what was said about him, entered into the conversation and affirmed that he was really old, that his arrival in Moscow and the new life, which was opening before him, did not gladden him in the least, and that he calmly reflected on the future and looked forward toward it.

"Still, it is the last evening," repeated Peter Ivánovich. "It will not be again to-morrow."

And he poured a little more rum into his glass. He sat for a long time at the tea-table, with an expression as though he wished to say many things, but had no hearers. He moved up the rum toward him, but his daughter softly carried away the bottle.

II.

When M. Chevalier, who had been up-stairs to look after his guests, returned to his room and gave the benefit of his observations on the newcomers to his life companion, in laces and a silk garment, who in Parisian fashion was sitting back of the counter, several habitual visitors of the establishment were sitting in the room. Serézha, who had been down-stairs, had taken notice of that room and of its visitors. If you have been in Moscow, you have, no doubt, noticed that room yourself.

If you, a modest man who do not know Moscow, have missed a dinner to which you are invited, or have made

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a mistake in your calculations, imagining that the hospitable Muscovites would invite you to dinner, or simply wish to dine in the best restaurant, you enter the lackeys' room. Three or four lackeys jump up: one of them takes off your fur coat and congratulates you on the occasion of the New Year, or of the Butter-week, or of your arrival, or simply remarks that you have not called for a long while, though you have never been in that establishment before.

You enter, and the first thing that strikes your eyes is a table set, as you in the first moment imagine, with an endless quantity of palatable dishes. But that is only an optical illusion, for the greater part of that table is occupied by pheasants in feather, raw lobsters, boxes with perfume and pomatum, and bottles with cosmetics and candy. Only at the very edge, if you look well, will you find the vódka and a piece of bread with butter and sardines, under a wire globe, which is quite useless in Moscow in the month of December, even though it is precisely such as those which are used in Paris. Then, beyond the table, you see the room, where behind a counter sits a Frenchwoman, of extremely repulsive exterior, but wearing the cleanest of gloves and a most exquisite, fashionable gown. Near the Frenchwoman you will see an officer in unbuttoned uniform, taking a dram of vódka, a civilian reading a newspaper, and somebody's military or civilian legs lying on a velvet chair, and you will hear French conversation, and more or less sincere, loud laughter.

If you wish to know what is going on in that room, I should advise you not to enter within, but only to look in, as though merely passing by to take a sandwich. Otherwise you will feel ill at ease from the interrogative silence and glances, and you will certainly take your tail between your legs and skulk away to one of the tables in the large hall, or to the winter garden. Nobody will keep

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you from doing so. These tables are for everybody, and there, in your solitude, you may call Dey a *garçon* and order as many truffles as you please. The room with the Frenchwoman, however, exists for the select, golden Moscow youth, and it is not so easy to find your way among the select as you imagine.

On returning to this room, M. Chevalier told his wife that the gentleman from Siberia was dull, but that his son and daughter were fine people, such as could be raised only in Siberia.

"You ought just to see the daughter! She is a little rose-bush!"

"Oh, this old man is fond of fresh-looking women," said one of the guests, who was smoking a cigar. (The conversation, of course, was carried on in French, but I render it in Russian, as I shall continue to do in this story.)

"Oh, I am very fond of them!" replied M. Chevalier. "Women are my passion. Do you not believe me?"

"Do you hear, Madame Chevalier?" shouted a stout officer of Cossacks, who owed a big bill in the institution and was fond of chatting with the landlord.

"He shares my taste," said M. Chevalier, patting the stout man on his epaulet.

"And is this Siberian young lady really pretty?"

M. Chevalier folded his fingers and kissed them.

After that the conversation between the guests became confidential and very jolly. They were talking about the stout officer; he smiled as he listened to what they were saying about him.

"How can one have such perverted taste!" cried one, through the laughter. "Mlle. Clarisse! You know, Strúgov prefers such of the women as have chicken calves."

Though Mlle. Clarisse did not understand the salt of that remark, she behind her counter burst out into a

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laughter as silvery as her bad teeth and advanced years permitted.

"Has the Siberian lady turned him to such thoughts?" and she laughed more heartily still. M. Chevalier himself roared with laughter, as he said:

"*Ce vieux coquin*," patting the officer of Cossacks on his head and shoulders.

"But who are they, those Siberians? Mining proprietors or merchants?" one of the gentlemen asked, during a pause in the laughter.

"Nikíta, ask ze passport from ze chentleman zat as come," said M. Chevalier.

"We, Alexander, ze Autocrat —" M. Chevalier began to read the passport, which had been brought in the meantime, but the officer of Cossacks tore it out of his hands, and his face expressed surprise.

"Guess who it is," he said, "for you all know him by reputation."

"How can we guess? Show it to us! Well, Abdel Kader, ha, ha, ha! Well, Cagliostro — Well, Peter III. — ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, read it!"

The officer of Cossacks unfolded the paper and read the name of him who once had been Prince Péter Ivánovich, and the family name which everybody knows and pronounces with a certain respect and pleasure, when speaking of a person bearing that name, as of a near and familiar person. We shall call him Labázov. The officer of Cossacks had a dim recollection that this Peter Labázov had been something important in the year '25, and that he had been sent to hard labour, — but what he had been famous for, he did not exactly know. But of the others not one knew anything about him, and they replied:

"Oh, yes, the famous prince," just as they would have said, "Of course, he is famous!" about Shakespeare, who had written the "Æneid." But they recognized him from

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the explanations of the stout officer, who told them that he was a brother of Prince Iván, an uncle of the Chíkins, of Countess Prut, in short, the well-known —

"He must be very rich, if he is a brother of Prince Iván," remarked one of the young men, "if the fortune has been returned to him. It has been returned to some."

"What a lot of exiles are returning nowadays!" remarked another. "Really, fewer seem to have been sent away, than are returning now. Zhikínski, tell us that story of the 18th!" he turned to an officer of sharpshooters, who had the reputation of being a good storyteller.

"Do tell it!"

"In the first place, it is a true story, and happened here, at Chevalier's, in the large hall. Three Decembrists came to have their dinner. They were sitting at one table, eating, drinking, talking. Opposite them sat down a gentleman of respectable mien, of about the same age, and he listened to their talking about Siberia. He asked them something, they exchanged a few words, began to converse, and it turned out that he, too, was from Siberia.

"'And do you know Nerchínsk?'

"'Indeed I do, I lived there.'

"'And do you know Tatyána Ivánovna?'

"'Of course I do!'

"'Permit me to ask you, — were you, too, exiled?'

"'Yes, I had the misfortune to suffer, and you?'

"'We are all exiles of the 14th of December. It is strange that we should not know you, if you, too, were exiled for the 14th. Permit me to know your name!'

"'Fédorov.'

"'Also for the 14th?'

"'No, for the 18th.'

"'For the 18th?'

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"'For the 18th of September, for a gold watch. I was falsely accused of having stolen it, and I suffered, though innocent.'"

All of them rolled in laughter, except the story-teller, who with a most serious face looked at the outstretched hearers and swore that it was a true story.

Soon after the story one of the young men got up and went to the club. He passed through the halls which were filled with tables at which old men were playing whist; turned into the "infernal region," where the famous "Puchin" had begun his game against the "company;" stood for awhile near one of the billiard-tables, where, holding on to the cushion, a distinguished old man was fumbling around and with difficulty striking a ball; looked into the library, where a general, holding a newspaper a distance away from him, was reading it slowly above his glasses, and a registered young man turned the leaves of one periodical after another, trying to make no noise; and finally seated himself on a divan in the billiard-room, near some young people who were playing pyramids, and who were as much gilded as he was.

It was a day of dinners, and there were there many gentlemen who always frequented the club. Among them was Iván Vavílovich Pákhtin. He was a man of about forty years of age, of medium stature, fair-complexioned, with broad shoulders and hips, with a bare head, and a glossy, happy, clean-shaven face. He was not playing at pyramids, but had just sat down beside Prince D——, with whom he was on "thou" terms, and had accepted a glass of champagne which had been offered to him. He had located himself so comfortably after the dinner, having quietly unbuckled his trousers at the back, that it looked as though he could sit there all his life, smoking a cigar, drinking champagne, and feeling the proximity of princes, counts, and the children of

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min.sters. The news of the arrival of the Labázovs interfered with his calm.

"Where are you going, Pákhtin," said a minister's son, having noticed during the game that Pákhtin had got up, pulled his waistcoat down, and emptied his champagne in a large gulp.

"Syévernikov has invited me," said Pákhtin, feeling a restlessness in his legs. "Well, will you go there?"

"Anastásya, Anastásya, please unlock the door for me." That was a well-known gipsy-song, which was in vogue at that time.

"Perhaps. And you?"

"Where shall I, an old married man, go?"

"Well!"

Pákhtin, smiling, went to the glass hall, to join Syévernikov. He was fond of having his last word appear to be a joke. And so it came out at that time, too.

"Well, how is the countess's health?" he asked, walking over to Syévernikov, who had not called him at all, but who, according to Pákhtin's surmise, should more than any one else learn of the arrival of the Labázovs. Syévernikov had somehow been mixed up with the affair of the 14th, and was a friend of the Decembrists. The countess's health was much better, and Pákhtin was very glad to hear it.

"Do you know, Labázov has arrived; he is staying at Chevalier's."

"You don't say so! We are old friends. How glad I am! How glad! The poor old fellow must have grown old. His wife wrote to my wife —"

But Syévernikov did not finish saying what it was she had written, because his partners, who were playing without trumps, had made some mistake. While speaking with Iván Pávlovich, he kept an eye on them, and now he leaned forward with his whole body against the table, and, thumping it with his hands, he tried to prove that

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they ought to have played from the seven. Iván Pávlovich got up and, going up to another table, in the middle of a conversation informed another worthy gentleman of his bit of news, again got up, and repeated the same at a third table. The worthy gentlemen were all glad to hear of the arrival of the Labázovs, so that, upon returning to the billiard-room, Iván Pávlovich, who at first had had his misgivings about whether he had to rejoice in the return of the Labázovs, or not, no longer started with an introduction about the ball, about an article in the *Messenger*, about health, or weather, but approached everybody directly with the enthusiastic announcement of the safe return of the famous Decembrist.

The old man, who was still vainly endeavouring to hit the white ball with his cue, would, in Pákhtin's opinion, be very much delighted to hear the news. He went up to him.

"Are you playing well, your Excellency?" he said, just as the old man stuck his cue into the marker's red waistcoat, wishing to indicate that it had to be chalked.

"Your Excellency" was not said, as you might think, from a desire of being subservient (no, that was not the fashion in '56). Iván Pávlovich was in the habit of calling the old man by his name and patronymic, but this was said partly as a joke on men who spoke that way, partly in order to hint that he knew full well to whom he was talking, and yet was taking liberties, and partly in truth: altogether it was a very delicate jest.

"I have just learned that Peter Labázov has returned. Straight from Siberia, with his whole family."

These words Pákhtin pronounced just as the old man again missed his ball, for such was his bad luck.

"If he has returned as cracked as he went away, there is no cause for rejoicing," gruffly said the old man, who was irritated by his incomprehensible failure.

This statement vexed Iván Pávlovich, and again he

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was at a loss whether there was any cause for rejoicing at Labázov's return, and, in order fully to settle his doubt, he directed his steps to a room, where generally assembled the clever people, who knew the meaning and value of each thing, and, in short, knew everything. Iván Pávlovich was on the same footing of friendship with the frequenters of the intellectual room as with the gilded youths and with the dignitaries. It is true, he had no special place of his own in the intellectual room, but nobody was surprised to see him enter and seat himself on a divan. They were just discussing in what year and upon what occasion there had taken place a quarrel between two Russian journalists. Waiting for a moment of silence, Iván Pávlovich communicated his bit of news, not as something joyous, nor as an unimportant event, but as though part of the conversation. But immediately, from the way the "intellectuals" (I use the word "intellectuals" as a name for the frequenters of the "intellectual" room) received the news and began to discuss it, Iván Pávlovich understood that it belonged there, and that only there would it receive such an elaboration as to enable him to carry it farther and *savoir à quoi s'en tenir*.

"Labázov was the only one who was wanting," said one of the intellectuals; "now all the living Decembrists have returned to Russia."

"He was one of the herd of the famous — " said Pákhtin, still with an inquisitive glance, prepared to make that quotation both jocular and serious.

"Indeed, Labázov was one of the most remarkable men of that time," began an intellectual. "In 1819 he was an ensign of the Seménovski regiment, and was sent abroad with messages to Duke Z——. Then he returned and in the year '24 was received in the First Masonic lodge. The Masons of that time used all to gather at the house of D—— and at his house. He was very

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rich. Prince Zh——, Fédor D——, Iván P——, those were his nearest friends. Then his uncle, Prince Visarión, to remove the young man from that society, took him to Moscow."

"Pardon me, Nikoláy Stepánovich," another intellectual interrupted him, "it seems to me that that happened in the year '23, because Visarión Labázov was appointed a commander of the Third Corps in '24, and was then in Warsaw. He had offered him an adjutantship, and after his refusal, he was removed. However, pardon me for interrupting you."

"Not at all. Proceed!"

"Pardon me!"

"Proceed! You ought to know that better than I, and, besides, your memory and knowledge have been sufficiently attested here."

"In Moscow he against his uncle's will left the army," continued the one whose memory and knowledge had been attested, "and there he gathered around him a second society, of which he was the progenitor and the heart, if it be possible so to express it. He was rich, handsome, clever, educated; they say he was exceedingly amiable. My aunt used to tell me that she did not know a more bewitching man. Here he married Miss Krínski, a few months before the revolt broke out."

"The daughter of Nikoláy Krínski, the one of Borodinó fame, you know," somebody interrupted him.

"Well, yes. Her immense fortune he still possesses, but his own paternal estate passed over to his younger brother, Prince Iván, who is now Ober-Hof-Kaffermeister" (he gave him some such name) "and was a minister."

"The best thing is what he did for his brother," continued the narrator. "When he was arrested, there was one thing which he succeeded in destroying, and that was his brother's letters and documents."

"Was his brother mixed up in it, too?"

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The narrator did not say "Yes," but compressed his lips and gave a significant wink.

"Then, during all the inquests Peter Labázov kept denying everything which concerned his brother, and so suffered more than the rest. But the best part of it is that Prince Iván got all the property, and never sent a penny to his brother."

"They say that Peter Labázov himself declined it," remarked one of the hearers.

"Yes; but he declined it only because Prince Iván wrote him before the coronation, excusing himself and saying that if he had not taken it, it would have been confiscated, and that he had children and debts, and that now he was unable to return it to him. Peter Labázov replied to him in two lines: 'Neither I nor my heirs have any right, nor can have any right, to the property legally appropriated by you.' That was all. How was that? And Prince Iván swallowed it, and in delight locked up that document with the notes in a safe, and showed it to no one."

One of the peculiarities of the intellectual room was that its visitors knew, whenever they wanted to know, everything that was taking place in the world, no matter how secret the event might have been.

"Still it is a question," said a new interlocutor, "whether it was just to deprive the children of Prince Iván of the property, with which they have grown up and have been educated, and to which they thought they had a right."

Thus the conversation was transferred to an abstract sphere, which did not interest Pákhtin.

He felt the necessity of communicating the news to fresh people, and so he rose and, speaking to the right and to the left, walked from one hall to another. One of his fellow officers stopped him to give him the news of Labázov's arrival.

"Who does not know that?" replied Iván Pávlovich,

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with a calm smile, turning to the exit. The news had had time to complete its circle, and was again returning to him.

There was nothing else to do in the club, and he went to an evening party. It was not a special entertainment, but a salon where guests were received any evening. There were there eight ladies, and one old colonel, and all found it terribly dull. Pákhtin's firm gait alone and his smiling face cheered the ladies and maidens. And the news was the more appropriate, since the old Countess Fuks and her daughter were present in the salon. When Pákhtin told nearly word for word what he had heard in the intellectual room, Madame Fuks, shaking her head and marvelling at her old age, began to recall how she used to go out together with Natásha Krínski, the present Princess Labázov.

"Her marriage is a very romantic story, and all that happened under my eyes. Natásha was almost engaged to Myátlin, who was later killed in a duel with Debras. Just then Prince Peter arrived in Moscow, fell in love with her, and proposed to her. But her father, who wanted Myátlin very much, — they were, in general, afraid of Labázov because he was a Mason, — refused him. The young man continued to see her at balls, everywhere, and became friendly with Myátlin, whom he begged to decline. Myátlin agreed to do so, and he persuaded her to elope. She, too, agreed, but the last repentance ——" (the conversation was taking place in French), "and she went to her father and said that everything was ready for the elopement, and she could leave him, but hoped for his magnanimity. And, indeed, her father forgave her, — everybody begged for her, — and gave his consent. Thus the wedding was celebrated, and it was a jolly wedding! Who of us thought that a year later she would follow him to Siberia! She, an only daughter, the most beautiful, the richest woman of that time. Em-

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peror Alexander always used to notice her at balls, and had danced with her so often. Countess G—— gave a *bal costumé*, — I remember it as though it were to-day, — and she was a Neapolitan maid, oh, so charming! Whenever he came to Moscow, he used to ask, '*que fait la belle Napolitaine?*' And suddenly this woman, in such a condition (she bore a child on the way), did not stop for a moment to think, without preparing anything, without collecting her things, just as she was, when they took him, followed him a distance of five thousand versts."

"Oh, what a remarkable woman!" said the hostess.

"Both he and she were remarkable people," said another lady. "I have been told, — I don't know whether it is true, — that wherever they worked in the mines in Siberia, or whatever it is called, the convicts, who were with them, improved in their presence."

"But she has never worked in the mines," Pákhtin corrected her.

How much that year '56 meant! Three years before no one had been thinking of the Labázovs, and if any one recalled them, it was with that unaccountable feeling of dread with which one speaks of one lately dead; but now they vividly recalled all the former relations, all the beautiful qualities, and each lady was making a plan for getting the monopoly of the Labázovs, in order to treat the other guests to them.

"Their son and their daughter have come with them," said Pákhtin.

"If they are only as handsome as their mother used to be," said Countess Fuks. "Still, their father, too, was very, very handsome."

"How could they educate their children there?" asked the hostess.

"They say, nicely. They say that the young man is as nice, as amiable, and as cultured as though he had been brought up in Paris."

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"I predict great success to that young person," said a homely spinster. "All those Siberian ladies have something pleasantly trivial about them, which everybody, however, likes."

"Yes, yes," said another spinster.

"Here we have another rich prospective bride," said a third spinster.

The old colonel, of German origin, who had come to Moscow three years before, in order to marry a rich girl, decided as quickly as possible, before the young people knew anything about it, to present himself and propose. But the spinsters and ladies thought almost the same about the young Siberian.

"No doubt that is the one I am destined to marry," thought a spinster who had been going out for eight years.

"No doubt it was for the best that that stupid officer of the Chevalier Guards did not propose to me. I should certainly have been unhappy."

"Well, they will again grow yellow with envy, if this one, too, falls in love with me," thought a young and pretty lady.

We hear much about the provincialism of small towns, — but there is nothing worse than the provincialism of the upper classes. There are no new persons there, and society is prepared to receive all kinds of new persons, if they should make their appearance; but they are rarely, very rarely, recognized as belonging to their circle and accepted, as was the case with the Labázovs, and the sensation produced by them is stronger than in a provincial town.

III.

"This is Moscow, white-stoned Mother Moscow," said Peter Ivánovich, rubbing his eyes in the morning, and listening to the tolling of the bells which was proceeding

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from Gazette Lane. Nothing so vividly resurrects the past as sounds, and these sounds of the Moscow bells, combined with the sight of a white wall opposite the window, and with the rumbling of wheels, so vividly reminded him not only of the Moscow which he had known thirty-five years before, but also of the Moscow with the Kremlin, with the palaces, with Iván the bell, and so forth, which he had been carrying in his heart, that he experienced a childish joy at being a Russian, and in Moscow.

There appeared the Bukhara morning-gown, wide open over the broad chest with its chintz shirt, the pipe with its amber, the lackey with soft manners, tea, the odour of tobacco; a loud male voice was heard in Chevalier's apartments; there resounded the morning kisses, and the voices of daughter and son; and the Decembrist was as much at home as in Irkútsk, and as he would have been in New York or in Paris.

No matter how much I should like to present to my readers the Decembrist hero above all foibles, I must confess, for truth's sake, that Peter Ivánovich took great pains in shaving and combing himself, and in looking at himself in the mirror. He was dissatisfied with the garments, which had been made in Siberia with little elegance, and two or three times he buttoned and unbuttoned his coat.

But Natálya Nikoláevna entered the drawing-room, rustling with her black moire gown, with mittens and with ribbons in her cap, which, though not according to the latest fashion, were so arranged that, far from making her appear *ridicule*, they made her look *distinguée*. For this ladies have a special sixth sense and perspicacity, which cannot be compared to anything.

Sónya, too, was so dressed that, although she was two years behind in fashion, she could not be reproached in any way. On her mother everything was dark and simple, and on the daughter bright and cheerful.

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Serézha had just awakened, and so they went by themselves to mass. Father and mother sat in the back seat, and their daughter was opposite them. Vasíli climbed on the box, and the hired carriage took them to the Kremlin. When they got out of the carriage, the ladies adjusted their robes, and Peter Ivánovich took the arm of his Natálya Nikoláevna, and, throwing back his head, walked up to the door of the church. Many people, merchants, officers, and everybody else, could not make out what kind of people they were.

Who was that old man with his old sunburnt, and still unblanched face, with the large, straight work wrinkles of a peculiar fold, different from the wrinkles acquired in the English club, with snow-white hair and beard, with a good, proud glance and energetic movements? Who was that tall lady with that determined gait, and those weary, dimmed, large, beautiful eyes? Who was that fresh, stately, strong young lady, neither fashionable, nor timid? Merchants? No, no merchants. Germans? No, no Germans. Gentlefolk? No, they are different, — they are distinguished people. Thus thought those who saw them in church, and for some reason more readily and cheerfully made way for them than for men in thick epaulets. Peter Ivánovich bore himself just as majestically as at the entrance, and prayed quietly, with reserve, and without forgetting himself. Natálya Nikoláevna glided down on her knees, took out a handkerchief, and wept much during the cherubical song. Sónya seemed to be making an effort over herself in order to pray. Devotion did not come to her, but she did not look around, and diligently made the signs of the cross.

Serézha stayed at home, partly because he had overslept himself, partly because he did not like to stand through a mass, which made his legs faint, — a matter he was unable to understand, since it was a mere trifle for

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him to walk forty miles on snow-shoes, whereas standing through twelve pericopes was the greatest physical torture for him, — but chiefly because he felt that more than anything he needed a new suit of clothes. He dressed himself and went to Blacksmith Bridge. He had plenty of money. His father had made it a rule, ever since his son had passed his twenty-first year, to let him have as much money as he wished. It lay with him to leave his parents entirely without money.

How sorry I am for the 250 roubles which he threw away in Kuntz's shop of ready-made clothes! Any one of the gentlemen who met Serézha would have been only too happy to show him around, and would have regarded it as a piece of happiness to go with him to get his clothes made. But, as it was, he was a stranger in the crowd, and, making his way in his cap along Blacksmith Bridge, he went to the end, without looking into the shops, opened the door, and came out from it in a cinnamon-coloured half-dress coat, which was tight (though at that time they wore wide coats), and in loose black trousers (though they wore tight trousers), and in a flowery atlas waistcoat, which not one of the gentlemen, who were in Chevalier's special room, would have allowed their lackeys to wear, and bought a number of other things; on the other hand, Kuntz marvelled at the young man's slender waist, the like of which, as he explained to everybody, he had never seen. Serézha knew that he had a beautiful waist, and he was very much flattered by the praise of a stranger, such as Kuntz'was.

He came out with 250 roubles less, but was dressed badly, in fact so badly that his apparel two days later passed over into Vasíli's possession and always remained a disagreeable memory for Serézha.

At home he went down-stairs, seated himself in the large hall, looking now and then into the sanctum, and ordered a breakfast of such strange dishes that the serv-

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ant in the kitchen had to laugh. Then he asked for a periodical, and pretended to be reading. When the servant, encouraged by the inexperience of the young man, addressed some questions to him, Serézha said, "Go to your place!" and blushed. But he said this so proudly that the servant obeyed. Mother, father, and daughter, upon returning home, found his clothes excellent.

Do you remember that joyous sensation of childhood, when you were dressed up for your name-day and taken to mass, and when, upon returning with a holiday expression in your clothes, upon your countenance, and in your soul, you found toys and guests at home? You knew that on that day there would be no classes, that even the grown-ups celebrated on that day, and that that was a day of exceptions and pleasures for the whole house; you knew that you alone were the cause of that holiday, and that you would be forgiven, no matter what you might do, and you were surprised to see that the people in the streets did not celebrate along with your home folk, and the sounds were more audible, and the colours brighter, — in short, a name-day sensation. It was a sensation of that kind that Peter Ivánovich experienced on his return from church.

Pákhtin's solicitude of the evening before did not pass in vain: instead of toys Peter Ivánovich found at home several visiting-cards of distinguished Muscovites, who, in the year '56, regarded it as their peremptory duty to show every attention possible to a famous exile, whom they would under no consideration have wished to see three years before. In the eyes of Chevalier, the porter, and the servants of the hotel, the appearance of carriages asking for Peter Ivánovich, on that one morning increased their respect and subserviency tenfold.

All those were name-day toys for Peter Ivánovich. No matter how much tried in life, how clever a man may be, the expression of respect from people respected by a

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large number of men is always agreeable. Peter Ivánovich felt light of heart when Chevalier, bowing, offered to change his apartments and asked him to order anything he might need, and assured him that he regarded Peter Ivánovich's visit as a piece of luck, and when, examining the visiting-cards and throwing them into a vase, he called out the names of Count S——, Prince D——, and so forth.

Natálya Nikoláevna said that she would not receive anybody and that she would go at once to the house of Márya Ivánovna, to which Peter Ivánovich consented, though he wished very much to talk to some of the visitors.

Only one visitor managed to get through before the refusal to meet him. That was Pákhtin. If this man had been asked why he went away from the Prechístenka to go to Gazette Lane, he would have been unable to give any excuse, except that he was fond of everything new and remarkable, and so had come to see Peter Ivánovich, as something rare. One would think that, coming to see a stranger for no other reason than that, he would have been embarrassed. But the contrary was true. Peter Ivánovich and his son and Sónya Petróvna became embarrassed. Natálya Nikoláevna was too much of a *grande dame* to become embarrassed for any reason whatever. The weary glance of her beautiful black eyes was calmly lowered on Pákhtin. But Pákhtin was refreshing, self-contented, and gaily amiable, as always. He was a friend of Márya Ivánovna's.

"Ah!" said Natálya Nikoláevna.

"Not a friend, — the difference of our years, — but she has always been kind to me."

Pákhtin was an old admirer of Peter Ivánovich's, — he knew his companions. He hoped that he could be useful to the newcomers. He would have appeared the previous evening, but could not find the time, and

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begged to be excused, and sat down and talked for a long time.

"Yes, I must tell you, I have found many changes in Russia since then," Peter Ivánovich said, in reply to a question.

The moment Peter Ivánovich began to speak, you ought to have seen with what respectful attention Pákhtin received every word that flew out of the mouth of the distinguished old man, and how after each sentence, at times after a word, Pákhtin with a nod, a smile, or a motion of his eyes gave him to understand that he had received and accepted the memorable sentence or word.

The weary glance approved of that manœuvre. Sergyéy Petróvich seemed to be afraid lest his father's conversation should not be weighty enough, corresponding to the attention of the hearer. Sónya Petróvna, on the contrary, smiled that imperceptible self-satisfied smile which people smile who have caught a man's ridiculous side. It seemed to her that nothing was to be got from him, that he was a "shyúshka," as she and her brother nicknamed a certain class of people.

Peter Ivánovich declared that during his journey he had seen enormous changes, which gave him pleasure.

"There is no comparison, the masses — the peasants — stand so much higher now, have so much greater consciousness of their dignity," he said, as though repeating some old phrases. "I must say that the masses have always interested me most. I am of the opinion that the strength of Russia does not lie in us, but in the masses," and so forth.

Peter Ivánovich with characteristic zeal evolved his more or less original ideas in regard to many important subjects. We shall hear more of them in fuller form. Pákhtin was melting for joy, and fully agreed with him in everything.

"You must by all means meet the Aksátovs. Will you

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permit me to introduce them to you, prince? You know they have permitted him to publish his periodical. To-morrow, they say, the first number will appear. I have also read his remarkable article on the consistency of the theory of science in the abstract. Remarkably interesting. Another article, the history of Servia in the eleventh century, of that famous general Karbovánets, is also very interesting. Altogether an enormous step."

"Indeed," said Peter Ivánovich. But he was apparently not interested in all these bits of information; he did not even know the names and merits of all those men whom Pákhtin quoted as universally known.

But Natálya Nikoláevna, without denying the necessity of knowing all these men and conditions, remarked in justification of her husband that Pierre received his periodicals very late. He read entirely too much.

"Papa, shall we not go to aunty?" asked Sónya, upon coming in.

"We shall, but we must have our breakfast. Won't you have anything?"

Pákhtin naturally declined, but Peter Ivánovich, with the hospitality characteristic of every Russian and of him in particular, insisted that Pákhtin should eat and drink something. He himself emptied a wine-glass of vódka and a tumbler of Bordeaux. Pákhtin noticed that as he was filling his glass, Natálya accidentally turned away from it, and the son cast a peculiar glance on his father's hands.

After the wine, Peter Ivánovich, in response to Pákhtin's questions about what his opinion was in respect to the new literature, the new tendency, the war, the peace (Pákhtin had a knack of uniting the most diversified subjects into one senseless but smooth conversation), in response to these questions Peter Ivánovich at once replied with one general *profession de foi*, and either under the influence of the wine, or of the subject of the conversation,

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he became so excited that tears appeared in his eyes, and Pákhtin, too, was in ecstasy, and himself became tearful, and without embarrassment expressed his conviction that Peter Ivánovich was now in advance of all the foremost men and should become the head of all the parties. Peter Ivánovich's eyes became inflamed, — he believed what Pákhtin was telling him, — and he would have continued talking for a long time, if Sónya Petróvna had not schemed to get Natálya Nikoláevna to put on her mantilla, and had not come herself to raise Peter Ivánovich from his seat. He poured out the rest of the wine into a glass, but Sónya Petróvna drank it.

"What is this?"

"I have not had any yet, papa, pardon."

He smiled.

"Well, let us go to Márya Ivánovna's. You will excuse us, Monsieur Pákhtin."

And Peter Ivánovich left the room, carrying his head high. In the vestibule he met a general, who had come to call on his old acquaintance. They had not seen each other for thirty-five years. The general was toothless and bald.

"How fresh you still are!" he said. "Evidently Siberia is better than St. Petersburg. These are your family, — introduce me to them! What a fine fellow your son is! So to dinner to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes, by all means."

On the porch they met the famous Chikháev, another old acquaintance.

"How did you find out that I had arrived?"

"It would be a shame for Moscow if it did not know it. It is a shame that you were not met at the barrier. Where do you dine? No doubt with your sister, Márya Ivánovna. Very well, I shall be there myself."

Peter Ivánovich always had the aspect of a proud man for one who could not through that exterior make out the

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expression of unspeakable goodness and impressionableness; but just then even Márya Nikoláevna was delighted to see his unwonted dignity, and Sónya Petróvna smiled with her eyes, as she looked at him. They arrived at the house of Márya Ivánovna. Márya Ivánovna was Peter Ivánovich's godmother and ten years his senior. She was an old maid.

Her history, why she did not get married, and how she had passed her youth, I will tell some time later.

She had lived uninterruptedly for forty years in Moscow. She had neither much intelligence, nor great wealth, and she did not think much of connections, — on the contrary; and there was not a man who did not respect her. She was so convinced that everybody ought to respect her that everybody actually respected her. There were some young liberals from the university who did not recognize her power, but these gentlemen made a bold front only in her absence. She needed only to enter the drawing-room with her royal gait, to say something in her calm manner, to smile her kindly smile, and they were vanquished. Her society consisted of everybody. She looked upon all of Moscow as her home folk, and treated them as such. She had friends mostly among the young people and clever men, but women she did not like. She had also dependents, whom our literature has for some reason included with the Hungarian woman and with generals in one common class for contempt; but Márya Ivánovna considered it better for Skópin, who had been ruined in cards, and Madame Byéshev, whom her husband had driven away, to be living with her than in misery, and so she kept them.

But the two great passions in Márya Ivánovna's present life were her two brothers. Peter Ivánovich was her idol. Prince Iván was hateful to her. She had not known that Peter Ivánovich had arrived; she had attended mass, and was just finishing her coffee.

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At the table sat the vicar of Moscow, Madame Byéshev, and Skópin. Márya Ivánovna was telling them about young Count V——, the son of P—— Z——, who had returned from Sevastopol, and with whom she was in love. (She had some passion all the time.) He was to dine with her on that day. The vicar got up and bowed himself out. Márya Ivánovna did not keep him, — she was a freethinker in this respect: she was pious, but had no use for monks and laughed at the ladies that ran after them, and boldly asserted that in her opinion monks were just such men as we sinful people, and that it was better to find salvation in the world than in a monastery.

"Give the order not to receive anybody, my dear," she said, "I will write to Pierre. I cannot understand why he is not coming. No doubt, Natálya Nikoláevna is ill."

Márya Ivánovna was of the opinion that Natálya Nikoláevna did not like her and was her enemy. She could not forgive her because it was not she, his sister, who had given up her property and had followed him to Siberia, but Natálya Nikoláevna, and because her brother had definitely declined her offer when she got ready to go with him. After thirty-five years she was beginning to believe that Natálya Nikoláevna was the best woman in the world and his guardian angel; but she was envious, and it seemed all the time to her that she was not a good woman.

She got up, took a few steps in the parlour, and was on the point of entering the cabinet when the door opened, and Madame Byéshev's wrinkled, grayish face expressing joyous terror, was thrust through the door.

"Márya Ivánovna, prepare yourself," she said.

"A letter?"

"No, something better — "

But before she had a chance to finish, a man's loud voice was heard in the antechamber:

"Where is she? Go, Natásha."

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"He!" muttered Márya Ivánovna, walking with long, firm steps toward her brother. She met them all as though she had last seen them the day before.

"When didst thou arrive? Where have you stopped? How have you come, — in a carriage?" Such were the questions which Márya Ivánovna put, walking with them to the drawing-room and not hearing the answers, and looking with large eyes, now upon one, and now upon another. Madame Byéshev was surprised at this calm, even indifference, and did not approve of it. They all smiled; the conversation died down, and Márya Ivánovna looked silently and seriously at her brother.

"How are you?" asked Peter Ivánovich, taking her hand, and smiling.

Peter Ivánovich said "you" to her, though she had said "thou." Márya Ivánovna once more looked at his gray beard, his bald head, his teeth, his wrinkles, his eyes, his sunburnt face, and recognized all that.

"Here is my Sónya."

But she did not look around.

"What a stup—" her voice faltered, and she took hold of his bald head with her large white hands. "What a stupid you are," she had intended to say, "not to have prepared me," but her shoulders and breast began to tremble, her old face twitched, and she burst out into sobs, pressing to her breast his bald head, and repeating: "What a stupid you are not to have prepared me!"

Peter Ivánovich no longer appeared as such a great man to himself, not so important as he had appeared on Chevalier's porch. His back was resting against a chair, but his head was in his sister's arms, his nose was pressed against her corset, his nose was tickled, his hair dishevelled, and there were tears in his eyes. But he felt happy.

When this outburst of joyous tears was over, Márya Ivánovna understood what had happened and believed it,

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and began to examine them all. But several times during the course of the day, whenever she recalled what he had been then, and what she had been, and what they were now, and whenever the past misfortunes, and past joys and loves, vividly rose in her imagination, she was again seized by emotion, and got up and repeated: "What a stupid you are, Pierre, what a stupid not to have prepared me!"

"Why did you not come straight to me? I should have found room for you," said Márya Ivánovna. "At least, stay to dinner. You will not feel lonesome, Sergyéy, — a young, brave Sevastopol soldier is dining here to-day. Do you not know Nikoláy Mikháylovich's son? He is a writer, — has written something nice. I have not read it, but they praise it, and he is a dear fellow, — I shall send for him. Chikháev, too, wanted to come. He is a babbler, — I do not like him. Has he already called on you? Have you seen Nikíta? That is all nonsense. What do you intend to do? How are you, how is your health, Natálya? What are you going to do with this young fellow, and with this beauty?"

But the conversation somehow did not flow.

Before dinner Natálya Nikoláevna went with the children to an old aunt; brother and sister were left alone, and he began to tell her of his plans.

"Sónya is a young lady, she has to be taken out; consequently, we are going to live in Moscow," said Márya Ivánovna.

"Never."

"Serézha has to serve."

"Never."

"You are still as crazy as ever."

But she was just as fond of the crazy man.

"First we must stay here, then go to the country, and show everything to the children."

"It is my rule not to interfere in family matters," said

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Márya Ivánovna, after calming down from her agitation, "and not to give advice. A young man has to serve, that I have always thought, and now more than ever. You do not know, Pierre, what these young men nowadays are. I know them all: there, Prince Dmítri's son is all ruined. Their own fault. I am not afraid of anybody, I am an old woman. It is not good." And she began to talk about the government. She was dissatisfied with it for the excessive liberty which was given to everything. "The one good thing they have done was to let you out. That is good."

Pierre began to defend it, but Márya Ivánovna was not Pákhtin: they could come to no terms. She grew excited.

"What business have you to defend it? You are just as senseless as ever, I see."

Peter Ivánovich grew silent, with a smile which showed that he did not surrender, but that he did not wish to quarrel with Márya Ivánovna.

"You are smiling. We know that. You do not wish to discuss with me, a woman," she said, merrily and kindly, and casting a shrewd, intelligent glance at her brother, such as could not be expected from her old, large-featured face. "You could not convince me, my friend. I am ending my three score and ten. I have not been a fool all that time, and have seen a thing or two. I have read none of your books, and I never will. There is only nonsense in them!"

"Well, how do you like my children? Serézha?" Peter Ivánovich said, with the same smile.

"Wait, wait!" his sister replied, with a threatening gesture. "Don't switch me off on your children! We shall have time to talk about them. Here is what I wanted to tell you. You are a senseless man, as senseless as ever, I see it in your eye. Now they are going to carry you in their arms. Such is the fashion. You are all in vogue now. Yes, yes, I see by your eyes that you

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are as senseless as ever," she added, in response to his smile. "Keep away, I implore you in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, from those modern liberals. God knows what they are up to. I know it will not end well. Our government is silent just now, but when it comes later to showing up the nails, you will recall my words. I am afraid lest you should get mixed up in things again. Give it up! It is all nonsense. You have children."

"Evidently you do not know me, Márya Ivánovna," said her brother.

"All right, all right, we shall see. Either I do not know you, or you do not know yourself. I just told you what I had on my heart, and if you will listen to me, well and good. Now we can talk about Serézha. What kind of a lad is he?" She wanted to say, "I do not like him very much," but she only said: "He resembles his mother remarkably: they are like two drops of water. Sónya is you all over, — I like her very much, very much — so sweet and open. She is a dear. Where is she, Sónya? Yes, I forgot."

"How shall I tell you? Sónya will make a good wife and a good mother, but my Serézha is clever, very clever, — nobody will take that from him. He studied well, — a little lazy. He is very fond of the natural sciences. We have been fortunate: we had an excellent, excellent teacher. He wants to enter the university, — to attend lectures on the natural sciences, chemistry — "

Márya Ivánovna scarcely listened when her brother began to speak of the natural sciences. She seemed to feel sad, especially when he mentioned chemistry. She heaved a deep sigh and replied directly to that train of thoughts which the natural sciences evoked in her.

"If you knew how sorry I am for them, Pierre," she said, with sincere, calm, humble sadness. "So sorry, so sorry. A whole life before them. Oh, how much they will suffer yet!"

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"Well, we must hope that they will be more fortunate than we."

"God grant it, God grant it! It is hard to live, Pierre! Take this one advice from me, my dear: don't philosophize! What a stupid you are, Pierre, oh, what a stupid! But I must attend to matters. I have invited a lot of people, but how am I going to feed them?" She flared up, turned away, and rang the bell.

"Call Tarás!"

"Is the old man still with you?"

"Yes; why, he is a boy in comparison with me."

Tarás was angry and clean, but he undertook to get everything done.

Soon Natálya Nikoláevna and Sónya, agleam with cold and happiness, and rustling in their dresses, entered the room; Serézha was still out, attending to some purchases.

"Let me get a good look at her!"

Márya Ivánovna took her face. Natálya Nikoláevna began to tell something.

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THE DECEMBRISTS

SECOND FRAGMENT

(Variant of the First Chapter)

THE litigation "about the seizure in the Government of Pénza, County of Krasnoslobódsk, by the landed proprietor and ex-lieutenant of the Guards, Iván Apýkhtin, of four thousand desyatínas of land from the neighbouring Crown peasants of the village of Izlegóshcha," was through the solicitude of the peasants' representative, Iván Mirónov, decided in the court of the first instance — the County Court — in favour of the peasants, and the enormous parcel of land, partly in forest, and partly in ploughings which had been broken by Apýkhtin's serfs, in the year 1815 returned into the possession of the peasants, and they in the year 1816 sowed in this land and harvested.

The winning of this irregular case by the peasants surprised all the neighbours and even the peasants themselves. This success of theirs could be explained only on the supposition that Iván Petróvich Apýkhtin, a very meek, peaceful man, who was opposed to litigations and was convinced of the righteousness of this matter, had taken no measures against the action of the peasants. On the other hand, Iván Mirónov, the peasants' representative, a dry, hook-nosed, literate peasant, who had been a township elder and had acted in the capacity of collector of taxes, had collected fifty kopeks from each peas-

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ant, which money he cleverly applied in the distribution of presents, and had very shrewdly conducted the whole affair.

Immediately after the decision handed down by the County Court, Apýkhtin, seeing the danger, gave a power of attorney to the shrewd manumitted serf, Ilyá Mitrofánov, who appealed to the higher court against the decision of the County Court. Ilyá Mitrofánov managed the affair so shrewdly that, in spite of all the cunning of the peasants' representative, Iván Mirónov, in spite of the considerable presents distributed by him to the members of the higher court, the case was retried in the Government Court in favour of the proprietor, and the land was to go back to him from the peasants, of which fact their representative was duly informed.

The representative, Iván Mirónov, told the peasants at the meeting of the Commune that the gentleman in the Government capital had pulled the proprietor's leg and had "mixed up" the whole business, so that they wanted to take the land back again, but that the proprietor would not be successful, because he had a petition all written up to be sent to the Senate, and that then the land would be for ever confirmed to the peasants; all they had to do was to collect a rouble from each soul. The peasants decided to collect the money and again to entrust the whole matter to Iván Mirónov. When Mirónov had all the money in his hands, he went to St. Petersburg.

When, in the year 1817, during Passion-week, — it fell late that year, — the time came to plough the ground, the Izlegóshcha peasants began to discuss at a meeting whether they ought to plough the land under litigation during that year, or not; and, although Apýkhtin's clerk had come to see them during Lent with the order that they should not plough the land and should come to some agreement with him in regard to the rye already planted in what had been the doubtful, and now was Apýkhtin's

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land, the peasants, for the very reason that the winter crop had been sowed on the debatable land, and because Apýkhtin, in his desire to avoid being unfair to them, wished to arbitrate the matter with them, decided to plough the land under litigation and to take possession of it before touching any other fields.

On the very day when the peasants went out to plough, which was Maundy Thursday, Iván Petróvich Apýkhtin, who had been preparing himself for communion during the Passion-week, went to communion, and early in the morning drove to the church in the village of Izlegóshcha, of which he was a parishioner, and there he, without knowing anything about the matter, amicably chatted with the church elder. Iván Petróvich had been to confession the night before, and had attended vigils at home; in the morning he had himself read the Rules, and at eight o'clock had left the house. They waited for him with the mass. As he stood at the altar, where he usually stood, Iván Petróvich rather reflected than prayed, which made him dissatisfied with himself.

Like many people of that time, and, so far as that goes, of all times, he was not quite clear in matters of religion. He was past fifty years of age; he never omitted carrying out any rite, attended church, and went to communion once a year; in talking to his only daughter, he instructed her in the articles of faith; but, if he had been asked whether he really believed, he would not have known what to reply.

On that day more than on any other, he felt meek of spirit, and, standing at the altar, he, instead of praying, thought of how strangely everything was constructed in the world: there he was, almost an old man, taking the communion for perhaps the fortieth time in his life, and he knew that everybody, all his home folk and all the people in the church, looked at him as a model and took him for an example, and he felt himself obliged to act as

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an example in matters of religion, whereas he himself did not know anything, and soon, very soon, he would die, and even if he were killed he could not tell whether that in which he was showing an example to others was true. And it also seemed strange to him how every one considered — that he saw — old people to be firm and to know what was necessary and what not (thus he always thought about old men), and there he was old and positively failed to know, and was just as frivolous as he had been twenty years before; the only difference was that formerly he did not conceal it, while now he did. Just as in his childhood it had occurred to him during the service that he might crow like a cock, even so now all kinds of foolish things passed through his mind, and he, the old man, reverentially bent his head, touching the flagstones of the church with the old knuckles of his hands, and Father Vasíli was evidently timid in celebrating mass in his presence, and incited to zeal by his zeal.

"If they only knew what foolish things are running through my head! But that is a sin, a sin; I must pray," he said to himself, when the service commenced; and, trying to catch the meaning of the responses, he began to pray. Indeed, he soon transferred himself in feeling to the prayer and thought of his sins and of everything which he regretted.

A respectable-looking old man, bald-headed, with thick gray hair, dressed in a fur coat with a new white patch on one-half of his back, stepping evenly with his out-toeing bast shoes, went up to the altar, bowed low to him, tossed his hair, and went beyond the altar to place some tapers. This was the church elder, Iván Fedótov, one of the best peasants of the village of Izlegóshcha. Iván Petróvich knew him. The sight of this stern, firm face led Iván Petróvich to a new train of thoughts. He was one of those peasants who wanted to take the land away from him, and one of the best and richest married farmers,

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who needed the land, who could manage it, and had the means to work it. His stern aspect, ceremonious bow, and measured gait, and the exactness of his wearing-apparel, — the leg-rags fitted his legs like stockings and the laces crossed each other symmetrically on either leg, — all his appearance seemed to express rebuke and enmity on account of the land.

"I have asked forgiveness of my wife, of Mánya" (his daughter), "of the nurse, of my valet, Volódya, but it is his forgiveness that I ought to ask for, and I ought to forgive him," thought Iván Petróvich, and he decided that after matins he would ask Iván Fedótov to forgive him.

And so he did.

There were but few people in church. The country people were in the habit of going to communion in the first and in the fourth week. Now there were only forty men and women present, who had not had time to go to communion before, a few old peasant women, the church servants, and the manorial people of the Apýkhtins and his rich neighbours, the Chernýshevs. There was also there an old woman, a relative of the Chernýshevs, who was living with them, and a deacon's widow, whose son the Chernýshevs, in the goodness of their hearts, had educated and made a man of, and who now was serving as an official in the Senate. Between the matins and the mass there were even fewer people left in the church. There were left two beggar women, who were sitting in the corner and conversing with each other and looking at Iván Petróvich with the evident desire to congratulate him and talk with him, and two lackeys, — one his own, in livery, and the other, Chernýshev's, who had come with the old woman. These two were also whispering in an animated manner to each other, just as Iván Petróvich came out from the altar-place; when they saw him,

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they grew silent. There was also a woman in a tall head-gear with a pearl face-ornament and in a white fur coat, with which she covered up a sick child, who was crying, and whom she was attempting to quiet; and another, a stooping old woman, also in a head-gear, but with a woollen face-ornament and a white kerchief, which was tied in the fashion of old women, and in a gray gathered coat with an iris-design on the back, who, kneeling in the middle of the church, and turning to an old image between two latticed windows, over which hung a new scarf with red edges, was praying so fervently, solemnly, and impassionately that one could not fail directing one's attention to her.

Before reaching the elder, who, standing at the little safe, was kneading over the remnants of some tapers into one piece of wax, Iván Petróvich stopped to take a look at the praying woman. The old woman was praying well. She knelt as straight as it was possible to kneel in front of the image; all the members of her body were mathematically symmetrical; her feet behind her pressed with the tips of her bast shoes at the same angle against the stone floor; her body was bent back, to the extent to which her stooping shoulders permitted her to do so; her hands were quite regularly placed below her abdomen; her head was thrown back, and her face, with an expression of bashful commiseration, wrinkled, and with a dim glance, was turned straight toward the image with the scarf. Having remained in an immobile position for a minute or less, — evidently a definite space of time, — she heaved a deep sigh and, taking her right hand away, swung it above her head-gear, touched the crown of her head with folded fingers, and made ample crosses by carrying her hand down again to her abdomen and to her shoulders; then she swayed back and dropped her head on her hands, which were placed evenly on the floor, and again raised herself, and repeated the same.

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"Now she is praying," Iván Petróvich thought, as he looked at her. "She does it differently from us sinners: this is faith, though I know that she is praying to her own image, or to her scarf, or to her adornment on the image, just like the rest of them. All right. What of it?" he said to himself, "every person has his own faith: she prays to her image, and I consider it necessary to beg the peasant's forgiveness."

And he walked over to the elder, instinctively scrutinizing the church in order to see who was going to see his deed, which both pleased and shamed him. It was disagreeable to him, because the old beggar women would see it, and more disagreeable still, because Míshka, his lackey, would see it. In the presence of Míshka, — he knew how wide-awake and shrewd he was, — he felt that he should not have the strength to walk up to Iván Fedótov. He beckoned to Míshka to come up to him.

"What is it you wish?"

"Go, my dear, and bring me the rug from the carriage, for it is too damp here for my feet."

"Yes, sir."

When Míshka went away, Iván Petróvich at once went up to Iván Fedótov. Iván Fedótov was disconcerted, like a guilty person, at the approach of the gentleman. Timidity and hasty motions formed a queer contradiction to his austere face and curly steel-gray hair and beard.

"Do you wish a dime taper?" he said, raising the desk, and now and then casting his large, beautiful eyes upon the master.

"No, I do not want a taper, Iván. I ask you to forgive me for Christ's sake, if I have in any way offended you. Forgive me, for Christ's sake," Iván Petróvich repeated, with a low bow.

Iván Fedótov completely lost his composure and began to move restlessly, but when he comprehended it all, he smiled a gentle smile:

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"God forgives," he said. "It seems to me, I have received no offence from you. God will forgive you, — I have not been offended by you," he hastened to repeat.

"Still — "

"God will forgive you, Iván Petróvich. So you want two dime tapers?"

"Yes, two."

"He is an angel, truly, an angel. He begs even a base peasant to forgive him. O Lord, true angels," muttered the deacon's widow, in an old black capote and black kerchief. "Truly, we ought to understand that."

"Ah, Paramónovna!" Iván Petróvich turned to her. "Are you getting ready for communion, too? You, too, must forgive me, for Christ's sake."

"God will forgive you, sir, angel, merciful benefactor! Let me kiss your hand!"

"That will do, that will do, you know I do not like that," said Iván Petróvich, smiling, and going away from the altar.

The mass, as always, did not take long to celebrate in the parish of Izlegóshcha, the more so since there were few communicants. Just as, after the Lord's Prayer, the regal doors were closed, Iván Petróvich looked through the north door, to call Míshka to take off his fur coat. When the priest saw that motion, he angrily beckoned to the deacon, and the deacon almost ran out to call in the lackey. Iván Petróvich was in a pretty good humour, but this subserviency and expression of respect from the priest who was celebrating mass again soured him entirely; his thin, bent, shaven lips were bent still more and his kindly eyes were lighted up by sarcasm.

"He acts as though I were his general," he thought, and immediately he thought of the words of the German tutor, whom he had once taken to the altar to attend a

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Russian divine service, and who had made him laugh and had angered his wife, when he said, "*Der Pop war ganz böse, dass ich ihm Alles nachgesehen hatte.*" He also recalled the answer of the young Turk that there was no God, because he had eaten up the last piece of him. "And here I am going to communion," he thought, and, frowning, he made a low obeisance.

He took off his bear-fur coat, and in his blue dress coat with bright buttons and in his tall white neckerchief and waistcoat, and tightly fitting trousers, and heelless, sharp-toed boots, went with his soft, modest, and light gait to make his obeisances to the large images. Here he again met that same obsequiousness from the other communicants, who gave up their places to him.

"They act as though they said, '*Après vous, s'il en reste,*'" he thought, awkwardly making side obeisances; this awkwardness was due to the fact that he was trying to find that mean in which there would be neither disrespect, nor hypocrisy. Finally the doors were opened. He said the prayer after the priest, repeating the words, "As a robber;" his neckerchief was covered with the chalice cloth, and he received his communion and the lukewarm water in the ancient dipper, having put new silver twenty-kopek pieces on ancient plates; after hearing the last prayers, he kissed the cross and, putting on his fur coat left the church, receiving congratulations and experiencing the pleasant sensation of having everything over. As he left the church, he again fell in with Iván Fedótov.

"Thank you, thank you!" he replied to his congratulations. "Well, are you going to plough soon?"

"The boys have gone out, the boys have," replied Iván Fedótov, more timidly even than before. He supposed that Iván Petróvich knew whither the Izlegóshcha peasants had gone out to plough. "It is damp, though. Damp it is. It is early yet, early it is."

Iván Petróvich went up to his parents' monument,

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bowed to it, and went back to be helped into his six-in-hand with an outrider.

"Well, thank God," he said to himself, swaying on the soft, round springs and looking at the vernal sky with the scattering clouds, at the bared earth and the white spots of unmelted snow, and at the tightly braided tail of a side horse, and inhaling the fresh spring air, which was particularly pleasant after the air in the church.

"Thank God that I have been through the communion, and thank God that I now may take a pinch of snuff." And he took out his snuff-box and for a long time held the pinch between his fingers, smiling and, without letting the pinch out of the hand, raising his cap in response to the low bows of the people on the way, especially of the women, who were washing the tables and chairs in front of their houses, just as the carriage at a fast trot of the large horses of the six-in-hand plashed and clattered through the mud of the street of the village of Izlegóshcha.

Iván Petróvich held the pinch of snuff, anticipating the pleasure of snuffing, not only down the whole village, but even until they got out of a bad place at the foot of a hill, toward which the coachman descended not without anxiety: he held up the reins, seated himself more firmly, and shouted to the outrider to go over the ice. When they went around the bridge, over the bed of the river, and scrambled out of the breaking ice and mud, Iván Petróvich, looking at two plovers that rose from the hollow, took the snuff and, feeling chilly, put on his glove, wrapped himself in his fur coat, plunged his chin into the high neckerchief, and said to himself, almost aloud, "Glorious!" which he was in the habit of saying secretly to himself whenever he felt well.

In the night snow had fallen, and when Iván Petróvich had driven to church the snow had not yet disappeared, but was soft; now, though there was no sun, it was

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all melted from the moisture, and on the highway, on which he had to travel for three versts before turning into Chirakóvo, the snow was white only in last year's grass, which grew in parallel lines along the ruts; but on the black road the horses splashed through the viscous mud. The good, well-fed, large horses of his own stud had no difficulty in pulling the carriage, and it just rolled over the grass, where it left black marks, and over the mud, without being at all detained. Iván Petróvich was having pleasant reveries; he was thinking of his home, his wife, and his daughter.

"Mánya will meet me at the porch, and with delight. She will see such holiness in me! She is a strange, sweet girl, but she takes everything too much to heart. The rôle of importance and of knowing everything that is going on in this world, which I must play before her, is getting to be too serious and ridiculous. If she knew that I am afraid of her!" he thought. "Well, Káto," (his wife) "will no doubt be in good humour to-day, she will purposely be in good humour, and we shall have a fine day. It will not be as it was last week on account of the Próshkin women. What a remarkable creature! How afraid of her I am! What is to be done? She does not like it herself." And he recalled a famous anecdote about a calf. A proprietor, having quarrelled with his wife, was sitting at a window, when he saw a frisky calf: "I should like to get you married!" he said. And Iván Petróvich smiled again, according to his custom solving every difficulty and every perplexity by a joke, which generally was directed against himself.

At the third verst, near a chapel, the outrider bore to the left, into a cross-road, and the coachman shouted to him for having turned in so abruptly that the centre horses were struck by the shaft; and the carriage almost glided all the way down-hill. Before reaching the house, the outrider looked back at the coachman and pointed to

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something; the coachman looked back at the lackey, and indicated something to him. And all of them looked in the same direction.

"What are you looking at?" asked Iván Petróvich.

"Geese," said Míshka.

"Where?"

Though he strained his vision, he could not see them.

"There they are. There is the forest, and there is the cloud, so be pleased to look between the two."

Iván Petróvich could not see anything.

"It is time for them. Why, it is less than a week to Annunciation."

"That's so."

"Well, go on!"

Near a puddle, Míshka jumped down from the footboard and tested the road, again climbed up, and the carriage safely drove on the pond dam in the garden, ascended the avenue, drove past the cellar and the laundry, from which water was falling, and nimbly rolled up and stopped at the porch. The Chernýshev calash had just left the yard. From the house at once ran the servants: gloomy old Danílych with the side whiskers, Nikoláy, Míshka's brother, and the boy Pavlúshka; and after them came a girl with large black eyes and red arms, which were bared above the elbow, and with just such a bared neck.

"Márya Ivánovna, Márya Ivánovna! Where are you going? Your mother will be worried. You will have time," was heard the voice of fat Katerína behind her.

But the girl paid no attention to her; just as her father had expected her to do, she took hold of his arm and looked at him with a strange glance.

"Well, papa, have you been to communion?" she asked, as though in dread.

"Yes. You look as though you were afraid that I am such a sinner that I could not receive the communion."

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The girl was apparently offended by her father's jest at such a solemn moment. She heaved a sigh and, following him, held his hand, which she kissed.

"Who is here?"

"Young Chernýshev. He is in the drawing-room."

"Is mamma up? How is she?"

"Mamma feels better to-day. She is sitting downstairs."

In the passage room Iván Petróvich was met by nurse Evprakséya, clerk Andréy Ivánovich, and a surveyor, who was living at the house, in order to lay out some land. All of them congratulated Iván Petróvich. In the drawing-room sat Luíza Kárlovna Trugóni, for ten years a friend of the house, an emigrant governess, and a young man of sixteen years, Chernýshev, with his French tutor.

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THE DECEMBRISTS

THIRD FRAGMENT

(Variant of the First Chapter)

On the 2d of August, 1817, the sixth department of the Directing Senate handed down a decision in the debatable land case between the economic peasants of the village of Izlegóshcha and Chernýshev, which was in favour of the peasants and against Chernýshev. This decision was an unexpected and important calamitous event for Chernýshev. The case had lasted five years. It had been begun by the attorney of the rich village of Izlegóshcha with its three thousand inhabitants, and was won by the peasants in the County Court; but when, with the advice of lawyer Ilyá Mitrofánov, a manorial servant bought of Prince Saltykóv, Prince Chernýshev carried the case to the Government, he won it and besides, the Izlegóshcha peasants were punished by having six of them, who had insulted the surveyor, put in jail.

After that, Prince Chernýshev, with his good-natured and merry carelessness, entirely acquiesced, the more so since he knew full well that he had not "appropriated" any land of the peasants, as was said in the petition of the peasants. If the land was "appropriated," his father had done it, and since then more than forty years had passed. He knew that the peasants of the village of

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Izlegóshcha were getting along well without that land, had no need of it, and lived on terms of friendship with him, and was unable to understand why they had become so infuriated against him. He knew that he never offended and never wished to offend any one, that he lived in peace with everybody, and that he never wished to do otherwise, and so could not believe that any one should think of offending him. He hated litigations, and so did not defend his case in the Senate, in spite of the advice and earnest solicitations of his lawyer, Ilyá Mitrofánov; by allowing the time for the appeal to lapse, he lost the case in the Senate, and lost it in such a way that he was confronted with complete ruin. By the decree of the Senate he not only was to be deprived of five thousand desyatínas of land, but also, for the illegal tenure of that land, was to be mulcted to the amount of 107,000 roubles in favour of the peasants.

Prince Chernýshev had eight thousand souls, but all the estates were mortgaged and he had large debts, so that this decree of the Senate ruined him with his whole large family. He had a son and five daughters. He thought of his case when it was too late to attend to it in the Senate. According to Ilyá Mitrofánov's words there was but one salvation, and that was, to petition the sovereign and to transfer the case to the Imperial Council. To obtain this it was necessary in person to approach one of the ministers or a member of the Council, or, better still, the emperor himself. Taking all that into consideration, Prince Grigóri Ivánovich in the fall of the year 1817 with his whole family left his beloved estate of Studénets, where he had lived so long without leaving it, and went to Moscow. He started for Moscow, and not for St. Petersburg, because in the fall of that year the emperor with his whole court, with all the highest dignitaries, and with part of the Guards, in which the son of Grigóri Ivánovich was serving, was to arrive in Moscow to lay the corner-stone

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of the Church of the Saviour in commemoration of the liberation of Russia from the French invasion.

In August, immediately after receiving the terrible news of the decree of the Senate, Prince Grigóri Ivánovich got ready to go to Moscow. At first the majordomo was sent away to fix the prince's own house on the Arbát; then was sent out a caravan with furniture, servants, horses, carriages, and provisions. In September the prince with his whole family travelled in seven carriages, drawn by his own horses, and, after arriving in Moscow, settled in his house. Relatives, friends, visitors from the province and from St. Petersburg began to assemble in Moscow in the month of September. The Moscow life, with its entertainments, the arrival of his son, the débuts of his daughters, and the success of his eldest daughter, Aleksándra, the only blonde among all the brunettes of the Chernýshevs, so much occupied and diverted the prince's attention that, in spite of the fact that here in Moscow he was spending everything which would be left to him after paying all he owed, he forgot his affair and was annoyed and tired whenever Ilyá Mitrofánov talked of it, and undertook nothing for the success of his case.

Iván Mirónovich Baúshkin, the chief attorney of the peasants, who had conducted the case against the prince with so much zeal in the Senate, who knew all the approaches to the secretaries and departmental chiefs, and who had so skilfully distributed the ten thousand roubles, collected from the peasants, in the shape of presents, now himself brought his activity to an end and returned to the village, where, with the money collected for him as a reward and with what was left of the presents, he bought himself a grove from a neighbouring proprietor and built there a hut and an office. The case was finished in the court of the highest instance, and everything would now proceed of its own accord.

The only ones of those concerned in the case who could

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not forget it were the six peasants who were passing their seventh month in jail, and their families that were left without their heads. But nothing could be done in the matter. They were imprisoned in Krasnoslobódsk, and their families tried to get along as well as they could. Nobody could be invoked in the case. Iván Mirónovich himself said that he could not take it up, because it was not a communal, nor a civil, but a criminal case. The peasants were in prison, and nobody paid any attention to them; but one family, that of Mikhaíl Gerásimovich, particularly his wife Tíkhonovna, could not get used to the idea that the precious old man, Gerásimovich, was sitting in prison with a shaven head. Tíkhonovna could not rest quiet. She begged Mirónovich to take the case, but he declined it. Then she decided to go herself to pray to God for the old man. She had made a vow the year before that she would go on a pilgrimage to a saint, and had delayed it for another year only because she had had no time and did not wish to leave the house to the young daughters-in-law. Now that the misfortune had happened and Gerásimovich was put into jail, she recalled her vow; she turned her back on her house and, together with the deacon's wife of the same village, got ready to go on the pilgrimage.

First they went to the county seat to see her old man in the prison and to take him some shirts; from there they went through the capital of the Government to Moscow. On her way Tíkhonovna told the deacon's wife of her sorrow, and the latter advised her to petition the emperor who, it was said, was to be in Pénza, telling her of various cases of pardon granted by him.

When the pilgrims arrived in Pénza, they heard that there was there, not the emperor, but his brother Grand Duke Nikoláy Pávlovich. When he came out of the cathedral, Tíkhonovna pushed herself forward, dropped down on her knees, and began to beg for her husband.

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The grand duke was surprised, the governor was angry, and the old woman was taken to the lockup. The next day she was let out and she proceeded to Tróitsa. In Tróitsa she went to communion and confessed to Father Paísi. At the confession she told him of her sorrow, and repented having petitioned the brother of the Tsar. Father Paísi told her that there was no sin in that and that there was no sin in petitioning the Tsar even in a just case, and dismissed her. In Khótkov she called on the blessed abbess, and she ordered her to petition the Tsar himself.

On their way back, Tíkhonovna and the deacon's wife stopped in Moscow to see the saints. Here she heard that the Tsar was there, and she thought that it was evidently God's command that she should petition the Tsar. All that had to be done was to write the petition.

In Moscow the pilgrims stopped in a hostelry. They begged permission to stay there overnight; they were allowed to do so. After supper the deacon's wife lay down on the oven, and Tíkhonovna, placing her wallet under her head, lay down on a bench and fell asleep. In the morning, before daybreak, Tíkhonovna got up, woke the deacon's wife, and went out. The innkeeper spoke to her just as she walked into the yard.

"You are up early, granny," he said.

"Before we get there, it will be time for matins," Tíkhonovna replied.

"God be with you, grannny!"

"Christ save you!" said Tíkhonovna, and the pilgrims went to the Kremlin.

After standing through the matins and the mass, and having kissed the relics, the old women, with difficulty making their way, arrived at the house of the Chernýshevs. The deacon's wife said that the old lady had

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given her an urgent invitation to stop at her house, and had ordered that all pilgrims should be received.

"There we shall find a man who will write the petition," said the deacon's wife, and the pilgrims started to blunder through the streets and ask their way. The deacon's wife had been there before, but had forgotten where it was. Two or three times they were almost crushed, and people shouted at them and scolded them. Once a policeman took the deacon's wife by the shoulder and, giving her a push, forbade her to walk through the street on which they were, and directed them through a forest of lanes. Tíkhonovna did not know that they were driven off the Vozdvízhenka for the very reason that through that street was to drive the Tsar, of whom she was thinking all the time, and to whom she intended to give the petition.

The deacon's wife walked, as always, heavily and complainingly, while Tíkhonovna, as usual, walked lightly and briskly, with the gait of a young woman. At the gate the pilgrims stopped. The deacon's wife did not recognize the house: there was there a new hut which she had not seen before; but on scanning the well with the pumps in the corner of the yard, she recognized it all. The dogs began to bark and made for the women with the staffs.

"Don't mind them, aunties, they will not touch you. Away there, accursed ones!" the janitor shouted to the dogs, raising the broom on them. "They are themselves from the country, and just see them bark at country people! Come this way! You will stick in the mud, — God has not given any frost yet."

But the deacon's wife, frightened by the dogs, and muttering in a whining tone, sat down on a bench near the gate and asked the janitor to take her by. Tíkhonovna made her customary bow to the janitor and, leaning on her crutch and spreading her feet, which were tightly cov-

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ered with leg-rags, stopped near her, looking as always calmly in front of her and waiting for the janitor to come up to them.

"Whom do you want?" the janitor asked.

"Do you not recognize us, dear man? Is not your name Egór?" asked the deacon's wife. "We are coming back from the saints, and so are calling on her Serenity."

"You are from Izlegóshcha," said the janitor. "You are the wife of the old deacon, — of course. All right, all right. Go to the house! Everybody is received here, — nobody is refused. And who is this one?"

He pointed to Tíkhonovna.

"From Izlegóshcha, Gerásimovich's wife, — used to be Fadyéev's, — I suppose you know her?" said Tíkhonovna. "I myself am from Izlegóshcha."

"Of course! They say your husband has been put into jail."

Tíkhonovna made no reply; she only sighed and with a strong motion threw her wallet and fur coat over her shoulder.

The deacon's wife asked whether the old lady was at home and, hearing that she was, asked him to announce them to her. Then she asked about her son, who was an official and, thanks to the prince's influence, was serving in St. Petersburg. The janitor could not give her any information about him and directed them over a walk, which crossed the yard, to the servants' house. The old women went into the house, which was full of people, — women, children, both old and young, — all of them manorial servants, and prayed turning to the front corner. The deacon's wife was at once recognized by the laundress and the old lady's maid, and she was at once surrounded and overwhelmed with questions: they took off her wallet, placed her at the table, and offered her something to eat. In the meantime Tíkhonovna, having made the sign of the cross to the images and saluted

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everybody, was standing at the door, waiting to be invited in. At the very door, in front of the first window, sat an old man, making boots.

"Sit down, granny! Don't stand up. Sit down here, and take off your wallet," he said.

"There is not enough room to turn around as it is. Take her to the 'black' room," said a woman.

"This comes straight from Madame Chalmé," said a young lackey, pointing to the iris design on Tíkhonovna's peasant coat, "and the pretty stockings and shoes."

He pointed to her leg-rags and bast shoes, which were new, as she had specially put them on for Moscow.

"Parásha, you ought to have such."

"If you are to go to the 'black' room, all right; I will take you there." And the old man stuck in his awl and got up; but, on seeing a little girl, he called her to take the old woman to the black room.

Tíkhonovna not only paid no attention to what was being said in her presence and of her, but did not even look or listen. From the time that she entered the house, she was permeated with the feeling of the necessity of working for God and with the other feeling, which had entered her soul, she did not know when, of the necessity of handing the petition. Leaving the clean servant room, she walked over to the deacon's wife and, bowing, said to her:

"Mother Paramónovna, for Christ's sake do not forget about my affair! See whether you can't find a man."

"What does that woman need?"

"She has suffered insult, and people have advised her to hand a petition to the Tsar."

"Take her straight to the Tsar!" said the jesting lackey.

"Oh, you fool, you rough fool," said the old shoemaker. "I will teach you a lesson with this last, then you will know how to grin at old people."

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The lackey began to scold, but the old man, paying no attention to him, took Tíkhonovna to the black room.

Tíkhonovna was glad that she was sent out of the baking-room, and was taken to the black, the coachmen's room. In the baking-room everything looked clean, and the people were all clean, and Tíkhonovna did not feel at ease there. The black coachmen's room was more like the inside of a peasant house, and Tíkhonovna was more at home there. The black hut was a dark pine building, twenty by twenty feet, with a large oven, bed places, and hanging-beds, and a newly paved, dirt-covered floor. When Tíkhonovna entered the room, there were there the cook, a white, ruddy-faced, fat, manorial woman, with the sleeves of her chintz dress rolled up, who with difficulty was moving a pot in the oven with an oven-fork; then a young, small coachman, who was learning to play the balaláyka; an old man with an unshaven, soft white beard, who was sitting on a bed place with his bare feet and, holding a skein of silk between his lips, was sewing on some fine, good material, and a shaggy-haired, swarthy young man, in a shirt and blue trousers, with a coarse face, who, chewing bread, was sitting on a bench at the oven and leaning his head on both his arms, which were steadied against his knees.

Barefoot Nástka with sparkling eyes ran into the room with her lithe, bare feet, in front of the old woman, jerking open the door, which stuck fast from the steam within, and squeaking in her thin voice:

"Aunty Marína, Simónych sends this old woman, and says that she should be fed. She is from our parts: she has been with Paramónovna to worship the saints. Paramónovna is having tea, — Vlásevna has sent for her —"

The garrulous little girl would have gone on talking for quite awhile yet; the words just poured forth from her and, apparently, it gave her pleasure to hear her own voice. But Marína, who was in a perspiration, and who

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had not yet succeeded in pushing away the pot with the beet soup, which had caught in the hearth, shouted angrily at her:

"Stop your babbling! What old woman am I to feed now? I have enough to do to feed our own people. Shoot you!" she shouted to the pot, which came very near falling down, as she removed it from the spot where it was caught.

But when she was satisfied in regard to the pot, she looked around and, seeing trim Tíkhonovna with her wallet and correct peasant attire, making the sign of the cross and bowing low toward the front corner, felt ashamed of her words and, as though regaining her consciousness after the cares which had worn her out, she put her hand to her breast, where beneath the collar-bone buttons clasped her dress, and examined it to see whether it was buttoned, and then put her hands to her head to fasten the knot of the kerchief, which covered her greasy hair, and took up an attitude, leaning against the oven-fork and waiting for the salute of the trim old woman. Tíkhonovna made her last low obeisance to God, and turned around and saluted in three directions.

"God aid you, good day!" she said.

"You are welcome, aunty!" said the tailor.

"Thank you, granny, take off your wallet! Sit down here," said the cook, pointing to a bench where sat the shaggy-haired man. "Move a little, can't you? Are you stuck fast?"

The shaggy man, scowling more angrily still, rose, moved away, and, continuing to chew, riveted his eyes on the old woman. The young coachman made a bow and, stopping his playing, began to tighten the strings of his balaláyka, looking now at the old woman, and now at the tailor, not knowing how to treat the old woman,—whether respectfully, as he thought she ought to be treated, because the old woman wore the same kind

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of attire that his grandmother and mother wore at home (he had been taken from the village to be an outrider), or making fun of her, as he wished to do and as seemed to him to accord with his present condition, his blue coat and his boots. The tailor winked with one eye and seemed to smile, drawing the silk to one side of his mouth, and looked on. Marína started to put in another pot, but, even though she was busy working, she kept looking at the old woman, while she briskly and nimbly took off her wallet and, trying not to disturb any one, put it under the bench. Nástka ran up to her and helped her, by taking away the boots, which were lying in her way under the bench.

"Uncle Pankrát," she turned to the gloomy man, "I will put the boots here. Is it all right?"

"The devil take them! Throw them into the oven, if you wish," said the gloomy man, throwing them into another corner.

"Nástka, you are a clever girl," said the tailor. "A pilgrim has to be made comfortable."

"Christ save you, girl! That is nice," said Tíkhonovna. "I am afraid I have put you out, dear man," she said, turning to Pankrát.

"All right," said Pankrát.

Tíkhonovna sat down on the bench, having taken off her coat and carefully folded it, and began to take off her footgear. At first she untied the laces, which she had taken special care in twisting smooth for her pilgrimage; then she carefully unwrapped the white lambskin leg-rags and, carefully rubbing them soft, placed them on her wallet. Just as she was working on her other foot, another of awkward Marína's pots got caught and spilled over, and she again started to scold somebody, catching the pot with the fork.

"The hearth is evidently burned out, grandfather. It ought to be plastered," said Tíkhonovna.

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"When are you going to plaster it? The chimney never cools off: twice a day you have to bake bread; one set is taken out, and the other is started."

In response to Marína's complaint about the bread-baking and the burnt-out hearth, the tailor defended the ways of the Chernýshev house and said that they had suddenly arrived in Moscow, that the hut was built and the oven put up in three weeks, and that there were nearly one hundred servants who had to be fed.

"Of course, lots of cares. A large establishment," Tíkhonovna confirmed him.

"Whence does God bring you?" the tailor turned to her.

And Tíkhonovna, continuing to take off her foot-gear, at once told him where she came from, whither she had gone, and how she was going home. She did not say anything about the petition. The conversation never broke off. The tailor found out everything about the old woman, and the old woman heard all about awkward, pretty Marína. She learned that Marína's husband was a soldier, and she was made a cook; that the tailor was making caftans for the driving coachmen; that the stewardess's errand girl was an orphan, and that shaggy-haired, gloomy Pankrát was a servant of the clerk, Iván Vasílevich.

Pankrát left the room, slamming the door. The tailor told her that he was a gruff peasant, but that on that day he was particularly rude because the day before he had smashed the clerk's knickknacks on the window, and that he was going to be flogged to-day in the stable. As soon as Iván Vasílevich should come, he would be flogged. The little coachman was a peasant lad, who had been made an outrider, and now that he was grown he had nothing to do but attend to the horses, and strum the balaláyka. But he was not much of a hand at it.

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ON POPULAR EDUCATION

1875

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ON POPULAR EDUCATION

I SUPPOSE each of us has had more than one occasion to come in contact with monstrous, senseless phenomena, and to find back of these phenomena put forward some important principle, which overshadowed those phenomena, so that in our youthful and even maturer years we began to doubt whether it was true that those phenomena were monstrous, and whether we were not mistaken. And having been unable to convince ourselves that monstrous phenomena might be good, or that the protection of an important principle was illegitimate, or that the principle was only a word, we remained in regard to those phenomena in an ambiguous, undecided condition.

In such a state I was, and I assume many of us are, in respect to the principle of "development" which obfuscates pedagogy, in its connection with the rudiments. But popular education is too near to my heart, and I have busied myself too much with it, to remain too long in indecision. The monstrous phenomena of the imaginary development I could not call good, nor could I be persuaded that the development of the pupil was bad, and so I began to inquire what that development was. I do not consider it superfluous to communicate the deductions to which I have been led during the study of this matter.

To define what is understood by the word "development," I shall take the manuals of Messrs. Bunákov and

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Evtushévski, as being new works, which combine all the latest deductions of German pedagogy, intended as guides for the teachers in the popular schools, and selected by the advocates of the sound method as manuals in their schools.

In discussing what is to form the foundation for a choice of this or that method for the teaching of reading, Mr. Bunákov says:

"No, an opinion about the method of construction based on such near-sighted and flimsy foundations (that is, on experience) will be too doubtful. Only the theoretical substratum, based on the study of human nature, can make the judgments in this sphere firm and independent of all casualties, and to a considerable degree guard them against gross errors. Consequently for the final choice of the best method of teaching the rudiments, it is necessary first of all to stand on theoretic soil, on the basis of previous considerations, the general conditions of which give to this or that method the actual right to be called satisfactory from the pedagogical standpoint. These conditions are: (1) It has to be a method which is capable of developing the child's mental powers, so that the acquisition of the rudiments may be obtained together with the development and the strengthening of the reasoning powers. (2) It must introduce into the instruction the child's personal interest, so that the matter be furthered by this interest, and not by dulling violence. (3) It must represent in itself the process of self-instruction, inciting, supporting, and directing the child's self-activity. (4) It must be based on the impressions of hearing, as of the sense which serves for the acquisition of language. (5) It has to combine analysis with synthesis, beginning with the dismemberment of the complex whole into simple principles, and passing over to the composition of a complex whole out of the simple principles."

So this is what the method of instruction is to be based

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upon. I will remark, not for contradiction, but for the sake of simplicity and clearness, that the last two statements are quite superfluous, because without the union of analysis and synthesis there can be not only no instruction, but also no other activity of the mind, and every instruction, except that of the deaf and dumb, is based on the sense of hearing. These two conditions are put down only for beauty's sake and for the obscuration of the style, so common in pedagogical treatises, and so have no meaning whatever. The first three at first sight appear quite true as a programme. Everybody, of course, would like to know how the method is secured that will "develop," that will "introduce into the instruction the pupil's personal interest," and that will "represent the process of self-instruction."

But to the questions as to why this method combines all those qualities you will find an answer neither in the books of Messrs. Bunákov and Evtushévski, nor in any other pedagogical work of the founders of this school of pedagogy, unless they be those hazy discussions of this nature, such as that every instruction must be based on the union of analysis and synthesis, and by all means on the sense of hearing, and so forth; or you will find, as in Mr. Evtushévski's book, expositions about how in man are formed impressions, sensations, representations, and concepts, and you will find the rule that "it is necessary to start from the object and lead the pupil up to the idea, and not start with the idea, which has no point of contact in his consciousness," and so forth. After such discussions there always follows the conclusion that therefore the method advocated by the pedagogue gives that exclusive real development which it was necessary to find.

After the above-cited definition of what a good method ought to be, Mr. Bunákov explains how children ought to be educated, and, having given an exposition of all the methods, which in my opinion and experience lead to

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results which are diametrically opposite to development, he says frankly and definitely:

"From the standpoint of the above-mentioned fundamental principles for estimating the value of the satisfactoriness of the methods of rudimentary instruction, the method which we have just elucidated in its general features presents the following plastic qualities and peculiarities: (1) As a sound method it wholly preserves the characteristic peculiarities of all sound method, — it starts from the impressions of hearing, at once establishing the regular relation to language, and only later adds to them the impressions of sight, thus clearly distinguishing sound, matter, and the letter, its representation. (2) As a method which unites reading with writing it begins with decomposition and passes over to composition, combining analysis with synthesis. (3) As a method which passes over to the study of words and sounds from the study of objects it proceeds along a natural path, coöperates with the regular formation of concepts and ideas, and acts in a developing way on all the sides of the child's nature: it incites the children to be observant, to group their observations, to render them orally; it develops the external senses, mind, imagination, memory, the gift of speech, concentration, self-activity, the habit of work, the respect for order. (4) As a method which provides ample work to all the mental powers of the child, it introduces into instruction the personal interest, rousing in children willingness and love of work, and transforming it into a process of self-instruction."

This is precisely what Mr. Evtushévski does; but why it is all so remains inexplicable to him who is looking for actual reasons and does not become entangled in such words as psychology, didactics, methodics, heuristics. I advise all those who have no inclination for philosophy and therefore have no desire to verify all those deductions of the pedagogues not to be embarrassed by these words

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and to be assured that a thing which is not clear cannot be the basis of anything, least of all of such an important and simple thing as popular education.

All the pedagogues of this school, especially the Germans, the founders of the school, start with the false idea that those philosophical questions which have remained as questions for all the philosophers from Plato to Kant, have been definitely settled by them. They are settled so definitely that the process of the acquisition by man of impressions, sensations, concepts, ratiocinations, has been analyzed by them down to its minutest details, and the component parts of what we call the soul or the essence of man have been dissected and divided into parts by them, and that, too, in such a thorough manner that on this firm basis can go up the faultless structure of the science of pedagogy. This fancy is so strange that I do not regard it as necessary to contradict it, more especially as I have done so in my former pedagogical essays. All I will say is that those philosophical considerations which the pedagogues of this school put at the basis of their theory not only fail to be absolutely correct, not only have nothing in common with real philosophy, but even lack a clear, definite expression with which the majority of the pedagogues might agree.

But, perchance, the theory of the pedagogues of the new school, in spite of its unsuccessful references to philosophy, has some value in itself. And so we will examine it, to see what it consists in. Mr. Bunákov says:

"To these little savages (that is, the pupils) must be imparted the main order of school instruction, and into their consciousness must be introduced such initial concepts as they will have to come in contact with from the start, during the first lessons of drawing, reading, writing, and every elementary instruction, such as: the right side and the left, to the right — to the left, up — down, near by — around, in front — in back, close by —

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in the distance, before — behind, above — below, fast — slow, softly — aloud, and so forth. No matter how simple these concepts may be, I know from practice that even city children, from well-to-do families, are frequently, when they come to the elementary schools, unable to distinguish the right side from the left. I assume that there is no need of expatiating on the necessity of explaining such concepts to village children, for any one who has had to deal with village schools knows this as well as I do."

And Mr. Evtushévski says:

"Without entering into the broad field of the debatable question about the innate ability of man, we only see that the child can have no innate concepts and ideas about real things, — they have to be formed, and on the skill with which they are formed by the educator and teacher depends both their regularity and their permanency. In watching the development of the child's soul one has to be much more cautious than in attending to his body. If the food for the body and the various bodily exercises are carefully chosen both as regards their quantity and their quality, in conformity with the man's growth, so much more cautious have we to be in the choice of food and exercises for the mind. A badly placed foundation will precariously support what is fastened to it."

Mr. Bunákov advises that ideas be imparted as follows:

"The teacher may begin a conversation such as he deems fit: one will ask every pupil for his name; another about what is going on outside; a third about where each comes from, where he lives, what is going on at home, — and then he may pass over to the main subject. 'Where are you sitting now? Why did you come here? What are we going to do in this room? Yes, we are going to study in this room, — so let us call it a class-room. See what there is under your feet, below you. Look, but do not say anything. The one I will tell to speak shall answer. Tell me, what do you see under your feet? Re-

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peat everything we have found out and have said about this room: in what room are we sitting? What are the parts of the room? What is there on the walls? What is standing on the floor?'

"The teacher from the start establishes the order which is necessary for the success of his work: each pupil is to answer only when asked to do so; all the others are to listen and should be able to repeat the words of the teacher and of their companions; the desire to answer, when the teacher directs a question to everybody, is to be expressed by raising the left hand; the words are to be pronounced neither in a hurry, nor by drawing them out, but loudly, distinctly, and correctly. To obtain this latter result the teacher gives them a living example by his loud, correct, distinct enunciation, showing them in practice the difference between soft and loud, distinct and correct, slow and fast. The teacher should see to it that all the children take part in the work, by having somebody's question answered or repeated, now by one, now by another, and now by the whole class at once, but especially by rousing the indifferent, inattentive, and playful children: the first he must enliven by frequent questions, the second he must cause to concentrate themselves on the subject of the common work, and the third he must curb. During the first period the children ought to answer in full, that is, by repeating the question: 'We are sitting in the class-room' (and not in brief, 'In the class-room'); 'Above, over my head, I see the ceiling;' 'On the left I see three windows,' and so forth."

Mr. Evtushévski advises that in this way be begun all the lessons on numbers from 1 to 10, of which there are to be 120, and which are to be continued through the year.

"One. The teacher shows the pupils a cube, and asks: 'How many cubes have I?' and taking several cubes into the other hand, he asks, 'And how many are there here?' — 'Many, a few.'

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"'Name here in the class-room an object of which there are several.' — 'Bench, window, wall, copy-book, pencil, slate-pencil, pupil, and so forth.' — 'Name an object of which there is only one in the class-room.' — 'The blackboard, stove, door, ceiling, floor, picture, teacher, and so forth.' — 'If I put this cube away in my pocket, how many cubes will there be left in my hand?' — 'Not one.' — 'And how many must I again put into my hand, to have as many as before?' — 'One.' — 'What is meant by saying that Pétya fell down once? How many times did Pétya fall? Did he fall another time? Why does it say once?' — 'Because we are speaking only of one case and not of another case.' — 'Take your slates (or copy-books). Make on them a line of this size.' (The teacher draws on the blackboard a line two or four inches in length, or shows on the ruler that length.) 'Rub it off. How many lines are left?' — 'Not one.' — 'Draw several such lines.' It would be unnatural to invent any other exercises in order to acquaint the children with number one. It suffices to rouse in them that conception of unity which they, no doubt, had previous to their school instruction."

Then Mr. Bunákov speaks of exercises on the board, and so on, and Mr. Evtushévski of the number four with its decomposition. Before examining the theory itself of the transmission of ideas, the question involuntarily arises whether that theory is not mistaken in its very problem. Has the condition of the pedagogical material with which it has to do been correctly defined? The first thing that startles us is the strange relation to some imaginary children, to such as I, at least, have never seen in the Russian Empire. The conversations, and the information which they impart, refer to children of less than two years of age, because two-year-old children know all that is contained in them, but as to the questions which have to be asked, they have reference to parrots. Any pupil of six, seven, eight, or nine years will not understand a thing in these

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questions, because he knows all about that, and cannot make out what it all means. The demands for such conversations evince either complete ignorance, or a desire to ignore that degree of development on which the pupils stand.

Maybe the children of Hottentots and negroes, or some German children, do not know what is imparted to them in such conversations, but Russian children, except demented ones, all those who come to a school, not only know what is up and what down, what is a bench and what a table, what is two and what one, and so forth, but, in my experience, the peasant children who are sent to school by their parents can every one of them express their thoughts well and correctly, can understand another person's thought (if it is expressed in Russian), and can count to twenty and more; playing with knuckle-bones they count in pairs and sixes, and they know how many points and pairs there are in a six. Frequently the pupils who came to my school brought with them the problem with the geese, and explained it to me. But even if we admit that children possess no such conceptions as those the pedagogues want to impart to them by means of conversations, I do not find the method chosen by them to be correct.

Thus, for example, Mr. Bunákov has written a reader. This book is to be used in conjunction with the conversations to teach the children language. I have run through the book and have found it to be a series of bad language blunders, wherever extracts from other books are not quoted. The same complete ignorance of language I have found in Mr. Evtushévski's problems. Mr. Evtushévski wants to give ideas by means of problems. First of all he ought to have seen to it that the tool for the transmission of ideas, that is, the language, was correct.

What has been mentioned here refers to the form in which the development is imparted. Let us look at the

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contents themselves. Mr. Bunákov proposes the following questions to be put to the children: "Where can you see cats? where a magpie? where sand? where a wasp and a suslik? what are a suslik and a magpie and a cat covered with, and what are the parts of their bodies?" (The suslik is a favourite animal of pedagogy, no doubt because not one peasant child in the centre of Russia knows that word.)

"Naturally the teacher does not always put these questions straight to the children, as forming the predetermined programme of the lesson; more frequently the small and undeveloped children have to be led up to the solution of the question of the programme by a series of suggestive questions, by directing their attention to the side of the subject which is more correct at the given moment, or by inciting them to recall something from their previous observations. Thus the teacher need not put the question directly: 'Where can a wasp be seen?' but, turning to this or that pupil, he may ask him whether he has seen a wasp, where he has seen it, and then only, combining the replies of several pupils, compose an answer to the first question of his programme. In answering the teacher's questions, the children will often connect several remarks that have no direct relation to the matter; for example, when the question is about what the parts of a magpie are, one may say irrelevantly that a magpie jumps, another that it chatters funnily, a third that it steals things, — let them add and give utterance to everything that arises in their memory or imagination, — it is the teacher's business to concentrate their attention in accordance with the programme, and these remarks and additions of the children he should take notice of for the purpose of elaborating the other parts of the programme. In viewing a new subject, the children at every convenient opportunity return to the subjects which have already been under consideration. Since they have observed that

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a magpie is covered with feathers, the teacher asks: 'Is the suslik also covered with feathers? What is it covered with? And what is a chicken covered with? and a horse? and a lizard?' When they have observed that a magpie has two legs, the teacher asks: 'How many legs has a dog? and a fox? and a chicken? and a wasp? What other animals do you know with two legs? with four? with six?'"

Involuntarily the question arises: Do the children know, or do they not know, what is so well explained to them in these conversations? If the pupils know it all, then, upon occasion, in the street or at home, where they do not need to raise their left hands, they will certainly be able to tell it in more beautiful and more correct Russian than they are ordered to do. They will certainly not say that a horse is "covered" with wool; if so, why are they compelled to repeat these questions just as the teacher has put them? But if they do not know them (which is not to be admitted except as regards the suslik), the question arises: by what will the teacher be guided in what is with so much unction called the programme of questions, — by the science of zoology, or by logic? or by the science of eloquence? But if by none of the sciences, and merely by the desire to talk about what is visible in the objects, there are so many visible things in objects, and they are so diversified, that a guiding thread is needed to show what to talk upon, whereas in objective instruction there is no such thread, and there can be none.

All human knowledge is subdivided for the purpose that it may more conveniently be gathered, united, and transmitted, and these subdivisions are called sciences. But outside their scientific classifications you may talk about objects anything you please, and you may say all the nonsense imaginable, as we actually see. In any case, the result of the conversation will be that the children

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are either made to learn by heart the teacher's words about the suslik, or to change their own words, place them in a certain order (not always a correct order), and to memorize and repeat them. For this reason all the manuals of this kind, in general all the exercises of development, suffer on the one hand from absolute arbitrariness, and on the other from superfluity. For example, in Mr. Bunákov's book the only story which, it seems, is not copied from another author, is the following:

"A peasant complained to a hunter about his trouble: a fox had carried off several of his chickens and one duck; the fox was not in the least afraid of watch-dog Dandy, who was chained up and kept barking all night long; in the morning he had placed a trap with a piece of roast meat in the fresh tracks on the snow, — evidently the red-haired sneak was disporting near the house, but he did not go into the trap. The hunter listened to what the peasant had to say to him, and said: 'Very well; now we will see who will be shrewder!' The hunter walked all day with his gun and with his dog, over the tracks of the fox, to discover how he found his way into the yard. In the daytime the sneak sleeps in his lair, and knows nothing of what is going on, so that had to be considered: on its path the hunter dug a hole and covered it with boards, dirt, and snow; a few steps from it he put down a piece of horseflesh. In the evening he seated himself with a loaded gun in his ambush, fixed things in such a way that he could see everything and shoot comfortably, and there he waited. It grew dark. The moon swam out. Cautiously, looking around and listening, the fox crept out of his lair, raised his nose, and sniffed. He at once smelled the odour of horseflesh, and ran at a slow trot to the place, and suddenly stopped and pricked his ears: the shrewd one saw that there was a mound there which had not been in that spot the previous evening. This mound apparently vexed him, and made him think;

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he took a large circle around it, and sniffed and listened, and sat down, and for a long time looked at the meat from a distance, so that the hunter could not shoot him, — it was too far. The fox thought and thought, and suddenly ran at full speed between the meat and the mound. Our hunter was careful, and did not shoot. He knew that the sneak was merely trying to find out whether anybody was sitting behind that mound; if he had shot at the running fox, he would certainly have missed him, and then he would not have seen the sneak, any more than he could see his own ears. Now the fox quieted down, — the mound no longer disturbed him: he walked briskly up to the meat, and ate it with great delight. Then the hunter aimed carefully, without haste, so that he might not miss him. Bang! The fox jumped up from pain and fell down dead."

Everything is arbitrary here: it is an arbitrary invention to say that a fox could carry off a peasant's duck in winter, that peasants trap foxes, that a fox sleeps in the daytime in his lair (for he sleeps only at night); arbitrary is that hole which is uselessly dug in winter and covered with boards without being made use of; arbitrary is the statement that the fox eats horseflesh, which he never does; arbitrary is the supposed cunning of the fox, who runs past the hunter; arbitrary are the mound and the hunter, who does not shoot for fear of missing, that is, everything, from beginning to end, is bosh, for which any peasant boy might arraign the author of the story, if he could talk without raising his hand.

Then a whole series of so-called exercises in Mr. Bunákov's lessons is composed of such questions as: "Who bakes? Who chops? Who shoots?" to which the pupil is supposed to answer: "The baker, the wood-chopper, and the marksmen," whereas he might just as correctly answer that the woman bakes, the axe chops, and the teacher shoots, if he has a gun. Another arbitrary state-

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ment in that book is that the throat is a part of the mouth, and so on.

All the other exercises, such as "The ducks fly, and the dogs?" or "The linden and birch are trees, and the horse?" are quite superfluous. Besides, it must be observed that if such conversations are really carried on with the pupils (which never happens) that is, if the pupils are permitted to speak and ask questions, the teacher, choosing simple subjects (they are most difficult), is at each step perplexed, partly through ignorance, and partly because *ein Narr kann mehr fragen, als zehn Weise antworten.*

Exactly the same takes place in the instruction of arithmetic, which is based on the same pedagogical principle. Either the pupils are informed in the same way of what they already know, or they are quite arbitrarily informed of combinations of a certain character that are not based on anything. The lesson mentioned above and all the other lessons up to ten are merely information about what the children already know. If they frequently do not answer questions of that kind, this is due to the fact that the question is either wrongly expressed in itself, or wrongly expressed as regards the children. The difficulty which the children encounter in answering a question of that character is due to the same cause which makes it impossible for the average boy to answer the question: Three sons were to Noah,[1] — Shem, Ham, and Japheth, — who was their father? The difficulty is not mathematical, but syntactical, which is due to the fact that in the statement of the problem and in the question there is not one and the same subject; but when to the syntactical difficulty there is added the awkwardness of the proposer of the problems in expressing himself in Russian, the matter becomes of greater difficulty still to the pupil; but the trouble is no longer mathematical.

[1] The Russian way of saying "Noah had three sons."

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Let anybody understand at once Mr. Evtushévski's problem: "A certain boy had four nuts, another had five. The second boy gave all his nuts to the first, and this one gave three nuts to a third, and the rest he distributed equally to three other friends. How many nuts did each of the last get?" Express the problem as follows: "A boy had four nuts. He was given five more. He gave away three nuts, and the rest he wants to give to three friends. How many can he give to each?" and a child of five years of age will solve it. There is no problem here at all, but the difficulty may arise only from a wrong statement of the problem, or from a weak memory. And it is this syntactical difficulty, which the children overcome by long and difficult exercises, that gives the teacher cause to think that, teaching the children what they know already, he is teaching them anything at all. Just as arbitrarily are the children taught combinations in arithmetic and the decomposition of numbers according to a certain method and order, which have their foundation only in the fancy of the teacher. Mr. Evtushévski says:

"Four. (1) The formation of the number. On the upper border of the board the teacher places three cubes together — I I I. How many cubes are there here? Then a fourth cube is added. And how many are there now? I I I I. How are four cubes formed from three and one? We have to add one cube to the three.

"(2) Decomposition into component parts. How can four cubes be formed? or, How can four cubes be broken up? Four cubes may be broken up into two and two: I I + I I. Four cubes may be formed from one, and one, and one, and one more, or by taking four times one cube: I + I + I + I. Four cubes may be broken up into three and one: I I I + I. It may be formed from one, and one, and two: I + I + I I. Can four cubes be put together in any other way? The pupils convince themselves that there can be no other decomposition, distinct from those

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already given. If the pupils begin to break the four cubes in this way: one, two, and one, or, two, one and one; or, one and three, the teacher will easily point out to them that these decompositions are only repetitions of what has been got before, only in a different order.

"Every time, whenever the pupils indicate a new method of decomposition, the teacher places the cubes on a ledge of the blackboard in the manner here indicated. Thus there will be four cubes on the upper ledge; two and two in a second place; in a third place the four cubes will be separated at some distance from each other; in a fourth place, three and one, and in a fifth one, one, and two.

"(3) Decomposition in order. It may easily happen that the children will at once point out the decomposition of the number into component parts in order; even then the third exercise cannot be regarded as superfluous: Here we have formed four cubes of twos, of separate cubes, and of threes, — in what order had we best place the cubes on the board? With what shall the decomposition of the four cubes begin? With the decomposition into separate cubes. How are four cubes to be formed from separate cubes? We must take four times one cube. How are four cubes to be formed from twos, from a pair? We must take two twos, — twice two cubes, two pairs of cubes. How shall we afterward break up the four cubes? They can be formed of threes: for this purpose we take three and one, or one and three. The teacher explains to the pupils that the last decomposition, that is, 1 1 2, does not come under the accepted order, and is a modification of one of the first three."

Why does Mr. Evtushévski not admit this last decomposition? Why must there be the order indicated by him? All that is a matter of mere arbitrariness and fancy. In reality, it is apparent to every thinking man that there is only one foundation for any composition and decomposition, and for the whole of mathematics. Here

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is the foundation: $1 + 1 = 2$, $2 + 1 = 3$, $3 + 1 = 4$, and so forth, — precisely what the children learn at home, and what in common parlance is called counting to ten, to twenty, and so forth. This process is known to every pupil, and no matter what decomposition Mr. Evtushévski may make, it is to be explained from this one. A boy that can count to four, considers four as a whole, and so also three, and two, and one. Consequently, he knows that four was produced from the consecutive addition of one. Similarly he knows that four is produced by adding twice one to two, just as he knows twice one is two. What, then, are the children taught here? That which they know, or that process of counting which they must learn according to the teacher's fancy.

The other day I happened to witness a lesson in mathematics according to Grube's method. The pupil was asked: "How much is 8 and 7?" He hastened to answer and said 16. His neighbour, too, was in a hurry and, without raising his left hand, said: "8 and 8 is 16, and one less is 15." The teacher sternly stopped him, and compelled the first boy to add one after one to 8, until he came to 15, though the boy knew long ago that he had made a blunder. In that school they had reached the number 15, but 16 was supposed to be unknown yet.

I am afraid that many people, reading all these long refutals of the methods of object instruction and counting according to Grube, which I am making, will say: "What is there here to talk about? Is it not evident that it is all mere nonsense which it is not worth while to criticize? Why pick out the errors and blunders of a Bunákov and Evtushévski, and criticize what is beneath all criticism?"

That was the way I myself thought before I was led to see what was going on in the pedagogical world, when I convinced myself that Messrs. Bunákov and Evtushévski were not mere individuals, but authorities in our pedagog-

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ics, and that what they prescribe is actually carried out in our schools. In the backwoods we may find teachers, especially women, who spread Evtushévski's and Bunákov's manuals out before them and ask according to their prescription how much one feather and one feather is, and what a hen is covered with. All that would be funny if it were only an invention of the theorist, and not a guide in practical work, a guide that some follow already, and if it did not concern one of the most important affairs of life, — the education of the children. I was amused at it when I read it as theoretical fancies; but when I learned and saw that that was being practised on children, I felt pity for them and ashamed.

From a theoretical standpoint, not to mention the fact that they faultily define the aim of education, the pedagogues of this school make this essential error, that they depart from the conditions of all instruction, whether this instruction be on the highest or lowest stage of the science, in a university or in a popular school. The essential conditions of all instruction consist in selecting the homogeneous phenomena from an endless number of heterogeneous phenomena, and in imparting the laws of these phenomena to the students. Thus, in the study of language, the pupils are taught the laws of the word, and in mathematics, the laws of the numbers. The study of language consists in imparting the laws of the decomposition and of the reverse composition of sentences, words, syllables, sounds, — and these laws form the subject of instruction. The instruction of mathematics consists in imparting the laws of the composition and decomposition of the numbers (but I beg to observe, — not in the process of the composition and the decomposition of the numbers, but in imparting the laws of that composition and decomposition). Thus, the first law consists in the ability of regarding a collection of units as a unit of a higher order, precisely what a child does when he says: "2 and 1 = 3." He regards 2

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as a kind of unit. On this law are based the consequent laws of numeration, then of addition, and of the whole of mathematics. But arbitrary conversations about the wasp, and so forth, or problems within the limit of 10, — its decomposition in every manner possible, — cannot form a subject of instruction, because, in the first place, they transcend the subject and, in the second place, because they do not treat of its laws.

That is the way the matter presents itself to me from its theoretical side; but theoretical criticism may frequently err, and so I will try to verify my deductions by means of practical data. G—— P—— has given us a sample of the practical results of both object instruction and of mathematics according to Grube's method. One of the older boys was told: "Put your hand under your book!" in order to prove that he had been taught the conceptions of "over" and "under," and the intelligent boy, who, I am sure, knew what "over" and "under" was, when he was three years old, put his hand on the book when he was told to put it under it. I have all the time observed such examples, and they prove more clearly than anything else how useless, strange, and disgraceful, I feel like saying, this object instruction is for Russian children. A Russian child cannot and will not believe (he has too much respect for the teacher and for himself) that the teacher is in earnest when he asks him whether the ceiling is above or below, or how many legs he has. In arithmetic, too, we have seen that pupils who did not even know how to write the numbers and during the whole time of the instruction were exercised only in mental calculations up to 10, for half an hour did not stop blundering in every imaginable way in response to questions which the teacher put to them within the limit of 10. Evidently the instruction of mental calculation brought no results, and the syntactical difficulty, which consists in unravelling a question that is improperly put, has remained

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the same as ever. And thus, the practical results of the examination which took place did not confirm the usefulness of the development.

But I will be more exact and conscientious. Maybe the process of development, which at first is confined not so much to the study, as to the analysis of what the pupils know already, will produce results later on. Maybe the teacher, who at first takes possession of the pupils' minds by means of the analysis, later guides them firmly and with ease, and from the narrow sphere of the descriptions of a table and the count of 2 and 1 leads them into the real sphere of knowledge, in which the pupils are no longer confined to learning what they know already, but also learn something new, and learn that new information in a new, more convenient, more intelligent manner. This supposition is confirmed by the fact that all the German pedagogues and their followers, among them Mr. Bunákov, say distinctly that object instruction is to serve as an introduction to "home science" and "natural science." But we should be looking in vain in Mr. Bunákov's manual to find out how this "home science" is to be taught, if by this word any real information is to be understood, and not the descriptions of a hut and a vestibule, — which the children know already. Mr. Bunákov, on page 200, after having explained that it is necessary to teach where the ceiling is and where the stove, says briefly:

"Now it is necessary to pass over to the third stage of object instruction, the contents of which have been defined by me as follows: The study of the country, county, Government, the whole realm with its natural products and its inhabitants, in general outline, as a sketch of home science and the beginning of natural science, with the predominance of reading, which, resting on the immediate observations of the first two grades, broadens the mental horizon of the pupils, — the sphere of their concepts and ideas. We can see from the mere definition that here the

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objectivity appears as a complement to the explanatory reading and narrative of the teacher, — consequently, what is said in regard to the occupations of the third year has more reference to the discussion of the second occupation, which enters into the composition of the subject under instruction, which is called the native language, — the explanatory reading."

We turn to the third year, — the explanatory reading, but there we find absolutely nothing to indicate how the new information is to be imparted, except that it is good to read such and such books, and in reading to put such and such questions. The questions are extremely queer (to me, at least), as, for example, the comparison of the article on water by Ushínski and of the article on water by Aksákov, and the request made of the pupils that they should explain that Aksákov considers water as a phenomenon of Nature, while Ushínski considers it as a substance, and so forth. Consequently, we find here again the same foisting of views on the pupils, and of subdivisions (generally incorrect) of the teacher, and not one word, not one hint, as to how any new knowledge is to be imparted.

It is not known what shall be taught: natural history, or geography. There is nothing there but reading with questions of the character I have just mentioned. On the other side of the instruction about the word, — grammar and orthography, — we should just as much be looking in vain for any new method of instruction which is based on the preceding development. Again the old Perevlévski's grammar, which begins with philosophical definitions and then with syntactical analysis, serves as the basis of all new grammatical exercises and of Mr. Bunákov's manual.

In mathematics, too, we should be looking in vain, at that stage where the real instruction in mathematics begins, for anything new and more easy, based on the whole previous instruction of the exercises of the second

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year up to 20. Where in arithmetic the real difficulties are met with, where it becomes necessary to explain the subject from all its sides to the pupil, as in numeration, in addition, subtraction, division, in the division and multiplication of fractions, you will not find even a shadow of anything easier, any new explanation, but only quotations from old arithmetics.

The character of this instruction is everywhere one and the same. The whole attention is directed toward teaching the pupil what he already knows. And since the pupil knows what he is being taught, and easily recites in any order desired what he is asked to recite by the teacher, the teacher thinks that he is really teaching something, and the pupil's progress is great, and the teacher, paying no attention to what forms the real difficulty of teaching, that is, to teaching something new, most comfortably stumps about in one spot.

This explains why our pedagogical literature is overwhelmed with manuals for object-lessons, with manuals about how to conduct kindergartens (one of the most monstrous excrescences of the new pedagogy), with pictures and books for reading, in which are eternally repeated the same articles about the fox and the blackcock, the same poems which for some reason are written out in prose in all kinds of permutations and with all kinds of explanations; but we have not a single new article for children's reading, not one Russian, nor Church-Slavic grammar, nor a Church-Slavic dictionary, nor an arithmetic, nor a geography, nor a history for the popular schools. All the forces are absorbed in writing text-books for the instruction of children in subjects they need not and ought not to be taught in school, because they are taught them in life. Of course, there is no end to the writing of such books; for there can be only one grammar and arithmetic, but of exercises and reflections, like those I have quoted from Bunákov, and of the orders of the decomposition of

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numbers from Evtushévski, there may be an endless number.

Pedagogy is in the same condition in which a science would be that would teach how a man ought to walk; and people would try to discover rules about how to teach the children, how to enjoin them to contract this muscle, stretch that muscle, and so forth. This condition of the new pedagogy results directly from its two fundamental principles: (1) that the aim of the school is development and not science, and (2) that development and the means for attaining it may be theoretically defined. From this has consistently resulted that miserable and frequently ridiculous condition in which the whole matter of the schools now is. Forces are wasted in vain, and the masses, who at the present moment are thirsting for education, as the dried-up grass thirsts for rain, and are ready to receive it, and beg for it, — instead of a loaf receive a stone, and are perplexed to understand whether they were mistaken in regarding education as something good, or whether something is wrong in what is being offered to them. That matters are really so there cannot be the least doubt for any man who becomes acquainted with the present theory of teaching and knows the actual condition of the school among the masses. Involuntarily there arises the question: how could honest, cultured people, who sincerely love their work and wish to do good, — for such I regard the majority of my opponents to be, — have arrived at such a strange condition and be in such deep error?

This question has interested me, and I will try to communicate those answers which have occurred to me. Many causes have led to it. The most natural cause which has led pedagogy to the false path on which it now stands, is the criticism of the old order, the criticism for the sake of criticism, without positing new principles in the place of those criticized. Everybody knows that crit-

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icizing is an easy business, and that it is quite fruitless and frequently harmful, if by the side of what is condemned one does not point out the principles on the basis of which this condemnation is uttered. If I say that such and such a thing is bad because I do not like it, or because everybody says that it is bad, or even because it is really bad, but do not know how it ought to be right, the criticism will always be useless and injurious. The views of the pedagogues of the new school are, above all, based on the criticism of previous methods. Even now, when it seems there would be no sense in striking a prostrate person, we read and hear in every manual, in every discussion, "that it is injurious to read without comprehension; that it is impossible to learn by heart the definitions of numbers and operations with numbers; that senseless memorizing is injurious; that it is injurious to operate with thousands without being able to count 2–3," and so forth. The chief point of departure is the criticism of the old methods and the concoction of new ones to be as diametrically opposed to the old as possible, but by no means the positing of new foundations of pedagogy, from which new methods might result.

It is very easy to criticize the old-fashioned method of studying reading by means of learning by heart whole pages of the psalter, and of studying arithmetic by memorizing what a number is, and so forth. I will remark, in the first place, that nowadays there is no need of attacking these methods, because there will hardly be found any teachers who would defend them, and, in the second place, that if, criticizing such phenomena, they want to let it be known that I am a defender of the antiquated method of instruction, it is no doubt due to the fact that my opponents, in their youth, do not know that nearly twenty years ago I with all my might and main fought against those antiquated methods of pedagogy and coöperated in their abolition.

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And thus it was found that the old methods of instruction were not good for anything, and, without building any new foundation, they began to look for new methods. I say "without building any new foundation," because there are only two permanent foundations of pedagogy: (1) The determination of the criterion of what ought to be taught, and (2) the criterion of how it has to be taught, that is, the determination that the chosen subjects are most necessary, and that the chosen method is the best.

Nobody has even paid any attention to these foundations, and each school has in its own justification invented quasi-philosophical justificatory reflections. But this "theoretical substratum," as Mr. Bunákov has accidentally expressed himself quite well, cannot be regarded as a foundation. For the old method of instruction possessed just such a theoretical substratum.

The real, peremptory question of pedagogy, which fifteen years ago I vainly tried to put in all its significance, "Why ought we to know this or that, and how shall we teach it?" has not even been touched. The result of this has been that as soon as it became apparent that the old method was not good, they did not try to find out what the best method would be, but immediately set out to discover a new method which would be the very opposite of the old one. They did as a man may do who finds his house to be cold in winter and does not trouble himself about learning why it is cold, or how to help matters, but at once tries to find another house which will as little as possible resemble the one he is living in. I was then abroad, and I remember how I everywhere came across messengers roving all over Europe in search of a new faith, that is, officials of the ministry, studying German pedagogy.

We have adopted the methods of instruction current with our nearest neighbours, the Germans, in the first

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place, because we are always prone to imitate the Germans; in the second, because it was the most complicated and cunning of methods, and if it comes to taking something from abroad, of course, it has to be the latest fashion and what is most cunning; in the third, because, in particular, these methods were more than any others opposed to the old way. And thus, the new methods were taken from the Germans, and not by themselves, but with a theoretical substratum, that is, with a quasi-philosophical justification of these methods.

This theoretical substratum has done great service. The moment parents or simply sensible people, who busy themselves with the question of education, express their doubt about the efficacy of these methods, they are told: "And what about Pestalozzi, and Diesterweg, and Denzel, and Wurst, and methodics, heuristics, didactics, concentrism?" and the bold people wave their hands, and say: "God be with them, — they know better." In these German methods there also lay this other advantage (the cause why they stick so eagerly to this method), that with it the teacher does not need to try too much, does not need to go on studying, does not need to work over himself and the methods of instruction. For the greater part of the time the teacher teaches by this method what the children know, and, besides, teaches it from a textbook, and that is convenient. And unconsciously, in accordance with an innate human weakness, the teacher is fond of this convenience. It is very pleasant for me, with my firm conviction that I am teaching and doing an important and very modern work, to tell the children from the book about the suslik, or about a horse's having four legs, or to transpose the cubes by twos and by threes, and ask the children how much two and two is; but if, instead of telling about the suslik, the teacher had to tell or read something interesting, to give the foundations of grammar, geography, sacred history, and of the four opera-

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tions, he would at once be led to working over himself, to reading much, and to refreshing his knowledge.

Thus, the old method was criticized, and a new one was taken from the Germans. This method is so foreign to our Russian un-pedantic mental attitude, its monstrosity is so glaring, that one would think that it could never have been grafted on Russia, and yet it is being applied, even though only in a small measure, and in some way gives at times better results than the old church method. This is due to the fact that, since it was taken in our country (just as it originated in Germany) from the criticism of the old method, the faults of the former method have really been rejected, though, in its extreme opposition to the old method, which, with the pedantry characteristic of the Germans, has been carried to the farthest extreme, there have appeared new faults, which are almost greater than the former ones.

Formerly reading was taught in Russia by attaching to the consonants useless endings (*buki — uki, vyedi — yedi*), and in Germany *es em de ce*, and so forth, by attaching a vowel to each consonant, now in front, and now behind, and that caused some difficulty. Now they have fallen into the other extreme, by trying to pronounce the consonants without the vowels, which is an apparent impossibility. In Ushínski's grammar (Ushínski is with us the father of the sound method), and in all the manuals on sound, a consonant is defined thus: "That sound which cannot be pronounced by itself." And it is this sound which the pupil is taught before any other. When I remarked that it is impossible to pronounce *b* alone, but that it always gives you *bŭ*, I was told that was due to the inability of some persons, and that it took great skill to pronounce a consonant. And I have myself seen a teacher correct a pupil more than ten times, though he seemed quite satisfactorily to pronounce short *b*, until at last the pupil began to talk nonsense. And it is with

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these *b's*, that is, sounds that cannot be pronounced, as Ushínski defines them, or the pronunciation of which demands special skill, that the instruction of reading begins according to the pedantic German manuals.

Formerly syllables were senselessly learned by heart (that was bad); diametrically opposed to this, the new fashion enjoins us not to divide up into syllables at all, which is absolutely impossible in a long word, and which in reality is never done. Every teacher, according to the sound method, feels the necessity of letting a pupil rest after a part of a word, having him pronounce it separately. Formerly they used to read the psalter, which, on account of its high and deep style, is incomprehensible to the children (which was bad); in contrast to this the children are made to read sentences without any contents whatever, to explain intelligible words, or to learn by heart what they cannot understand. In the old school the teacher did not speak to the pupil at all; now the teacher is ordered to talk to them on anything and everything, on what they know already, or what they do not need to know. In mathematics they formerly learned by heart the definition of operations, but now they no longer have anything to do with operations, for, according to Evtushévski, they reach numeration only in the third year, and it is assumed that for a whole year they are to be taught nothing but numbers up to ten. Formerly the pupils were made to work with large abstract numbers, without paying any attention to the other side of mathematics, to the disentanglement of the problem (the formation of an equation). Now they are taught solving puzzles, forming equations with small numbers before they know numeration and how to operate with numbers, though experience teaches any teacher that the difficulty of forming equations or the solution of puzzles are overcome by a general development in life, and not in school.

It has been observed — quite correctly — that there

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is no greater aid for a pupil, when he is puzzled by a problem with large numbers, than to give him the same problem with smaller numbers. The pupil, who in life learns to grope through problems with small numbers, is conscious of the process of solving, and transfers this process to the problem with large numbers. Having observed this, the new pedagogues try to teach only the solving of puzzles with small numbers, that is, what cannot form the subject of instruction and is only the work of life.

In the instruction of grammar the new school has again remained consistent with its point of departure, — with the criticism of the old and the adoption of the diametrically opposite method. Formerly they used to learn by heart the definition of the parts of speech, and from etymology passed over to syntax; now they not only begin with syntax, but even with logic, which the children are supposed to acquire. According to the grammar of Mr. Bunákov, which is an abbreviation of Perevlévski's grammar, even with the same choice of examples, the study of grammar begins with syntactical analysis, which is so difficult and, I will say, so uncertain for the Russian language, which does not fully comply with the classic forms of syntax. To sum up, the new school has removed certain disadvantages, of which the chief are the superfluous addition to the consonants and the memorizing of definitions, and in this it is superior to the old method, and in reading and writing sometimes gives better results; but, on the other hand, it has introduced new defects, which are that the contents of the reading are most senseless and that arithmetic is no longer taught as a study.

In practice (I can refer in this to all the inspectors of schools, to all the members of school councils, who have visited the schools, and to all the teachers), in practice, in the majority of schools, where the German method is prescribed, this is what takes place, with rare exceptions

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The children learn not by the sound system, but by the method of letter composition; instead of saying *b*, *v*, they say *bŭ*, *vŭ*, and break up the words into syllables. The object instruction is entirely lost sight of, arithmetic does not proceed at all, and the children have absolutely nothing to read. The teachers quite unconsciously depart from the theoretical demands and fall in with the needs of the masses. These practical results, which are repeated everywhere, should, it seems, prove the incorrectness of the method itself; but among the pedagogues, those that write manuals and prescribe rules, there exists such a complete ignorance of and aversion to the knowledge of the masses and their demands that the relation of reality to these methods does not in the least impair the progress of their business. It is hard to imagine the conception about the masses which exists in this world of the pedagogues, and from which result their method and all the consequent manner of instruction.

Mr. Bunákov, in proof of how necessary the object instruction and development is for the children of a Russian school, with extraordinary naïveté adduces Pestalozzi's words: "Let any one who has lived among the common people," he says, "contradict my words that there is nothing more difficult than to impart any idea to these creatures. Nobody, indeed, gainsays that. The Swiss pastors affirm that when the people come to them to receive instruction they do not understand what they are told, and the pastors do not understand what the people say to them. City dwellers who settle in the country are amazed at the inability of the country population to express themselves; years pass before the country servants learn to express themselves to their masters." This relation of the common people in Switzerland to the cultured class is assumed as the foundation for just such a relation in Russia.

I regard it as superfluous to expatiate on what is known to everybody, that in Germany the people speak a special

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language, called Plattdeutsch, and that in the German part of Switzerland this Plattdeutsch is especially far removed from the German language, whereas in Russia we frequently speak a bad language, while the masses always speak a good Russian, and that in Russia it will be more correct to put these words of Pestalozzi in the mouth of peasants speaking of the teachers. A peasant and his boy will say quite correctly that it is very hard to understand what those creatures, meaning the teachers, say. The ignorance about the masses is so complete in this world of the pedagogues that they boldly say that to the peasant school come little savages, and therefore boldly teach them what is down and what up, that a blackboard is placed on a stand, and that underneath it there is a groove. They do not know that if the pupils asked the teacher, there would turn up very many things which the teacher would not know; that, for example, if you rub off the paint from the board, nearly any boy will tell you of what kind of wood the board is made, whether of pine, linden, or aspen, which the teacher cannot tell; that a boy will always tell better than the teacher about a cat or a chicken, because he has observed them better than the teacher; that instead of the problem about the wagons the boy knows the problems about the crows, about the cattle, and about the geese. (About the crows: There flies a flock of crows, and there stand some oak-trees: if two crows alight on each, a crow will be lacking; if one on each, an oak-tree will be lacking. How many crows and how many oak-trees are there? About the cattle: For one hundred roubles buy one hundred animals, — calves at half a rouble, cows at three roubles, and oxen at ten roubles. How many oxen, cows, and calves are there?) The pedagogues of the German school do not even suspect that quickness of perception, that real vital development, that contempt for everything false, that ready ridicule of everything false, which are inherent in every Russian peasant boy, —

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and only on that account so boldly (as I myself have seen), under the fire of forty pairs of intelligent youthful eyes, perform their tricks at the risk of ridicule. For this reason, a real teacher, who knows the masses, no matter how sternly he is enjoined to teach the peasant children what is up and what down, and that two and three is five, not one real teacher, who knows the pupils with whom he has to deal, will be able to do that.

Thus, the chief causes which have led us into such error are: (1) the ignorance about the masses; (2) the involuntarily seductive ease of teaching the children what they already know; (3) our proneness to imitate the Germans, and (4) the criticism of the old, without putting down a new, foundation. This last cause has led the pedagogues of the new school to this, that, in spite of the extreme external difference of the new method from the old, it is identical with it in its foundation, and, consequently, in the methods of instruction and in the results. In either method the essential principle consists in the teacher's firm and absolute knowledge of what to teach and how to teach, and this knowledge of his he does not draw from the demands of the masses and from experience, but simply decides theoretically once for all that he must teach this or that and in such a way, and so he teaches. The pedagogue of the ancient school, which for briefness' sake I shall call the church school, knows firmly and absolutely that he must teach from the prayer-book and the psalter by making the children learn by rote, and he admits no alterations in his methods; in the same manner the teacher of the new, the German, school knows firmly and absolutely that he must teach according to Bunákov and Evtushévski, begin with the words "whisker" and "wasp," ask what is up and what down, and tell about the favourite suslik, and he admits no alterations in his method. Both of them base their opinion on the firm conviction that they know the best

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methods. From the identity of the foundations arises also a further similarity. If you tell a teacher of the church reading that it takes the children a long time and causes them difficulty to acquire reading and writing, he will reply that the main interest is not in the reading and writing, but in the "divine instruction," by which he means the study of the church books. The same you will be told by a teacher of Russian reading according to the German method. He will tell you (all say and write it) that the main question is not the rapidity of the acquisition of the art of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but in the "development." Both place the aim of instruction in something independent of reading, writing, and arithmetic, that is, of science, in something else, which is absolutely necessary.

This similarity continues down to the minutest details. In either method all instruction previous to the school, all knowledge acquired outside the school, is not taken into account, — all entering pupils are regarded as equally ignorant, and all are made to learn from the beginning. If a boy who knows the letters and the syllables *a*, *be*, enters a church school, he is made to change them to *buki-az — ba*. The same is true of the German school.

Just so, in either school it happens that some children cannot learn the rudiments.

Just so, with either method, the mechanical side of instruction predominates over the mental. In either school the pupils excel in a good handwriting and good enunciation with absolutely exact reading, that is, not as it is spoken, but as it is written. Just so, with either method, there always reigns an external order in the school, and the children are in constant fear and can be guided only with the greatest severity. Mr. Korolév has incidentally remarked that in instruction according to the sound method blows are not neglected. I have seen the same in the schools of the German method, and

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I assume that without blows it is impossible to get along even in the new German school, because, like the church school, it teaches without asking what the pupil finds interesting to know, but what, in the teacher's opinion, seems necessary, and so the school can be based only on compulsion. Compulsion is attained with children generally by means of blows. The church and the new German school, starting from the same principles and arriving at the same results, are absolutely identical. But, if it came to choosing one of the two, I should still prefer the church school. The defects are the same, but on the side of the church school is the custom of a thousand years and the authority of the church, which is so powerful with the masses.

Having finished the analysis and criticism of the German school, I consider it necessary, — in view of what I have said, namely, that criticism is fruitful only when, condemning, it points out how that which is bad ought to be, — I consider it necessary to speak of those foundations of instruction which I regard as legitimate, and on which I rear my method of instruction.

In order to elucidate in what I find these unquestionable foundations of every pedagogical activity, I shall be compelled to repeat myself, that is, to repeat what I said fifteen years ago in the pedagogical periodical, *Yásnaya Polyána*, which I then published. This repetition will not be tedious for the pedagogues of the new school, because what I then wrote is not exactly forgotten, but has never been considered by the pedagogues, — and yet I still think that just what was expressed by me at that time might have placed pedagogy, as a theory, on a firm foundation. Fifteen years ago, when I took up the matter of popular education without any preconceived theories or views on the subject, with the one desire to advance the matter in a direct and straightforward manner, I, as a teacher in my school, was at once confronted with two

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questions: (1) What must I teach? and (2) How must I teach it?

At that time, even as at the present, there existed the greatest diversity of opinion in the answers to these questions.

I know that some pedagogues, who are locked up in their narrow theoretical world, think that there is no other light than what peeps through the windows, and that there is no longer any diversity of opinions.

I ask those who think so to observe that it only seems so to them, just as it seems so to the circles that are opposed to them. In the whole mass of people who are interested in education, there exists, as it has existed before, the greatest diversity of opinions. Formerly, just as now, some, in reply to the question of what ought to be taught, said that outside of the rudiments the most useful information for a primary school is obtained from the natural sciences; others, even as now, that that was not necessary, and was even injurious; even as now, some proposed history, or geography, while others denied their necessity; some proposed the Church-Slavic language and grammar, and religion, while others found that, too, superfluous, and ascribed a prime importance to "development." On the question of how to teach there has always been a still greater diversity of answers. The most diversified methods of instructing in reading and arithmetic have been proposed.

In the bookstalls there were sold, side by side, the self-teachers according to the *buki-az — ba*, Bunákov's lessons, Zolotóv's charts, Madame Daragán's alphabets, and all had their advocates. When I encountered these questions and found no answer for them in Russian literature, I turned to the literature of Europe. After having read what had been written on the subject and having made the personal acquaintance of the so-called best representatives of the pedagogical science in Europe, I not only

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failed to find anywhere an answer to the question I was interested in, but I convinced myself that this question does not even exist for pedagogy, as a science; that every pedagogue of any given school firmly believed that the methods which he used were the best, because they were based on absolute truth, and that it would be useless for him to look at them with a critical eye.

However, because, as I said, I took up the matter of popular education without any preconceived notions, or because I took up the matter without prescribing laws from a distance about how I ought to teach, but became a schoolmaster in a village popular school in the backwoods, — I could not reject the idea that there must of necessity exist a criterion by means of which the question could be solved: What to teach and how to teach it. Should I teach the psalter by heart, or the classification of the organisms? Should I teach according to the sound alphabet, translated from the German, or from the prayer-book? In the solution of this question I was aided by a certain pedagogical tact, with which I am gifted, and especially by that close and impassioned relation in which I stood to the matter.

When I entered at once into the closest direct relations with those forty tiny peasants that formed my school (I call them tiny peasants because I found in them the same characteristics of perspicacity, the same immense store of information from practical life, of jocularity, simplicity, and loathing for everything false, which distinguish the Russian peasant), when I saw that susceptibility, that readiness to acquire the information which they needed, I felt at once that the antiquated church method of instruction had outlived its usefulness and was not good for them. I began to experiment on other proposed methods of instruction; but, because compulsion in education, both by my conviction and by my character, are repulsive to me, I did not exercise any

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pressure, and, the moment I noticed that something was not readily received, I did not compel them, and looked for something else. From these experiments it appeared to me and to those teachers who instructed with me at Yásnaya Polyána and in other schools on the same principle of freedom, that nearly everything which in the pedagogical world was written about schools was separated by an immeasurable abyss from reality, and that many of the proposed methods, such as object-lessons, the natural sciences, the sound method, and others, called forth contempt and ridicule, and were not accepted by the pupils. We began to look for those contents and those methods which were readily taken up by the pupils, and struck that which forms my method of instruction.

But this method stood in a line with all other methods, and the question of why it was better than the rest remained as unsolved as before. Consequently, the question of what the criterion was as to what to teach and how to teach received an even greater meaning for me; only by solving it could I be convinced that what I taught was neither injurious nor useless. This question both then and now has appeared to me as a corner-stone of the whole pedagogy, and to the solution of this question I devoted the publication of the pedagogical periodical *Yásnaya Polyána*. In several articles (I do not renounce anything I then said) I tried to put the question in all its significance and to solve it as much as I could. At that time I found no sympathy in all the pedagogical literature, not even any contradiction, but the most complete indifference to the question which I put. There were some attacks on certain details and trifles, but the question itself evidently did not interest any one. I was young then, and that indifference grieved me. I did not understand that with my question, "How do you know what to teach and how to teach?" I was like a man who, let us say, in a gathering of Turkish pashas discuss-

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ing the question in what manner they may collect the greatest revenue from the people, should propose to them the following: "Gentlemen, in order to know how much revenue to collect from each, we must first analyze the question on what your right to exact that revenue is based." Obviously all the pashas would continue their discussion of the measures of extortion, and would reply only with silence to his irrelevant question. But the question cannot be circumvented. Fifteen years ago no attention was paid to it, and the pedagogues of every school, convinced that everybody else was talking to the wind and that they were right, most calmly prescribed their laws, basing their principles on philosophies of a very doubtful character, which they used as a substratum for their wee little theories.

And yet, this question is not quite so difficult if we only renounce completely all preconceived notions. I have tried to elucidate and solve this question, and, without repeating those proofs, which he who wishes may read in the article, I will enunciate the results to which I was led. "The only criterion of pedagogy is freedom, the only method — experience." After fifteen years I have not changed my opinion one hair's breadth; but I consider it necessary to define with greater precision what I understand by these words, not only in respect to education in general, but also in respect to the particular question of popular education in a primary school. One hundred years ago the question what to teach and how to teach could have had no place either in Europe or with us. Education was inseparably connected with religion. To learn reading meant to learn Holy Writ. In the Mohammedan countries this relation of the rudiments and religion still persists in its full force. To learn means to learn the Koran, and, therefore, Arabic. But the moment religion ceased to be the criterion of what ought to be taught, and the school became independent of

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it, this question had to arise. But it did not arise because the school was not suddenly freed from its dependence on religion, but by imperceptible steps. Now it is accepted by everybody that religion cannot serve as the contents, nor as an indication of the method of education, and that education has different demands for its basis. In what do these demands consist? On what are they based? In order that these principles should be incontrovertible, it is necessary either that they be proved philosophically, incontrovertibly, or that, at least, all educated people should be agreed on them. But is it so? There can be no doubt whatsoever about this, that in philosophy have not been found those principles on which could be built up the decision of what ought to be taught, the more so since the matter itself is not an abstract, but a practical affair, which depends on an endless number of vital conditions. Still less can these principles be discovered in the common consent of all men who busy themselves with this matter, in the consent which we may take as a practical foundation, as an expression of the universal common sense. Not only in matters of popular, but even of higher education do we see a complete diversity of opinions among the best representatives of education, as, for example, in the question of classicism and realism. And yet, in spite of the absence of any foundations, we see education proceeding on its own path and on the whole being guided by only one principle, namely by freedom. There exist side by side the classical and the real school, each of which is prepared to regard itself as the only natural school, and both satisfy some want, for parents send their children to either.

In the popular school the right to determine what the children shall learn, no matter from what standpoint we may consider this question, belongs just as much to the masses, that is, either to the pupils themselves, or to the parents who send the children to school, and so the

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answer to the question what the children are to be taught in a popular school can be got only from the masses. But, perhaps, we shall say that we, as highly cultured people, must not submit to the demands of the rude masses and that we must teach the masses what to wish. Thus many think, but to that I can give this one answer: give us a firm, incontrovertible foundation why this or that is chosen by you, show me a society in which the two diametrically opposed views on education do not exist among the highly cultured people; where it is not eternally repeated that if education falls into the hands of the clergy, the masses are educated in one sense, and if education falls into the hands of the progressists, the people are educated in another sense, — show me a state of society where that does not exist, and I will agree with you. So long as that does not exist, there is no criterion except the freedom of the learner, where, in matters of the popular school, the place of the learning children is taken by their parents, that is, by the needs of the masses.

These needs are not only definite, quite clear, and everywhere the same throughout Russia, but also so intelligent and broad that they include all the most diversified demands of the people who are debating what the masses ought to be taught. These needs are: the knowledge of Russian and Church-Slavic reading, and calculation. The masses everywhere and always regard the natural sciences as useless trifles. Their programme is remarkable not only by its unanimity and firm definiteness, but, in my opinion, also by the breadth of its demands and the correctness of its view. The masses admit two spheres of knowledge, the most exact and the least subject to vacillation from a diversity of views, — the languages and mathematics; everything else they regard as trifles. I think that the masses are quite correct, — in the first place, because in this knowledge there can be no half information, no falseness, which they

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cannot bear, and, in the second, because the sphere of those two kinds of knowledge is immense. Russian and Church-Slavic grammar and calculation, that is, the knowledge of one dead and one living language, with their etymological and syntactical forms and their literatures, and arithmetic, that is, the foundation of all mathematics, form their programme of knowledge, which, unfortunately, but the rarest of the cultured class possess. In the third place, the masses are right, because by this programme they will be taught in the primary school only what will open to them the more advanced paths of knowledge, for it is evident that the thorough knowledge of two languages and their forms, and, in addition to them, of arithmetic, completely opens the paths to an independent acquisition of all other knowledge. The masses, as though feeling the false relation to them, when they are offered incoherent scraps of all kinds of information, repel that lie from themselves, and say: "I need know but this much, — the church language and my own and the laws of the numbers, but that other knowledge I will take myself if I want it."

Thus, if we admit freedom as the criterion of what is to be taught, the programme of the popular schools is clearly and firmly defined, until the time when the masses shall express some new demands. Church-Slavic and Russian and arithmetic to their highest possible stages, and nothing else but that. That is the determination of the limits of the programme of the popular school, which, however, does not presume that all three subjects be introduced systematically. With such a programme the attainment of symmetrical results in all three subjects would naturally be desirable; but it cannot be said that the predominance of one subject over another would be injurious. The problem consists only in keeping within the limits of the programme. It may happen that from the demands of the parents, and especially

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from the knowledge of the teacher, this or that subject will be more prominent, — with a clerical person the Church-Slavic language, with a teacher from a county school — either Russian or arithmetic; in all these cases the demands of the masses will be satisfied, and the instruction will not depart from its fundamental criterion.

The second part of the question, how to teach, that is, how to discover which method is the best, has remained just as unsolved.

Just as in the first part of the question of what to teach, the assumption that on the basis of reflections it is possible to build a programme of instruction leads to contradictory schools, so it is also with the question as to how to teach. Let us take the very first stage of the teaching of reading. One asserts that it is easier to teach so from cards; another — according to the *b*, *v* system; a third — according to Korf; a fourth — according to the *be*, *ve*, *ge* system, and so forth. It is said that the nuns teach reading in six weeks by the *buki-az* — *ba* system. And every teacher, convinced of the superiority of his method, proves this superiority either by the fact that he teaches with it faster than others, or by reflections of the character which Mr. Bunákov and the German pedagogues adduce. At the present time, when there are thousands of examples, we ought to know precisely by what to be guided in our choice. Neither theory, nor reflections, nor even the results of instruction can show this completely.

Education and instruction are generally considered in the abstract, that is, the question is discussed how in the best and easiest manner to produce a certain act of instruction on a certain subject (whether it be one child or a mass of children). This view is quite faulty. All education and instruction can be viewed only as a certain relation of two persons or of two groups of persons having for their aim education or instruction. This defini-

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tion, more general than all the other definitions, has special reference to popular education, where the question is the education of an immense number of persons, and where there can be no question about an ideal education. In general, with the popular education we cannot put the question, "How is the best education to be given?" just as with the question of the nutrition of the masses we cannot ask how the most nutritious and best loaf is to be baked. The question has to be put like this: "How is the best relation to be established between given people who want to learn and others who want to teach?" or, "How is the best bread to be made from given bolted flour?" Consequently the question of how to teach and what is the best method is a question of what will be the best relation between teacher and pupil.

Nobody, I suppose, will deny that the best relation between teacher and pupil is that of naturalness, and that the contrary relation is that of compulsion. If so, the measure of all methods is to be found in the greater or lesser naturalness of relations and, therefore, in the lesser or greater compulsion in instruction. The less the children are compelled to learn, the better is the method; the more — the worse. I am glad that I do not have to prove this evident truth. Everybody is agreed that just as in hygiene the use of any food, medicine, exercise, that provokes loathing or pain, cannot be useful, so also in instruction can there be no necessity of compelling children to learn anything that is tiresome and repulsive to them, and that, if necessity demands that children be compelled, it only proves the imperfection of the method. Any one who has taught children has no doubt observed that the less the teacher himself knows the subject which he teaches and the less he likes it, the more will he have to have recourse to severity and compulsion; on the contrary, the more the teacher knows and loves his subject, the more natural and easy will his instruction be. With

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the idea that for successful instruction not compulsion is wanted, but the rousing of the pupil's interest, all the pedagogues of the school which is opposed to me agree. The only difference between us is that the conception that the teaching must rouse the child's interest is with them lost in a mass of other conflicting notions about "development," of the value of which they are convinced and in which they exercise compulsion; whereas I consider the rousing of the pupil's interest, the greatest possible ease, and, therefore, the non-compulsion and naturalness of instruction as the fundamental and only measure of good and bad instruction.

Every progress of pedagogy, if we attentively consider the history of this matter, consists in an ever increasing approximation toward naturalness of relations between teacher and pupil, in a lessened compulsion, and in a greater ease of instruction.

The objection was formerly made and, I know, is made even now that it is hard to find the limit of freedom which shall be permitted in school. To this I will reply that this limit is naturally determined by the teacher, his knowledge, his ability to manage the school; that this freedom cannot be prescribed; the measure of this freedom is only the result of the greater or lesser knowledge and talent of the teacher. This freedom is not a rule, but serves as a check in comparing schools between themselves, and as a check in comparing new methods which are introduced into the school curriculum. The school in which there is less compulsion is better than the one in which there is more. The method which at its introduction into the school does not demand an increase of discipline is good; but the one which demands greater severity is certainly bad. Take, for example, a more or less free school, such as mine was, and try to start a conversation in it about the table and the ceiling, or to transpose cubes, — you will see what a hubbub will arise in the school

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and how you will feel the necessity of restoring order by means of severity; try to tell them an interesting story, or to give them problems, or make one write on the board and let the others correct his mistakes, and allow them to leave the benches, and you will find them all occupied and there will be no naughtiness, and you will not have to increase your severity, — and you may safely say that the method is good.

In my pedagogical articles I have given theoretical reasons why I find that only the freedom of choice on the side of the learners as to what they are to be taught and how can form a foundation of any instruction; in practice I have always applied these rules in the schools under my guidance, at first on a large scale, and later in narrower limits, and the results have always been very good, both for the teachers and the pupils, as also for the evolution of new methods, — and this I assert boldly, for hundreds of visitors have come to the Yásnaya Polyána school and know all about it.

The consequences of such a relation to the pupils has been for the teachers that they did not consider that method best which they knew, but tried to discover other methods, became acquainted with other teachers for the purpose of learning their methods, tested new methods, and, above all, were learning something all the time. A teacher never permitted himself to think that in cases of failure it was the pupils' fault, — their laziness, playfulness, dulness, deafness, stammering, — but was firmly convinced that he alone was to blame for it, and for every failure of a pupil or of all the pupils he tried to find a remedy. For the pupils the result was that they learned readily, always begged the teachers to give them evening classes in the winter, and were absolutely free in the school, — which, in my conviction and experience, is the chief condition for successful progress in instruction. Between teachers and pupils there were always established

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friendly, natural relations, with which alone it is possible for the teacher to know his pupils well. If, from a first, external impression of the school, we were to determine the difference between the church, the German, and my own school, it would be this: in a church school you hear a peculiar, unnatural, monotonous shouting of all the pupils and now and then the stern cries of the teacher; in the German school you hear only the teacher's voice and now and then the timid voices of the pupils; in mine you hear the loud voices of the teachers and the pupils, almost simultaneously.

As for the methods of instruction the consequences were that not one method of instruction was adopted or rejected because it was liked or not, but only because it was accepted or not by the pupils without compulsion. But in addition to the good results which were always obtained without fail from the application of my method by myself and by everybody else (more than twenty teachers), who taught according to my method ("without fail" I say for the reason that not once did we have a pupil who did not learn the rudiments), besides these results, the application of the principles of which I have spoken had the effect that during these fifteen years all the various modifications, to which my method was subjected, not only did not remove it from the needs of the masses, but, on the contrary, brought it nearer and nearer to them. The masses, at least in our parts, know the method itself and discuss it, and prefer it to the church method, which I cannot say of the sound method. In the schools which are conducted according to my method the teacher cannot remain motionless in his knowledge, such as he is and must be with the method of sounds. If a teacher according to the new German fashion wants to go ahead and perfect himself, he has to follow the pedagogical literature, that is, to read all those new inventions about the conversations about the suslik and about

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the transposition of the squares. I do not think that that can promote his personal education. On the contrary, in my school, where the subjects of instruction, language and mathematics, demand positive knowledge, every teacher, in advancing his pupils, feels the need of learning himself, which was constantly the case with all the teachers I had.

Besides, the methods of instruction themselves, which are not settled once for all, but always strive to be as easy and as simple as possible, are modified and improved from the indications which the teacher discovers in the relations of the learners to his instruction.

The very opposite to this I see in what, unfortunately, takes place in the schools of the German pattern, which of late have been introduced in our country in an artificial manner. The failure to recognize that before deciding what to teach and how to teach we must solve the question how we can find that out has led the pedagogues to a complete disagreement with reality, and the abyss which fifteen years ago was felt to exist between theory and practice has now reached the farthest limits. Now that the masses are on all sides begging for education, while pedagogy has more than ever passed to personal fancies, this discord has reached incredible proportions.

This discord between the demands of pedagogy and reality has of late found its peculiarly striking expression not only in the matter of instruction itself, but also in another very important side of the school, namely in its administration. In order to show in what condition this matter has been and might be, I shall speak of Krapívensk County of the Government of Túla, in which I live, which I know, and which, from its position, forms the type of the majority of counties of central Russia.

In 1862 fourteen schools were opened in a district of ten thousand souls, when I was rural judge; besides, there existed about ten schools in the district among the

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clericals and in the manors among the servants. In the three remaining districts of the county there were fifteen large and thirty small schools among the clericals and manorial servants. Without saying anything about the number of the learners, of which, I assume, there were in general not less than now, nor about the instruction itself, which was partly bad and partly good, but on the whole not worse than at present, I will tell how and on what that business was based.

All schools were then, with few exceptions, based on a free agreement of the teacher with the parents of the pupils, or with the whole partnership of the peasants paying a lump sum for everybody. Such a relation between the parents or Communes and the teachers is even now met with in some exceedingly rare places of our county and of the Government in general. Everybody will agree that, leaving aside the question of the quality of instruction, such a relation of the teacher to the parents and peasants is most just, natural, and desirable. But, with the introduction of the law of 1864, this relation was abolished and is being abolished more and more. Everybody who knows the matter as it is will observe that with the abolition of this relation the people take less and less part in the matter of their education, which is only natural. In some County Councils the school tax of the peasants is even turned into the County Council, and the salary, appointment of teachers, location of schools, — all that is done quite independently of those for whom it is intended (in theory the peasants, no doubt, are members of the County Council, but in practice they have through this mediation no influence on their own schools). Nobody will, I suppose, assert that that is just, but some will say: "The illiterate peasants cannot judge what is good and what bad, and we must build for them as well as we can." But how do we know? Do we know firmly, are we all of one opinion, how to build schools? And

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does it not frequently turn out bad, for we have built much worse than they have?

Thus, in relation to the administrative side of the schools I have again to put a third question, on the same basis of freedom: Why do we know how best to arrange a school? To this question German pedagogy gives an answer which is quite consistent with its whole system. It knows what the best school is, it has formed a clear, definite ideal, down to the minutest details, the benches, the hours of instruction, and so forth, and gives an answer: the school has to be such and such, according to this pattern, — this alone is good and every other school is injurious. I know that, although the desire of Henry IV. to give each Frenchman soup and a chicken was unrealizable, it was impossible to say that the desire was false. But the matter assumes an entirely different aspect when the soup is of a very questionable quality and is not a chicken soup, but a worthless broth. And yet the so-called science of pedagogy is in this matter indissolubly connected with power; both in Germany and with us there are prescribed certain ideal one-class, two-class schools, and so forth; and the pedagogical and the administrative powers do not wish to know the fact that the masses would like to attend to their own education. Let us see how such a view of popular education has been reflected in practice on the question of education.

Beginning with the year 1862 the idea that education was necessary has more and more spread among the masses: on all sides schools were established by church servants, hired teachers, and the Communes. Whether good or bad, these schools were spontaneous and grew out directly from the needs of the masses; with the introduction of the law of 1864 this tendency was increased, and in 1870 there were, according to the reports, about sixty schools in Krapfvensk County. Since then officials of the ministry and members of the County Council have

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begun to meddle more and more with school matters, and in Krapívensk County forty schools have been closed and schools of a lower order have been prohibited from being opened. I know that those who closed those schools affirm that these schools existed only nominally and were very bad; but I cannot believe it, because I know well-instructed pupils from three villages, Trósna, Lamíntsovo, and Yásnaya Polyána, where schools were closed. I also know — and this will seem incredible to many — what is meant by prohibiting the opening of schools. It means that, on the basis of a circular of the ministry of public instruction, which spoke of the prohibition of unreliable teachers (this, no doubt, had reference to the Nihilists), the school council transferred this prohibition to the minor schools, taught by sextons, soldiers, and so forth, which the peasants themselves had opened, and which, no doubt, are not at all comprised in the circular. But, instead, there exist twenty schools with teachers, who are supposed to be good because they receive a salary of two hundred roubles in silver, and the County Council has distributed Ushínski's text-books, and these schools are called one-class schools, because they teach in them according to a programme, and the whole year around, that is, also in summer, with the exception of July and August.

Leaving aside the question of the quality of the former schools, we shall now take a glance at their administrative side, and we will compare, from this side, what was before, with what is now. In the administrative, external side of the school there are five main subjects, which are so closely connected with the school business itself that on their good or bad structure depend to a great extent the success and dissemination of popular education. These five subjects are: (1) the school building, (2) the schedule of instruction, (3) the distribution of the schools according to localities, (4) the choice of the

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teacher, and — what is most important — (5) the material means, the remuneration of the teachers.

In regard to the school building the masses rarely have any difficulty, when they start a school for themselves, and if the Commune is rich and there are any communal buildings, such as a storehouse or a deserted inn, the Commune fixes it up; if there is none, it buys a building, at times even from a landed proprietor, or it builds one of its own. If the Commune is not well-to-do and is small, it hires quarters from a peasant, or establishes a rotation, and the teacher passes from hut to hut. If the Commune, as it most generally does, selects a teacher from its own midst, a manorial servant, a soldier, or a church servant, the school is located at the house of that person, and the Commune looks only after the heating. In any case, I have never heard that the question of the location of the school ever troubled a Commune, or that half the sum set aside for instruction should be lost, as is done by school councils, on the buildings, nay, not even one-sixth or one-tenth of the whole sum. The peasant Communes have arranged it one way or another, but the question of the school building has never been regarded as troublesome. Only under the influence of the higher authorities do there occur cases where the Communes build brick buildings with iron roofs. The peasants assume that the school is not in the structure, but in the teacher, and that the school is not a permanent institution, but that as soon as the parents have acquired knowledge, the next generation will get the rudiments without a teacher. But the County Council department of the ministry always assumes — since for it the whole problem consists in inspecting and classifying — that the chief foundation of the school is the structure and that the school is a permanent establishment, and so, as far as I know, now spends about one-half of its money on buildings, and inscribes empty school buildings in the list of the schools

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of the third order. In the Krapívensk County Council seven hundred roubles out of two thousand roubles are spent on buildings. The ministerial department cannot admit that the teacher (that educated pedagogue who is assumed for the masses) would lower himself to such an extent as to be willing to go, like a tailor, from hut to hut, or to teach in a smoky house. But the masses assume nothing and only know that for their money they can hire whom they please, and that, if they, the hiring peasants, live in smoky huts, the hired teacher has no reason to turn up his nose at them.

In regard to the second question, about the division of the school time, the masses have always and everywhere invariably expressed one demand, and that is that the instruction shall be carried on in the winter only.

Everywhere the parents quit sending their children in the spring, and those children who are left in the school, from one-fourth to one-fifth of the whole number, are the little tots or the children of rich parents, and they attend school unwillingly. When the masses hire a teacher themselves, they always hire him by the month and only for the winter. The ministerial department assumes that, just as in the institutions of learning there are two months of vacation, so it ought also to be in a one-class country school. From the standpoint of the ministerial department that is quite reasonable: the children will not forget their instruction, the teacher is provided for during the whole year, and the inspectors find it more comfortable to travel in the summer; but the masses know nothing about all that, and their common sense tells them that in winter the children sleep for ten hours, consequently their minds are fresh; that in winter there are no plays and no work for the children, and that if they study in winter as long as possible, taking in even the evenings, for which a lamp costing one rouble fifty kopeks is needed and kerosene costing as much, there will be enough in-

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struction. Besides, in the summer every boy is of use to the peasant, and in summer proceeds the life instruction, which is more important than school learning. The masses say that there is no reason why they should pay the teacher during the summer. "Rather will we increase his pay for the winter months, and that will please him better. We prefer to hire a teacher at twenty-five roubles a month for seven months, than at twelve roubles a month for the whole year. For the summer the teacher will hire himself out elsewhere."

As to the third question, the distribution of the schools according to localities, the arrangements of the masses most markedly differ from those of the school council. In the first place, the distribution of the schools, that is, whether there shall be more or less of them for a certain locality, always depends on the character of the whole population (when the masses themselves attend to it). Wherever the masses are more industrial and work out, where they are nearer to the cities, where they need the rudiments, — there there are more schools; where the locality is more removed and agricultural, there there are fewer of them. In the second place, when the masses themselves attend to the matter, they distribute the schools in such a way as to give all the parents a chance to make use of the schools in return for their money, that is, to send their children to school. The peasants of small, remote villages of from thirty to forty souls, where half the population will be found, prefer to have a cheap teacher in their own village, than an expensive one in the centre of the township, whither their children cannot walk or be driven. By this distribution of the schools, the schools themselves, as arranged by the peasants, depart, it is true, from the required pattern of the school, but, instead, acquire the most diversified forms, everywhere adapting themselves to local conditions. Here a clerical person from a neighbouring village teaches eight boys at his house, receiving fifty

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kopeks a month from each. Here a small village hires a soldier for eight roubles for the winter, and he goes from house to house. Here a rich innkeeper hires a teacher for his children for five roubles and board, and the neighbouring peasants join him, by adding two roubles for each of their boys. There a large village or a compact township levies fifteen kopeks from each of the twelve hundred souls and hires a teacher for 180 roubles for the winter. There the priest teaches, receiving as a remuneration either money, or labour, or both. The chief difference in this respect between the view of the peasants and that of the County Council is this: the peasants, according to the more or less favourable local conditions, introduce schools of a better or worse quality, but always in such a way that there is not a single locality where some kind of instruction is not offered; while with the arrangement of the County Council a large half of the population is left outside every possibility of partaking of that education even in the distant future.

In matters of the petty villages, forming one-half of the population, the ministerial department acts most decisively. It says: "We provide schools where there is a building and where the peasants of the township have collected enough money to support a teacher at two hundred roubles. We will contribute from the County Council what is wanting, and the school is entered on the lists." The villages that are removed from the school may send their children there, if they so wish. Of course, the peasants do not take their children there, because it is too far, and yet they pay. Thus, in the Yásenets township all pay for three schools, but only 450 souls in three villages make use of the school, though there are in all three thousand souls; thus, only one-seventh of the population makes use of the school, though all pay for it. In the Chermóshen township there are nine hundred souls and there is a school there, but only thirty pupils attend

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it, because all the villages of that township are scattered. To nine hundred souls there ought to be four hundred pupils. And yet, both in the Yásenets and the Chermóshen townships the question of the distribution of schools is regarded as satisfactorily solved.

In matters of the choice of a teacher, the masses are again guided by quite different views from the County Council. In choosing a teacher, the masses look upon him in their own way, and judge him accordingly. If the teacher has been in the neighbourhood, and the masses know what the results of his teaching are, they value him according to these results as a good or as a bad teacher; but, in addition to the scholastic qualities, the masses demand that the teacher shall be a man who stands in close relations to the peasant, able to understand his life and to speak Russian, and so they will always prefer a country to a city teacher. In doing so, the masses have no bias and no antipathy toward any class in particular: he may be a gentleman, official, burgher, soldier, sexton, priest, — that makes no difference so long as he is a simple man and a Russian. For this reason the peasants have no cause for excluding clerical persons, as the County Councils do. The County Councils select their teachers from among strangers, getting them from the cities, while the masses look for them among themselves. But the chief difference in this respect between the view of the Communes and that of the County Council consists in this: the County Council has only one type, — the teacher who has attended pedagogical courses, who has finished a course in a seminary or school, at two hundred roubles; but with the masses, who do not exclude this teacher and appreciate him, if he is good, there are gradations of all kinds of teachers. Besides, with the majority of school councils there are definite favourite types of teachers, for the most part such as are foreign to the masses and antagonistic to them, and other types which

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the school councils dislike. Thus, evidently, the favourite type of many counties of the Government of Túla are lady teachers; the disliked type are the clerical persons, and in the whole of the Túla and Krapívensk counties there is not one school with a teacher from the clergy, which is quite remarkable from an administrative point of view. In Krapívensk County there are fifty parishes. The clerical persons are the cheapest of teachers, because they are permanently settled and for the most part can teach in their own houses with the aid of their wives and daughters, — and these are, it seems, purposely avoided, as though they were very harmful people.

In matters of the remuneration of the teachers, the difference between the view of the masses and that of the County Council has almost all been expressed in the preceding pages. It consists in this: (1) the masses choose a teacher according to their means, and they admit and know from experience that there are teachers at all prices, from two puds of flour a month to thirty roubles a month; (2) teachers are to be remunerated for the winter months, for those during which there can be some instruction; (3) the masses, in the housing of the school as also in matters of the remuneration of the teachers, always know how to find a cheap way: they give flour, hay, the use of carts, eggs, and all kinds of trifles, which are imperceptible to the world at large, but which improve the teacher's condition; (4) above all, a teacher is paid, or is remunerated in addition to the payment, by the parents of the pupils, who pay by the month, or by the whole Commune which enjoys the advantages of the school, and not by the administration that has no direct interest in the matter.

The ministerial department cannot act differently in this respect. The norm of the salary for a model teacher is given, consequently these means have to be got together in some way. For example: a Commune intends to open

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a school, — the township gives it a certain number of kopeks per soul. The County Council calculates how much to add. If there are no demands made by other schools, it gives more, sometimes twice as much as the Commune has given; at times, when all the money has been distributed, it gives less, or entirely refuses to give any. Thus, there is in Krapívensk County a Commune which gives ninety roubles, and the County Council adds to that three hundred roubles for a school with an assistant; and there is another Commune which gives 250 roubles, and the County Council adds another fifty roubles; and a third Commune which offers fifty-six roubles, and the County Council refuses to add anything or to open the school, because that money is insufficient for a normal school, and all the money has been distributed.

Thus, the chief distinctions between the administrative view of the masses and that of the County Council are the following: (1) the County Council pays great attention to the housing and spends large sums upon it, while the masses obviate this difficulty by domestic, economic means, and look upon the primary schools as temporary, passing institutions; (2) the ministerial department demands that instruction be carried on during the whole year, with the exception of July and August, and nowhere introduces evening classes, while the masses demand that instruction be carried on only in the winter and are fond of evening classes; (3) the ministerial department has a definite type of teachers, without which it does not recognize the school, and has a loathing for clerical persons and, in general, for local instructors; the masses recognize no norm and choose their teachers preferably from local inhabitants; (4) the ministerial department distributes the schools by accident, that is, it is guided only by the desire of forming a normal school, and has no care for that greater half of the population which under such a distribution is left outside the school education; the

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masses not only recognize no definite external form of the school, but in the greatest variety of ways get teachers with all kinds of means, arranging worse and cheaper schools with small means and good and expensive schools with greater means, and turn their attention to furnishing all localities with instruction in return for their money; (5) the ministerial department determines one measure of remuneration, which is sufficiently high, and arbitrarily increases the amount from the County Council; the masses demand the greatest possible economy and distribute the remuneration in such a way that those whose children are taught pay directly.

It seems as though it would be superfluous to expatiate on how clearly the common sense of the masses is expressed in these demands, in contradistinction to that artificial structure, in which, at its very birth, they are trying to imprison the business of popular education. Even besides this, the feeling of justice is involuntarily provoked against such an order of things. See what is taking place. The masses have felt the necessity of education, and have begun to work in the direction of attaining their end. In addition to all the taxes which they pay, they have voluntarily imposed upon themselves the tax for education, that is, they have begun to hire teachers. What have we done? "Oh, you are able to pay," we said, "wait, then, for you are stupid and rude. Let us have the money, and we will arrange it for you in the best manner possible."

The masses have given up their money (as I have said, in many County Councils the levy for the schools has been turned directly into a tax). The money was taken, and the education was arranged for them.

I am not going to repeat about the artificiality of the education, but how the whole matter has been arranged. In Krapívensk County there are forty thousand souls, including girls, according to the last census. According

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to Bunyakóvski's table of the distribution of ten thousand of the Orthodox population for the year 1862, there ought to be, of the male sex between six and fourteen years, 1,834, and of the female sex, 1,989, — in all 3,823 to each ten thousand. According to my own observations, there ought to be more, no doubt on account of the increase of the population, so that the average school population may boldly be put at four thousand. In a school there are, on an average, in the large centres, about sixty pupils, and in the smaller, from ten to twenty-five. In order that all may receive instruction, the smaller centres, forming the greater half of the population, need schools for ten, fifteen, and twenty pupils, so that the average of a school, in my opinion, would be not more than thirty pupils. How many schools are, then, needed for sixteen thousand pupils? Divide sixteen thousand by thirty, and we get 530 schools. Let us assume that, although at the opening of the schools all pupils from seven to fifteen years of age will enter, not all will attend regularly for the period of eight years; let us reject one-fourth, that is 130 schools and, consequently, 4,200 pupils. Let us say that there are four hundred schools. Only twenty have been opened. The County Council gives two thousand roubles and has added one thousand roubles, making in all three thousand roubles. From some of the peasants, not from all, fifteen kopeks are levied from each soul, in all about four thousand roubles. On the building of schools seven hundred roubles are spent, and on the pedagogical courses twelve hundred roubles have been used in one year. But let us suppose that the County Council will act quite simply and sensibly, and will not waste money on pedagogical courses and other trifles; let us suppose that all peasants will pay the new school tax of fifteen kopeks, what will the future of this matter be? From the peasants six thousand, from the County Council three thousand, in all nine thousand. Let us assume that

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ten more schools will be added. Nine thousand roubles will barely suffice for the support of these schools, and that only in case the school council will act most prudently and economically. Consequently, with the County Council administration, thirty schools to forty thousand of the population are the highest limit of what the dissemination of the schools in the county may reach. And this limit of the school business can be attained only if the peasants will levy fifteen kopeks on each soul, which is extremely doubtful, and if the disbursement of this money will be in the hands of the peasants, and not of the County Council. I do not speak of the possible increase of three thousand roubles, because this increase of three thousand roubles partly falls back on those same peasants, and on the other hand is not secured by anything, forming only an accidental means. Thus, in order to bring the business of popular education to the state in which it ought to be, that is, in order that there shall be four hundred schools to the forty thousand of the population, and in order that the schools shall not be a toy, but may answer a real want of the masses, there is no other issue than that the peasants be taxed, not fifteen kopeks, but three roubles a soul, in order that the necessary three hundred roubles to each school be obtained. Even then I do not see any reason for thinking that as many schools as are needed would be built.

Do we not see that now, when the simplest arithmetical calculation shows that the only means for the success of the schools is the simplification of methods, the simplicity and cheapness of the arrangement of the school, — the pedagogues are busy, as though having made a wager to concoct a most difficult, most complicated, and expensive (and, I must add, most bad) instruction? In the manuals of Messrs. Bunákov and Evtushévski I have figured up three hundred roubles' worth of aids to instruction which, in their opinion, are absolutely necessary for

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the establishment of a primary school. All they talk about in pedagogical circles is how to prepare improved teachers in the seminaries, so that a village might not be able to get them even for four hundred roubles. On that road of perfection, on which pedagogy stands, it is quite apparent to me that if 120,000 roubles were collected in a county, the pedagogues would find use for them all in twenty schools, with adjustable tables, seminaries for teachers, and so forth. Have we not seen that forty schools were closed in Krapívensk County, and that those who closed them were fully convinced that they thus advanced the cause of education, for now they have twenty "good" schools? But what is most remarkable is that those who express these demands are not in the least interested in knowing whether the masses for whom they are preparing all these things want them, and still less, who is going to pay for it all. But the County Councils are so befogged by these demands that they do not see the simple calculation and the simple justice. It is as though a man asked me to buy him two puds of flour for a month, and I bought him for that rouble a box of perfumed confectionery and reproached him for his ignorance, because he was dissatisfied.

As I wish to remain true to my rule that criticism should point out how that which is not good ought to be, I shall try to show how the whole school business ought to be arranged, if it is not to be a plaything, and is to have a future. The answer is the same as to the first two questions, — freedom. The masses must be given the freedom to arrange their schools as they wish, and as little as possible should any one interfere in their arrangement. Only with such a view of the matter will all the obstacles to the dissemination of the schools be obviated, though they have seemed insuperable. The chief obstacles are the insufficiency of the means and the impossibility of increasing them. To the first the masses reply

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that they are using all the measures at their command to make the schools cost little; to the second they reply that the means will always be found so long as they themselves are the masters, and that they are not willing to increase the means for the support of that which they do not need.

The essential difference between the view of the people and of the ministerial department consists in the following: (1) In the opinion of the masses there is no one definite norm and form of the school, outside and below which the school is not recognized, as is assumed by the ministerial department; a school may be of any kind, either a very good and expensive one, or a very poor and cheap one, but even in a very poor one reading and writing may be learned, and, as in a richer parish a better pope is appointed and a better church built, so also may a better school be built in a wealthy village, and a poorer school in a less well-to-do village; but just as one can pray equally well in a poor or in a rich parish, even so it is with learning. (2) The masses regard as the first condition of their education an even, equal distribution of this education, though it be in its lowest stage, and then only they propose a further, again an even, raising of the level of education, while the ministerial department considers it necessary to give to a certain chosen few, to one-twentieth of the whole number, a specimen of education, to show them how nice it is. (3) The ministerial department, either unable or purposely unwilling to calculate, has raised the educational business to such a high, expensive level, and one which is so foreign to the masses, that considering the high price at which the education is acquired, no issue from that situation can be foreseen, and the number of learners can never be increased; but the masses, who know how to calculate, and who are interested in that calculation, have no doubt long ago figured out what I have pointed out above, and see as clear as

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daylight that those expensive schools, which cost as much as four hundred roubles each, may be good indeed, but are not what they need, and try in every way possible to diminish the expenses for their schools.

What, then, is to be done? How are the County Councils to act in order that this business may not be a plaything and a pastime, but shall have a future? Let them conform with the needs of the masses, and, so far as possible, cheapen and free the forms of the school, and afford the Communes the greatest possible power in the establishment of the schools.

For this it is necessary that the County Councils shall entirely abandon the distribution of the taxes to the schools and the distribution of the schools according to localities, but shall leave this distribution to the peasants themselves. The determination of the pay to the teacher, the hiring, purchase, or building of the house, the choice of place and of the teacher himself, — all that ought to be left to the peasants. The County Council, that is, the school council, should only demand that the Communes inform it where and on what foundations schools have been established, not in order that, upon learning the facts, it shall prohibit them, as is done now, but in order that, learning about the conditions under which the school exists, it may add (if the conditions are in conformity with the demands of the council) from its County Council's sums, for the support of the school newly founded, a certain, definite part of what the school costs the Commune: a half, a third, a fourth, according to the quality of the school and the means and wishes of the County Council. Thus, for example, a village of twenty souls hires a transient man at two roubles a month to teach the children. The school council, that is, a person authorized by it, of whom I shall speak later, upon receiving that information, invites the transient to come to him, asks him what he knows and how he teaches, and, if the

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transient is the least bit educated and does not represent anything harmful, apportions to him the amount determined upon by the County Council, one-half, one-third, or one-fourth, in precisely the same way the school council proceeds in reference to a clerical person hired by the Commune at five roubles per month, or in reference to a teacher hired at fifteen roubles per month. Of course, that is the way the school council acts in reference to the teachers hired by the Communes themselves; but if the Communes turn to the school council, the latter recommends to them teachers under the same conditions. But in doing so the County Council must not forget that there should not be merely teachers at two hundred roubles; the school council should be an employment agency for teachers of every description and of every price, from one rouble to thirty roubles a month. On buildings the school council ought not to spend or add anything, because they are one of the most unproductive items of expense. But the County Council ought not to disdain, as it now does, teachers at two, three, four, five roubles per month and locations in smoky huts or by rotation from farm to farm.

The County Council ought to remember that the prototype of the school, that ideal toward which it ought to tend, is not a stone building with an iron roof, with blackboards and desks, such as we see in model schools, but the very hut in which the peasant lives, with those benches and tables on which he eats, and not a teacher in a Prince Albert or a lady teacher in a chignon, but a male teacher in a caftan and shirt, or a female teacher in a peasant skirt and with a kerchief on her head, and not with one hundred pupils, but with five, six, or ten.

The County Council must have no bias or antipathy for certain types of teachers, as is the case at present. Thus, for example, the Túla County Council just now has a special bias for the type of school-teachers from the gymnasia and clerical schools, and the greater part of

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the schools in Túla County are in their charge. In Krapívensk County there exists a strange antipathy for teachers from the clerical profession, so that in this county, where there are as many as fifty parishes, there is not one clerical person employed as a teacher. The County Council, in proposing a teacher, ought to be guided by two chief considerations: in the first place, that the teacher should be as cheap as possible; in the second, that by his education he should stand as near to the masses as possible. Only thanks to the opposite view on the matter can be explained such an inexplicable phenomenon as that in Krapívensk County (almost the same is true of the whole Government and of the majority of Governments) there are fifty parishes and twenty schools, and that for these twenty schools there is not a single clerical teacher, although there is not a parish where a priest, or a deacon, or a sexton, or their daughters and wives could not be found, who would not be glad to do the teaching for one-fourth the pay that the teachers coming from the city would be willing to take.

But I shall be told: What kind of schools will those be with bigots, drunken soldiers, expelled scribes, and sextons? And what control can there be over those formless schools? To this I will reply that, in the first place, these teachers, bigots, soldiers, and sextons are not so bad as they are imagined to be. In my school practice I often had to do with pupils from these schools, and some of them could read fluently and write beautifully, and soon abandoned the bad habits which they brought with them from those schools. All of us know peasants who have learned the rudiments in such schools, and it cannot be said that this learning was useless or injurious. In the second place, I will say that teachers of that calibre are especially bad because they are quite abandoned in the backwoods and teach without any aid or instruction, and that now there is not to be found a single one of the old

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teachers who would not tell you with regret that he does not know the new methods and has himself learned for copper pence, and that many of them, especially the younger church servants, are quite willing to learn the new methods. These teachers ought not to be rejected without further ado as absolutely worthless. There are among them better and worse teachers (and I have seen some very capable ones). They ought to be compared; the better of them ought to be selected, encouraged, brought together with other better teachers, and instructed, — which is quite feasible and precisely the thing in which the duty of the school council is to consist.

But how are they to be controlled, watched, and taught, if they breed by the hundred in each county? In my opinion the work of the County Council and school council ought to consist in nothing but watching the pedagogical side of the business, and that is feasible, if these means will be taken: in every County Council, which has taken upon itself the duty of the dissemination of popular education, or the coöperation with it, there ought to be one person — whether it be an unpaid member of the school council, or a man at a salary of not less than one thousand roubles, hired by the County Council — who is to attend to the pedagogical side of the business in the county. That person ought to have a general, fresh education within the limits of a gymnasium course, that is, he must know Russian thoroughly and Church-Slavic partly, arithmetic and algebra thoroughly, and be a teacher, that is, know the practice of pedagogy. This person must be freshly educated, because I have observed that frequently the information of a man who has long ago finished his course even in a university, and who has not refreshed his education, is insufficient, not only for the guidance of teachers, but even for the examination of a village school. This person must by all means be a teacher himself in the same locality, in order

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that in his demands and instructions he may always have in view that pedagogical material with which the other teachers have to deal, and that he may sustain in himself that live relation to reality which is the chief preservative against error and delusion. If a County Council does not possess such a man and does not wish to employ one, it has, in my opinion, absolutely nothing to do with the popular education, except to give money, because every interference with the administrative side of the matter, in the way it is done now, can only be injurious.

This member of the County Council, or the educated person hired by it, must have the best model school, with an assistant, in the county. In addition to conducting this school and applying to it all the newest methods of instruction, this head teacher ought to keep an eye on all the other schools. This school is not to be a model in the sense of introducing into it all kinds of cubes and pictures and all kinds of nonsense invented by the Germans, but the teacher in this school should experiment on just such peasant children as the other schools consist of, in order to determine the simplest methods which may be adopted by the majority of the teachers, sextons, and soldiers, who form the bulk of all the schools. Since with the arrangement which I propose there will certainly be formed large complete schools in the larger centres (as I think, in the proportion of one to twenty of all the other schools), and in these large schools the teachers will be of a grade of education equal to that of the seminarists who have finished a course in a theological school, the head teacher will visit all these larger schools, bring together these teachers on Sundays, point out to them the defects, propose new methods, give counsel and books for their own education, and invite them to his school on Sundays. The library of the head teacher ought to consist of several copies of the Bible, of Church-Slavic and Russian grammars, arithmetic, and algebra. The head

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teacher, whenever he has time, will visit also the small schools and invite their teachers to come to see him; but the duty of watching the minor teachers is imposed on the older teachers, who just in the same way visit their district and invite those teachers to come to see them on Sundays and on week-days. The County Council either pays the teachers for travelling, or, in adding its portion to what the Communes levy, makes it a condition that the Communes furnish transportation. The meetings of the teachers and the visits in similar or better schools are one of the chief conditions for the successful conduct of the business of education, and so the County Council ought to direct its main attention to the organization of these meetings, and not spare any money for them.

Besides, in the large schools, where there will be more than fifty pupils, there ought to be chosen, instead of the assistants which they now have, such of the pupils, of either sex, as show marked ability for a teacher's calling, and they should be made assistants, two or three in each school. These assistants should receive a salary of fifty kopeks to one rouble per month, and the teacher should work with them separately in the evenings, so that they may not fall behind the others. These assistants, chosen from among the best, are to form the future teachers, to take the place of the lowest in the minor schools.

Naturally the organization of these teachers' meetings, both for the smaller and the larger schools, and the head teacher's visits of inspection, and the formation of teachers from pupils acting as assistants may take place in a large variety of ways; the main point is that the surveillance of any number of schools (even though it may reach the norm of one school to every one hundred souls) is possible in this manner. With such an arrangement the teachers of both the large and the small schools will feel that their labours are appreciated, that they have not buried themselves in the backwoods without hope of salvation,

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that they have companions and guides, and that in the matter of instruction, both for their own further education and for the improvement of their situation, they have means for advancement. With such an arrangement, the devotee and the sexton who are able to learn will learn; while those who are unable or unwilling to do so will be replaced by some one else.

The time of instruction ought to be, as is the wish of all peasants, during the seven winter months, and so the salary is to be determined by the month. With such an arrangement, leaving out the rapidity and the equal distribution of education, the advantage will be this, that the schools will be established in those centres where the necessity for them is felt by the masses, where they are established spontaneously and, therefore, firmly. Where the character of the population demands education it will be permanent. Just look: in the towns, the children of the innkeepers and well-to-do peasants learn to read in one way or another and never forget what they have learned; but in the backwoods, where a landed proprietor founds a school, the children learn well, but in ten years all is forgotten, and the population is as illiterate as ever. For this reason the centres, large or small, where the schools are established spontaneously, are particularly precious. Where such a school has germinated, no matter how poor it be, it will throw out roots, and sooner or later the population will be able to read and write. Consequently, these sprouts ought to be deemed precious, and not be treated, as they are everywhere, — they ought not to be forbidden, because the schools are not according to our taste, that is, the sprouts ought not to be killed, and branches stuck in the ground where they will not take root.

With merely such an arrangement, without the establishment of costly and artificial seminaries, the chosen ones — those selected from the best of the pupils them-

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selves, and those who are educated in the schools — will form that contingent of cheap popular teachers who will take the place of the soldiers and sextons and will fully satisfy all the demands of the masses and of the educated classes. The chief advantage of such an arrangement is that it alone gives the development of popular education a future, that is, takes us out from that blind alley into which the County Councils have gone, thanks to the expensive schools and to the absence of new sources for the increase of their numbers. Only when the masses themselves choose the centres for the schools, themselves choose teachers, determine the amount of the remuneration, and directly enjoy the advantages of the schools, will they be ready to add means for the schools if such should become necessary. I know Communes that paid fifty kopeks a soul for a school in each of their villages; but it is difficult to compel the peasants to pay fifteen kopeks for a school in the township, if not all of them can make use of it. For the whole county, for the County Council, the peasants will not add a single kopek, because they feel that they will not enjoy the advantages of their money. Only with such an arrangement will be found soon the means for the proper maintenance of all schools, of one to each one hundred souls, which seems so impossible in the present state of affairs.

In addition to this, with the arrangement which I propose, the interests of the peasant Communes and of the County Council, as the representative of the intelligence of the locality, will indissolubly be connected. Let us say that the County Council gives one-third of what the peasants give. In furnishing this amount, it will evidently, in one way or another, see to it that the money is not wasted, and, consequently, will also keep an eye on the two-thirds given by the peasant Communes. The peasant Commune sees that the County Council gives its part, and so admits the right of the Council to follow the

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progress of the instruction. At the same time, it has an object-lesson in the difference which exists between a school maintained at a smaller and that maintained at a greater expense, and chooses the one which it needs or which is more accessible to it in accordance with its means.

I will again take Krapívensk County, with which I am familiar, to show what difference the proposed arrangement would make. I cannot have the slightest doubt that the moment permission is granted to open schools, wherever wanted and of any description desired, there will at once appear very many schools. I am convinced that in Krapívensk County, in which there are fifty parishes, there will always be a school in each parish, because the parishes are always centres of population, and because among the church servants there will always be found one who is capable of teaching, likes to teach, and will find his advantage in it. In addition to the schools maintained by the church servants there will be opened those forty schools that have been closed (more correctly thirty, because ten of them were church schools), and there will be opened very many new schools, so that in a very short time there will be not far from four hundred instead of the twenty at present.

I may be believed or not, but I will assume that in Krapívensk County 380 additional schools will be opened, the moment they are given over to the masses, so that there will be four hundred in all, and I will try to determine whether the existence of these four hundred schools, that is, of twenty times as many as at present, is possible under the conditions which I have assumed in discussing the existing order.

Assuming that all peasants pay fifteen kopeks per soul, and the County Council gives three thousand roubles, there will be nine thousand roubles, which will suffice only for thirty schools with the former arrangement. But with the new arrangement:

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I assume that ten of the old schools are left intact; in these schools the teachers get twenty roubles per month, which, for the seven winter months, amounts to fourteen hundred roubles.

I assume that in every parish there will be established a school with the teacher's salary at five roubles per month, which, for fifty schools, amounts to 1,750 roubles.

I assume the remaining 340 schools are of the cheap character, at two roubles per month; fifteen roubles for each of the 340 schools makes 5,100 roubles.

Thus the four hundred schools will demand an expenditure in salaries amounting to 8,250 roubles. There are still left 750 roubles for school appliances and transportation.

The figures for the teachers' wages are not chosen arbitrarily by me: on the other hand, the expensive teachers are given a larger salary than they now get by the month for the whole year. Even so, the amount apportioned to the church servants is what they now receive in the majority of cases. But the cheap schools at two roubles per mouth are assumed by me at a higher rate than what the peasants in reality pay, so that the calculation may boldly be accepted. In this calculation is included the kernel of ten chief teachers and ten or more church servant teachers. It is evident that only with such a calculation will the school business be placed on a serious and possible basis and have a clear and definite future.

If what I have pointed out does not convince anybody that will mean that I did not express clearly what I wanted to say, and do not wish to enter into any disputes with anybody. I know that no deaf people are so hopeless as those who do not want to hear. I know how it is with farmers. A new threshing-machine has been bought at a great expense, and it is put up and started threshing. It threshes miserably, no matter how you set the

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screw; it threshes badly, and the grain falls into the straw. There is a loss, and it is as clear as can be that the machine ought to be abandoned and another means be employed for threshing, but the money has been spent and the threshing-machine is put up. "Let her thresh," says the master. Precisely the same thing will happen with this matter. I know that for a long time to come there will flourish the object instruction, and cubes, and buttons instead of arithmetic, and hissing and sputtering, in teaching the letters, and twenty expensive schools of the German pattern, instead of the needed four hundred popular, cheap schools. But I know just as surely that the common sense of the Russian nation will not permit this false, artificial system of instruction to be foisted upon it.

The masses are the chief, interested person and the judge, and now do not pay a particle of attention to our more or less ingenious discussions about the manner in which the spiritual food of education is best to be prepared for them. They do not care, because they are firmly convinced that in the great business of their mental development they will not make a false step and will not accept what is bad, — and it would be like making pease stick to the wall to attempt to educate, direct, and teach them in the German fashion.

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WHAT MEN LIVE BY

1881

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WHAT MEN LIVE BY

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. (First Ep. of John, iii. 14.)

But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his heart from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? (*Ib.* iii. 17.)

My children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth. (*Ib.* iii. 18.)

Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. (*Ib.* iv. 7.)

He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. (*Ib.* iv. 8.)

No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us. (*Ib.* iv. 12.)

God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. (*Ib.* iv. 16.)

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen. (*Ib.* iv. 20.)

I.

A SHOEMAKER was lodging with his wife and children at the house of a peasant. He had no house, no land of his own, and supported his family by his shoemaker's trade. Bread was dear, but work was cheap, and he spent everything he made. The shoemaker and his wife had one fur coat between them, and even that was all worn to tatters; this was the second year that the shoemaker had been meaning to buy a sheepskin for a new fur coat.

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Toward fall the shoemaker had saved some money: three roubles in paper lay in his wife's coffer, and five roubles and twenty kopeks were outstanding in the village.

In the morning the shoemaker went to the village to get him that fur coat. He put on his wife's wadded nankeen jacket over his shirt, and over it his cloth caftan; he put the three-rouble bill into his pocket, broke off a stick, and started after breakfast. He thought:

"I shall get the five roubles from the peasant, will add my own three, and with that will buy me a sheepskin for the fur coat."

The shoemaker came to the village, and called on the peasant: he was not at home, and his wife promised to send her husband with the money, but gave him none herself. He went to another peasant, but the peasant swore that he had no money, and gave him only twenty kopeks for mending a pair of boots. The shoemaker made up his mind to take the sheepskin on credit, but the furrier would not give it to him.

"Bring me the money," he said, "and then you can choose any you please; we know what it means to collect debts."

Thus the shoemaker accomplished nothing. All he got was the twenty kopeks for the boots he had mended, and a peasant gave him a pair of felt boots to patch with leather.

The shoemaker was grieved, spent all the twenty kopeks on vódka, and started home without the fur coat. In the morning it had seemed frosty to him, but now that he had drunk a little he felt warm even without the fur coat. The shoemaker walked along, with one hand striking the stick against the frozen mud clumps, and swinging the felt boots in the other, and talking to himself.

"I am warm even without a fur coat," he said. "I have drunk a cup, and the vódka is coursing through all

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my veins. I do not need a sheepskin. I have forgotten my woe. That's the kind of a man I am! What do I care! I can get along without a fur coat: I do not need it all the time. The only trouble is the old woman will be sorry. It is a shame indeed: I work for him, and he leads me by the nose. Just wait! If you do not bring the money, I'll take away your cap, upon my word, I will! How is this? He pays me back two dimes at a time! What can you do with two dimes? Take a drink, that is all. He says he suffers want. You suffer want, and am I not suffering? You have a house, and cattle, and everything, and here is all I possess; you have your own grain, and I have to buy it. I may do as I please, but I have to spend three roubles a week on bread. I come home, and the bread is gone: again lay out a rouble and a half! So give me what is mine!"

Thus the shoemaker came up to a chapel at the turn of the road, and there he saw something that looked white, right near the chapel. It was growing dusk, and the shoemaker strained his eyes, but could not make out what it was.

"There was no stone here," he thought. "A cow? It does not look like a cow. It looks like the head of a man, and there is something white besides. And what should a man be doing there?"

He came nearer, and he could see plainly. What marvel was that? It was really a man, either alive or dead, sitting there all naked, leaning against the chapel, and not stirring in the least. The shoemaker was frightened, and thought to himself:

"Somebody must have killed a man, and stripped him of his clothes, and thrown him away there. If I go up to him, I shall never clear myself."

And the shoemaker went past. He walked around the chapel, and the man was no longer to be seen. He went past the chapel, and looked back, and saw the man lean-

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ing away from the building and moving, as though watching him. The shoemaker was frightened even more than before, and he thought to himself:

"Shall I go up to him, or not? If I go up, something bad may happen. Who knows what kind of a man he is? He did not get there for anything good. If I go up, he will spring at me and choke me, and I shall not get away from him; and if he does not choke me, I may have trouble with him all the same. What can I do with him, since he is naked? Certainly I cannot take off the last from me and give it to him! May God save me!"

And the shoemaker increased his steps. He was already a distance away from the chapel, when his conscience began to smite him.

And the shoemaker stopped on the road.

"What are you doing, Semén?" he said to himself. "A man is dying in misery, and you go past him and lose your courage. Have you suddenly grown so rich? Are you afraid that they will rob you of your wealth? Oh, Semén, it is not right!"

Semén turned back, and went up to the man.

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II.

Semén walked over to the man, and looked at him; and saw that it was a young man, in the prime of his strength, with no bruises on his body, but evidently frozen and frightened: he was leaning back and did not look at Semén, as though he were weakened and could not raise his eyes. Semén went up close to him, and the man suddenly seemed to wake up. He turned his head, opened his eyes, and looked at Semén. And this one glance made Semén think well of the man. He threw down the felt boots, ungirt himself, put his belt on the boots, and took off his caftan.

"What is the use of talking?" he said. "Put it on! Come now!"

Semén took the man by his elbows and began to raise him. The man got up. And Semén saw that his body was soft and clean, his hands and feet not calloused, and his face gentle. Semén threw his caftan over the man's shoulders. He could not find his way into the sleeves. So Semén put them in, pulled the caftan on him, wrapped him in it, and girded it with the belt.

Semén took off his torn cap, intending to put it on the naked man, but his head grew cold, and so he thought: "My whole head is bald, while he has long, curly hair." He put it on again. "I had better put the boots on him."

He seated himself and put the felt boots on him.

The shoemaker addressed him and said:

"That's the way, my friend! Now move about and get warmed up. This business will be looked into without us. Can you walk?"

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The man stood, looking meekly at Semén, but could not say a word.

"Why don't you speak? You can't stay here through the winter. We must make for a living place. Here, take my stick, lean on it, if you are weak. Tramp along!"

And the man went. And he walked lightly, and did not fall behind.

As they were walking along, Semén said to him:

"Who are you, please?"

"I am a stranger."

"I know all the people here about. How did you get near that chapel?"

"I cannot tell."

"Have people insulted you?"

"No one has. God has punished me."

"Of course, God does everything, but still you must be making for some place. Whither are you bound?"

"It makes no difference to me."

Semén was surprised. He did not resemble an evil-doer, and was gentle of speech, and yet did not say anything about himself. And Semén thought that all kinds of things happen, and so he said to the man:

"Well, come to my house and warm yourself a little."

Semén walked up to the farm, and the stranger did not fall behind, but walked beside him. A wind rose and blew into Semén's shirt, and his intoxication went away, and he began to feel cold. He walked along, sniffling, and wrapping himself in his wife's jacket, and he thought:

"There is your fur coat: I went to get myself a fur coat, and I am coming back without a caftan, and am even bringing a naked man with me. Matréna will not praise me for it!"

And as Semén thought of Matréna, he felt sorry; and as he looked at the stranger and recalled how he had looked at him at the chapel, his blood began to play in his heart.

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III.

SEMÉN'S wife got things done early. She chopped the wood, brought the water, fed the children, herself took a bite of something, and fell to musing. She was thinking about when to set the bread, whether to-day or to-morrow. There was a big slice of it left.

"If Semén has his dinner there," she thought, "and does not eat much for supper, the bread will last until to-morrow."

Matréna turned the slice around and a second time, and thought:

"I will not set any bread to-day. I have enough meal for just one setting. We shall somehow hold out until Friday."

Matréna put the bread away, and seated herself at the table to put a patch in her husband's shirt. She was sewing and thinking of how he would buy a sheepskin for a fur coat.

"If only the furrier does not cheat him, for my man is too simple for anything. He himself will not cheat a soul, but a little child can deceive him. Eight roubles is no small sum. One can pick up a good fur coat for it. It will not be tanned, still it will be a fur coat. How we suffered last winter without a fur coat! We could not get down to the river, or anywhere. And there he has gone out, putting everything on him, and I have nothing to dress in. He went away early; it is time for him to be back. If only my dear one has not gone on a spree!"

Just as Matréna was thinking this, the steps creaked

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on the porch, and somebody entered. Matréna stuck the needle in the cloth, and went out into the vestibule. She saw two coming in: Semén, and with him a man without a cap and in felt boots.

Matréna at once smelt the liquor in her husband's breath. "Well," she thought, "so it is: he has been on a spree." And when she saw that he was without his caftan, in nothing but the jacket, and that he was not bringing anything, but only keeping silent and crouching, something broke in Matréna's heart. "He has spent all the money in drinks," she thought, "and has been on a spree with some tramp, and has even brought him along."

Matréna let them pass into the hut, and then stepped in herself. She saw the lean young man, and he had on him their caftan. No shirt was to be seen under the caftan, and he had no hat on his head. When he entered, he stood still, and did not stir, and did not raise his eyes. And Matréna thought: "He is not a good man,—he is afraid."

Matréna scowled and went to the oven, waiting to see what would happen.

Semén took off his cap and sat down on the bench like a good man.

"Well, Matréna, will you let us have something for supper, will you?" he said.

Matréna growled something under her breath. She stood at the oven, and did not stir: she looked now at the one, and now at the other, and shook her head. Semén saw that his wife was not in a good humour, but there was nothing to be done, and he acted as though he did not see it. He took the stranger by the arm:

"Sit down, my friend," he said, "we shall have our supper."

The stranger sat down on the bench.

"Well, have you not cooked anything?"

That simply roiled Matréna.

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"I have cooked, but not for you. You seem to have drunk away your senses, I see. You went to get a fur coat, and come back without your caftan, and have even brought some kind of a naked tramp with you. I have no supper for you drunkards."

"Stop, Matréna! What is the use of wagging your tongue without any sense? First ask what kind of a man it is —"

"Tell me what you did with the money."

Semén stuck his hand into the caftan, took out the bill, and opened it before her.

"Here is the money. Trifónov has not paid me, — he promised to give it to me to-morrow."

That enraged Matréna even more: he had bought no fur coat, and the only caftan they had he had put on a naked fellow, and had even brought him along.

She grabbed the bill from the table, and ran to put it away, and said:

"I have no supper. One cannot feed all the drunkards."

"Oh, Matréna, hold your tongue. First hear what I have to say —"

"Much sense shall I hear from a drunken fool. With good reason did I object to marrying you, a drunkard. My mother gave me some linen, and you spent it on drinks; you went to buy a fur coat, and spent that, too."

Semén wanted to explain to his wife that he had spent twenty kopeks only, and wanted to tell her that he had found the man; but Matréna began to break in with anything she could think of, and to speak two words at once. Even what had happened ten years before, she brought up to him now.

Matréna talked and talked, and jumped at Semén, and grabbed him by the sleeve.

"Give me my jacket. That is all I have left, and you have taken it from me and put it on yourself. Give it to me, you freckled dog, — may the apoplexy strike you!"

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Semén began to take off the bodice; as he turned back his arm, his wife gave the bodice a jerk, and it ripped at the seam. Matréna grabbed the jacket, threw it over her head, and made for the door. She wanted to go out, but stopped: her heart was doubled, for she wanted to have her revenge, and also to find out what kind of a man he was.

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IV.

MATRÉNA stopped and said:

"If he were a good man, he would not be naked; but, as it is, he has not even a shirt on him. If he meant anything good, you would tell me where you found that dandy."

"I am telling you: as I was walking along, I saw him sitting at the chapel, without any clothes, and almost frozen. It is not summer, and he was all naked. God sent me to him, or he would have perished. Well, what had I to do? All kinds of things happen! I picked him up and dressed him, and brought him here. Calm yourself! It is a sin, Matréna. We shall all die."

Matréna wanted to go on scolding, but she looked at the stranger and kept silence. The stranger sat without moving, just as he had seated himself on the edge of the bench. His hands were folded on his knees, his head drooped on his breast, his eyes were not opened, and he frowned as though something were choking him. Matréna grew silent. And Semén said:

"Matréna, have you no God?"

When Matréna heard these words, she glanced at the stranger, and suddenly her heart became softened. She went away from the door, walked over to the oven corner, and got the supper ready. She placed a bowl on the table, filled it with kvas, and put down the last slice of bread. She handed them a knife and spoons.

"Eat, if you please," she said.

Semén touched the stranger.

"Creep through here, good fellow!" he said.

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Semén cut up the bread and crumbled it into the kvas, and they began to eat. And Matréna sat down at the corner of the table, and leaned on her arm, and kept looking at the stranger.

And Matréna pitied the stranger, and took a liking for him. And suddenly the stranger grew merry, stopped frowning, raised his eyes on Matréna, and smiled.

They got through with their supper. The woman cleared the table, and began to ask the stranger:

"Who are you?"

"I am a stranger."

"How did you get on the road?"

"I cannot tell."

"Has somebody robbed you?"

"God has punished me."

"And you were lying there naked?"

"Yes, I was lying naked, and freezing. Semén saw me, took pity on me, pulled off his caftan, put it on me, and told me to come here. And you have given me to eat and to drink, and have pitied me. The Lord will save you!"

Matréna got up, took from the window Semén's old shirt, the same that she had been patching, and gave it to the stranger; and she found a pair of trousers, and gave them to him.

"Here, take it! I see that you have no shirt. Put it on, and lie down wherever it pleases you, — on the hanging bed or on the oven."

The stranger took off the caftan, put on the shirt, and lay down on the hanging bed. Matréna put out the light, took the caftan, and climbed to where her husband was.

Matréna covered herself with the corner of the caftan, and she lay and could not sleep: the stranger would not leave her mind.

As she thought how he had eaten the last slice of bread

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and how there would be no bread for the morrow; as she thought how she had given him a shirt and a pair of trousers, she felt pretty bad; but when she thought of how he smiled, her heart was gladdened.

Matréna could not sleep for a long time, and she heard that Semén, too, was not sleeping; he kept pulling the caftan on himself.

"Semén!"

"What is it?"

"We have eaten up the last bread, and I have not set any. I do not know what to do for to-morrow. Maybe I had better ask Gossip Malánya for some."

"If we are alive we shall find something to eat."

The woman lay awhile and kept silence.

"He must be a good man. But why does he not tell about himself?"

"I suppose he cannot."

"Semén!"

"What?"

"We give, but why does nobody give to us?"

Semén did not know what to say. He only said, "Stop talking!" and turned over, and fell asleep.

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V.

In the morning Semén awoke. The children were asleep; his wife had gone to the neighbours to borrow some bread. The stranger of last night, in the old trousers and shirt, was alone, sitting on the bench and looking upward. And his face was brighter than on the day before.

And Semén said:

"Well, dear man, the belly begs for bread, and the naked body for clothes. We must earn our living. Can you work?"

"I do not know anything."

Semén wondered at him, and said:

"If only you are willing: people can learn anything."

"People work, and I, too, will work."

"What is your name?"

"Michael."

"Well, Mikháyla, you do not want to talk about yourself, — that is your business; but a man has to live. If you work as I order you, I will feed you."

"God save you, and I will learn. Show me what to do!"

Semén took the flax, put it on his fingers and began to make an end.

"It is not a hard thing to do, you see."

Mikháyla watched him, himself put the flax on his fingers, and made a thread end, as Semén had taught him.

Semén showed him how to wax it. Mikháyla again learned the way at once. The master showed him how to weld the bristle, and how to whet, and Mikháyla learned it all at once.

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No matter what work Semén showed to him, he grasped it at once, and on the third day he began to sew as though he had done nothing else in all his life. He worked without unbending himself, ate little, between the periods of work kept silence, and all the time looked toward the sky. He did not go into the street, spoke no superfluous word, and did not jest or laugh.

Only once was he seen to smile, and that was the first evening, when the woman gave him a supper.

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VI.

Day was added to day, week to week, and the circle of a year went by. Mikháyla was living as before with Semén, and working. And the report spread about Semén's workman that nobody sewed a boot so neatly and so strongly as he. And people from all the surrounding country began to come to Semén for boots, and Semén's income began to grow.

One time, in the winter, Semén was sitting with Mikháyla and working, when a tróyka with bells stopped at the door. They looked through the window: the carriage had stopped opposite the hut, and a fine lad jumped down from the box and opened the carriage door. Out of the carriage stepped a gentleman in a fur coat. He came out of the carriage, walked toward Semén's house, and went on the porch. Up jumped Matréna and opened the door wide. The gentleman bent his head and entered the hut; he straightened himself up, almost struck the ceiling with his head, and took up a whole corner.

Semén got up, bowed to the gentleman, and wondered what he wanted. He had not seen such men. Semén himself was spare-ribbed, and Mikháyla was lean, and Matréna was as dry as a chip, while this one was like a man from another world: his face was red and blood-filled, his neck like a bull's, and altogether he looked as though cast in iron.

The gentleman puffed, took off his fur coat, seated himself on a bench, and said:

"Who is the master shoemaker?"

Semén stepped forward, and said:

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"I, your Excellency."

The gentleman shouted to his lad:

"Oh, Fédka, let me have the material!"

The lad came running in and brought a bundle. The gentleman took it and put it on the table.

"Open it!" he said.

The lad opened it. The gentleman pointed to the material, and said to Semén:

"Listen now, shoemaker! Do you see the material?"

"I do," he said, "your Honour."

"Do you understand what kind of material this is?"

Semén felt of it, and said:

"It is good material."

"I should say it is! You, fool, have never seen such before. It is German material: it costs twenty roubles."

Semén was frightened, and he said:

"How could we have seen such?"

"That's it. Can you make me boots to fit my feet from this material?"

"I can, your Honour."

The gentleman shouted at him:

"That's it: you can. You must understand for whom you are working, and what material you have to work on. Make me a pair of boots that will wear a year without running down or ripping. If you can, undertake it and cut the material; if you cannot, do not undertake it and do not cut the material. I tell you in advance: if the boots wear off or rip before the year is over, I will put you into jail; if they do not wear off or rip for a year, I will give you ten roubles for the work."

Semén was frightened and did not know what to say. He looked at Mikháyla. He nudged him with his elbow, and said:

"Friend, what do you say?"

Mikháyla nodded to him: "Take the work!"

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Semén took Mikháyla's advice and undertook to make a pair of boots that would not wear down or rip.

The gentleman shouted at his lad, told him to pull off the boot from his left foot, and stretched out his leg.

"Take the measure!"

Semén sewed together a piece of paper, ten inches in length, smoothed it out, knelt down, carefully wiped his hand on his apron so as not to soil the gentleman's stocking, and began to measure. He measured the sole, then the instep, and then the calf, but there the paper was not long enough. His leg at the calf was as thick as a log.

"Be sure and do not make them too tight in the bootleg!"

Semén sewed up another piece to the strip. The gentleman sat and moved his toes in his stocking, and watched the people in the room. He caught sight of Mikháyla.

"Who is that man there?" he asked.

"That is my master workman, — he will make those boots."

"Remember," said the gentleman to Mikháyla, "remember! Make them so that they will wear a year."

Semén, too, looked at Mikháyla, and he saw that Mikháyla was not looking at the gentleman, but gazed at the corner, as though he saw some one there. Mikháyla looked and looked, suddenly smiled and shone bright.

"What makes you show your teeth, fool? You had better be sure and get the boots in time."

And Mikháyla said:

"They will be done in time."

"Exactly."

The gentleman put on his boot and his fur coat, and wrapped himself up, and went to the door. He forgot to bow down, and hit his head against the lintel.

The gentleman cursed awhile, and rubbed his head, and seated himself in the carriage, and drove away.

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When the gentleman was gone, Semén said:

"He is mighty flinty! You can't kill him with a club. He has knocked out the lintel, but he himself took little harm."

And Matréna said:

"How can he help being smooth, with the life he leads? Even death will not touch such a sledge-hammer!"

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VII.

And Semén said to Mikháyla:

"To be sure, we have undertaken to do the work, if only we do not get into trouble! The material is costly, and the gentleman is cross. I hope we shall not make a blunder. Your eyes are sharper, and your hands are nimbler than mine, so take this measure! Cut the material, and I will put on the last stitches."

Mikháyla did not disobey him, but took the gentleman's material, spread it out on the table, doubled it, took the scissors, and began to cut.

Matréna came up and saw Mikháyla cutting, and was wondering at what he was doing. Matréna had become used to the shoemaker's trade, and she looked, and saw that Mikháyla was not cutting the material in shoemaker fashion, but in a round shape.

Matréna wanted to say something, but thought: "Perhaps I do not understand how boots have to be made for a gentleman; no doubt Mikháyla knows better, and I will not interfere."

Mikháyla cut the pair, and picked up the end, and began to sew, not in shoemaker fashion, with the two ends meeting, but with one end, like soft shoes.

Again Matréna marvelled, but did not interfere. And Mikháyla kept sewing and sewing. They began to eat their dinner, and Semén saw that Mikháyla had made a pair of soft shoes from the gentleman's material.

Semén heaved a sigh. "How is this?" he thought. "Mikháyla has lived with me a whole year, and has never made a mistake, and now he has made such trouble for me. The gentleman ordered boots with long boot-legs,

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and he has made soft shoes, without soles, and has spoiled the material. How shall I now straighten it out with the master? No such material can be found."

And he said to Mikháyla:

"What is this, dear man, that you have done? You have ruined me. The master has ordered boots, and see what you have made!"

He had just begun to scold Mikháyla, when there was a rattle at the door ring, — some one was knocking. They looked through the window: there was there a man on horseback, and he was tying up his horse. They opened the door: in came the same lad of that gentleman.

"Good day!"

"Good day, what do you wish?"

"The lady has sent me about the boots."

"What about the boots?"

"What about the boots? Our master does not need them. Our master has bid us live long."

"You don't say!"

"He had not yet reached home, when he died in his carriage. The carriage drove up to the house, and the servants came to help him out, but he lay as heavy as a bag, and was stiff and dead, and they had a hard time taking him out from the carriage. So the lady has sent me, saying: 'Tell the shoemaker that a gentleman came to see him, and ordered a pair of boots, and left the material for them; well, tell him that the boots are not wanted, but that he should use the leather at once for a pair of soft shoes. Wait until they make them, and bring them with you.' And so that is why I have come."

Mikháyla took the remnants of the material from the table, rolled them up, and took the soft shoes which he had made, and clapped them against each other, and wiped them off with his apron, and gave them to the lad. The lad took the soft shoes.

"Good-bye, masters, good luck to you!"

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VIII.

THERE passed another year, and a third, and Mikháyla was now living the sixth year with Semén. He was living as before. He went nowhere, did not speak an unnecessary word, and in all that time had smiled but twice: once, when they gave him the supper, and the second time when the gentleman came. Semén did not get tired admiring his workman. He no longer asked him where he came from; he was only afraid that Mikháyla might leave him.

One day they were sitting at home. The housewife was putting the iron pots into the oven, and the children were running on the benches, and looking out of the window. Semén was sharpening his knives at one window, and Mikháyla was heeling a shoe at the other.

One of the little boys ran up to Mikháyla on the bench, leaned against his shoulder, and looked out of the window.

"Uncle Mikháyla, look there: a merchant woman is coming to us with some little girls. One of the girls is lame."

When the boy said that, Mikháyla threw down his work, turned to the window, and looked out into the street.

And Semén marvelled. Mikháyla had never before looked into the street, and now he had rushed to the window, and was gazing at something. Semén, too, looked out of the window: he saw, indeed, a woman who was walking over to his yard. She was well dressed, and led two little girls in fur coats and shawls. The girls looked one like the other, so that it was hard to tell them apart,

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only one had a maimed left leg, — she walked with a limp.

The woman walked up the porch to the vestibule, felt for the entrance, pulled at the latch, and opened the door. First she let the two girls in, and then entered herself.

"Good day, people!"

"You are welcome! What do you wish?"

The woman seated herself at the table. The girls pressed close to her knees: they were timid before the people.

"I want you to make some leather boots for the girls for the spring."

"Well, that can be done. We have not made such small shoes, but we can do it. We can make sharp-edged shoes, or turnover shoes on linen. Mikháyla is my master."

Semén looked around at Mikháyla, and he saw that Mikháyla had put away his work and was sitting and gazing at the girls.

And Semén marvelled at Mikháyla. Indeed, the girls were pretty: black-eyed, chubby, ruddy-faced, and the fur coats and shawls which they had on were fine; but still Semén could not make out why he was gazing at them as though they were friends of his.

Semén marvelled, and began to talk with the woman and to bargain. They came to an agreement, and he took the measures. The woman took the lame girl on her knees, and said:

"For this girl take two measures: make one shoe for the lame foot, and three for the sound foot. They have the same size of feet, exactly alike. They are twins."

Semén took the measure, and he said about the lame girl:

"What has made her lame? She is such a pretty girl. Was she born this way?"

"No, her mother crushed her."

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Matréna broke in, — she wanted to know who the woman was, and whose the children were, and so she said:

"Are you not their mother?"

"I am not their mother, nor their kin, housewife! I am a stranger to them: I have adopted them."

"Not your children! How you care for them!"

"Why should I not care for them? I nursed them with my own breast. I had a child of my own, but God took him away. I did not care for him so much as I have cared for them."

"Whose are they, then?"

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IX.

THE woman began to talk, and said:

"It was six years ago that these orphans lost their parents in one week: their father was buried on a Tuesday, and their mother died on Friday. These orphans were born three days after their father's death, and their mother did not live a day. At that time I was living with my husband in the village. We were their neighbours, our yard joining theirs. Their father was a lonely man; he worked in the forest. They dropped a tree on him, and it fell across his body and squeezed out his entrails. They had barely brought him home, when he gave up his soul to God, and that same week his wife bore twins, — these girls. The woman was poor and alone; she had neither old woman nor girl with her.

"Alone she bore them, and alone she died.

"I went in the morning to see my neighbour, but she, the dear woman, was already cold. As she died she fell on the girl, and wrenched her leg. The people came, and they washed and dressed her, and made a coffin, and buried her. All of them were good people. The girls were left alone. What was to be done with them? Of all the women I alone had a baby. I had been nursing my first-born boy for eight weeks. I took them for the time being to my house. The peasants gathered and thought and thought what to do with them, and they said to me: 'Márya, keep the girls awhile, and we will try and think what to do with them.' And I nursed the straight girl once, but the lame girl I would not nurse. I did not want her to live. But, I thought, why should

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the angelic soul go out, and so I pitied her, too. I began to nurse her, and so I raised my own and the two girls, all three of them with my own breasts. I was young and strong, and I had good food. And God gave me so much milk in my breasts that at times they overflowed. I would feed two of them, while the third would be waiting. When one rolled away, I took the third. And God granted that I should raise the three, but my own child I lost in the second year. And God has given me no other children. We began to earn more and more, and now we are living here with the merchant at the mill. The wages are big, and our living is good. I have no children, and how should I live if it were not for these girls? How can I help loving them? They are all the wax of my tapers that I have."

With one hand the woman pressed the lame girl to her side, and with the other she began to wipe off her tears.

And Matréna sighed, and said:

"Not in vain is the proverb: 'You can live without parents, but not without God.'"

And so they were talking among themselves, when suddenly the room was lighted as though by sheet lightning from the corner where sat Mikháyla. All looked at him, and they saw Mikháyla sitting with folded hands on his knees, and looking up, and smiling.

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X.

THE woman went away with the girls, and Mikháyla got up from his bench. He lay down his work, took off his apron, bowed to the master and to the housewife, and said:

"Forgive me, people! God has forgiven me. You, too, should forgive me."

And the master and his wife saw a light coming from Mikháyla. And Semén got up, and bowed to Mikháyla, and said:

"I see, Mikháyla, you are not a simple man, and I cannot keep you, and must not beg you to remain. But tell me this: Why, when I found you and brought you home, were you gloomy, and when my wife gave you a supper, why did you smile at her and after that grow brighter? Later, when the gentleman ordered the boots, you smiled for the second time, and after that grew brighter, and now, when the woman brought her girls, you smiled for the third time, and grew entirely bright. Tell me, Mikháyla, why does such light come from you, and why did you smile three times?"

And Mikháyla said:

"The light comes from me, because I had been punished, and now God has forgiven me. And I smiled three times because I had to learn three words of God. And I have learned the three words: one word I learned when your wife took pity on me, and so I smiled for the first time. The second word I learned when the rich man ordered the boots, and then I smiled for the second time. And now, when I saw the girls, I learned the last, the third word, and I smiled for the third time."

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And Semén said:

"Tell me, Mikháyla, for what did God punish you, and what are those words of God, that I may know them."

And Mikháyla said:

"God punished me for having disobeyed him. I was an angel in heaven, and I disobeyed God. I was an angel in heaven, and God sent me down to take the soul out of a woman. I flew down to the earth, and I saw the woman lying sick, and she had borne twins, — two girls. The girls were squirming near their mother, and she could not take them to her breasts. The woman saw me, and she knew that God had sent me for her soul. She wept, and said: 'Angel of God! My husband has just been buried, — he was killed by a tree in the forest. I have neither sister, nor aunt, nor granny, — there is no one to bring up my orphans, so do not take my soul! Let me raise my own children, and put them on their feet. Children cannot live without a father, without a mother.' And I listened to the mother, and placed one girl to her breast, and gave the other one into her hands, and rose up to the Lord in heaven. And I came before the Lord, and said: 'I cannot take the soul out of the mother in childbirth. The father was killed by a tree, the mother bore twins, and she begged me not to take the soul out of her, saying, Let me rear and bring up my children, and put them on their feet. Children cannot live without a father or mother. I did not take the soul out of the woman in childbirth.' And the Lord said: 'Go and take the soul out of the woman in childbirth! And you will learn three words: you will learn what there is in men, and what is not given to men, and what men live by. When you learn them, you will return to heaven.' I flew back to earth and took the soul out of the woman.

"The little ones fell away from the breasts. The dead body rolled over on the bed and crushed one of the girls, and wrenched her leg. I rose above the village and

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wanted to take the soul to God; but the wind caught me, and my wings fell flat and dropped off, and the soul went by itself before God, and I fell near the road on the earth."

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XI.

And Semén and Matréna understood whom they had clothed and fed, and who had lived with them, and they wept for terror and for joy, and said the angel:

"I was left all alone in the field, and naked. I had not known before of human wants, neither of cold, nor of hunger, and I became a man. I was starved and chilled and did not know what to do. I saw in the field a chapel made for the Lord, and I went to God's chapel and wanted to hide myself in it. The chapel was locked, and I could not get in. And I seated myself behind the chapel, to protect myself against the wind. The evening came, I was hungry and chilled, and I ached all over. Suddenly I heard a man walking on the road; he was carrying a pair of boots and talking to himself. And I saw a mortal face, for the first time since I had become a man, and that face was terrible to me, and I turned away from it. And I heard the man talking to himself about how he might cover his body in the winter from the cold, and how he might feed his wife and children. And I thought: 'I am dying from hunger and cold, and here comes a man, who is thinking only of how to cover himself and his wife with a fur coat, and of how to feed his family. He cannot help me.' The man saw me; he frowned, and looked gloomier still, and passed by me. And I was in despair. Suddenly I heard the man coming back. I looked at him and did not recognize him: before that death had been in his face, and now he was revived, and in his face I saw God. He came up to me, and clothed me, and took me with him, and led me to his house. I came to

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his house, and a woman came out of the house and began to talk. The woman was more terrible yet than the man; the dead spirit was coming out of her mouth, and I could not breathe from the stench of death. She wanted to send me out into the cold, and I knew that she would die if she drove me out. And suddenly her husband reminded her of God. And the woman suddenly changed. And when she gave us to eat, and looked at us, I glanced at her: there was no longer death in her, — she was alive, and I recognized God in her.

"And I recalled God's first word: 'You will know what there is in men.' And I learned that there was love in men. And I rejoiced at it, because God had begun to reveal to me what He had promised, and I smiled for the first time. But I could not yet learn everything. I could not understand what was not given to men, and what men lived by.

"I began to live with you, and lived a year, and there came a man, to order a pair of boots, such as would wear a year, without ripping or turning. I looked at him, and suddenly I saw behind his shoulder my companion, the angel of death. None but me saw that angel; but I knew him, and I knew that the sun would not go down before the rich man's soul would be taken away. And I thought: 'The man is providing for a year, and does not know that he will not live until evening.' And I thought of God's second word: 'You will learn what is not given to men.'

"I knew already what there was in men. Now I learned what was not given to men. It is not given men to know what they need for their bodies. And I smiled for the second time. I was glad because I had seen my comrade the angel, and because God had revealed the second word to me.

"But I could not understand everything. I could not understand what men lived by. And I lived and waited

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for God to reveal to me the last word. And in the sixth year came the twin girls with the woman, and I recognized the girls and knew how they were kept alive. I recognized them, and I thought: 'The mother begged me for the sake of the children, and I believed the mother and thought that the children could not live without father and mother, and yet a strange woman has fed them and reared them.' And when the woman was touched as she looked at the children and wept, I saw in her the living God, and I understood what men lived by. And I learned that God had revealed the third word to me and forgave me. And I smiled for the third time."

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XII.

AND the angel's body was bared and clothed in light, so that the eye could not behold him, and he spoke louder, as though the voice were coming not from him but from heaven. And the angel said:

"I have learned that every man lives not by the care for himself, but by love.

"It was not given to the mother to know what her children needed for life. It was not given to the rich man to know what he needed for himself. And it is not given to any man to know whether before evening he will need boots for his life, or soft shoes for his death.

"I was kept alive when I was a man not by what I did for myself, but because there was love in a passer-by and in his wife, and because they pitied and loved me. The orphans were left alive not by what was done for them, but because there was love in the heart of a strange woman, and she pitied and loved them. And all men live not by what they do for themselves, but because there is love in men.

"I knew before that God gave life to men and that He wanted them to live; now I understand even something else.

"I understand that God does not want men to live apart, and so He has not revealed to them what each needs for himself, but wants them to live together, and so He has revealed to them what they all need for themselves and for all.

"I understand now that it only seems to men that they live by the care for themselves, and that they live

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only by love. He who has love, is in God, and God is in him, because God is love."

And the angel began to sing the praise of God, and from his voice the whole hut shook. And the ceiling expanded, and a fiery column rose from earth to heaven. And Semén and his wife and children fell to the ground. And the wings were unfolded on the angel's shoulders, and he rose to heaven.

And when Semén awoke, the hut was as before, and in the room were only his family.

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THE THREE HERMITS

1884

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THE THREE HERMITS

> But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him. (Matt. vi. 7–8.)

A BISHOP was sailing in a ship from Arkhángelsk to Solóvki. On this ship there were pilgrims on their way to visit the saints. The wind was favourable, the weather clear, and the vessel did not roll. Of the pilgrims some were lying down, some eating, some sitting in groups, and some talking with each other. The bishop, too, came out on deck, and began to walk up and down on the bridge. He walked up to the prow and saw there several men sitting together. A peasant was pointing to something in the sea and talking, while the people listened to him. The bishop stopped to see what the peasant was pointing at: he could see nothing except that the sun was glistening on the water. The bishop came nearer and began to listen. When the peasant saw the bishop, he took off his cap and grew silent. And the people, too, when they saw the bishop, took off their caps and saluted him.

"Do not trouble yourselves, friends," said the bishop. "I have just come to hear what you, good man, are telling about."

"The fisherman is telling us about the hermits," said a merchant, who was a little bolder than the rest.

"What about those hermits?" asked the bishop. He

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walked over to the gunwale and sat down on a box. "Tell me, too, and I will listen. What were you pointing at?"

"There is an island glinting there," said the peasant, pointing forward and to the right. "On that island the hermits are living and saving their souls."

"Where is that island?" asked the bishop.

"Please to follow my hand! There is a small cloud; below it and a little to the left of it the island appears like a streak."

The bishop looked and looked, but only the water was rippling in the sun, and he could not make out anything with his unaccustomed eye.

"I do not see it," he said. "What kind of hermits are living on that island?"

"God's people," replied the peasant. "I had heard about them for a long time, and never had any chance to see them; but two summers ago I saw them myself."

The fisherman went on to tell how he went out to catch fish and was driven to that island, and did not know where he was. In the morning he walked out and came to an earth hut, and there he saw one hermit, and then two more came out. They fed him and dried him and helped him to mend his boat.

"What kind of people are they?" asked the bishop.

"One is small and stooping, a very old man, in an old cassock; he must be more than a hundred years old, the gray of his beard is turning green, and he smiles all the time, and is as bright as an angel of heaven. The second is taller; he, too, is old, and wears a ragged caftan; his broad gray beard is streaked yellow, and he is a powerful man: he turned my boat around as though it were a vat, before I had a chance to help him; he also is a cheerful man. The third man is tall; his beard falls down to his knees and is as white as snow; he is a

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gloomy man, and his brows hang over his eyes; he is all naked, and girded only with a piece of matting."

"What did they tell you?" asked the bishop.

"They did everything mostly in silence, and spoke little to one another. When one looked up, the others understood him. I asked the tall man how long they had been living there. He frowned and muttered something, as though he were angry, but the little hermit took his arm and smiled, and the tall one grew silent. All the little hermit said was: 'Have mercy on us,' and smiled."

While the peasant spoke, the ship came nearer to the island.

"Now you can see it plainly," said the merchant. "Please to look there, your Reverence!" he said, pointing to the island.

The bishop looked up and really saw a black strip, which was the island. The bishop looked at it for quite awhile, then he went away from the prow to the stern, and walked over to the helmsman.

"What island is this that we see there?"

"That is a nameless island. There are so many of them here."

"Is it true what they say, that some hermits are saving their souls there?"

"They say so, your Reverence, but I do not know whether it is so. Fishermen say that they have seen them. But they frequently speak to no purpose."

"I should like to land on that island and see the hermits," said the bishop. "How can I do it?"

"The ship cannot land there," said the helmsman. "You can get there by a boat, but you must ask the captain."

The captain was called out.

"I should like to see those hermits," said the bishop. "Can I not be taken there?"

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The captain began to dissuade him.

"It can be done, but it will take much time, and, I take the liberty of informing your Reverence, it is not worth while to look at them. I have heard people say that they were foolish old men: they understand nothing and cannot speak, just like the fishes of the sea."

"I wish it," said the bishop. "I will pay you for the trouble, so take me there."

It could not be helped. The sailors shifted the sails and the helmsman turned the ship, and they sailed toward the island. A chair was brought out for the bishop and put at the prow. He sat down and looked. All the people gathered at the prow, and all kept looking at the island. Those who had sharper eyes saw the rocks on the island, and they pointed to the earth hut. And one man could make out the three hermits. The captain brought out his spy-glass and looked through it and gave it to the bishop.

"That's so," he said, "there, on the shore, a little to the right from that big rock, stand three men."

The bishop looked through the glass and turned it to the right spot. There were three men there: one tall, a second smaller, and a third a very small man. They were standing on the shore and holding each other's hands.

The captain walked over to the bishop, and said:

"Here, your Reverence, the ship has to stop. If you wish to go there by all means, you will please go from here in a boat, and we will wait here at anchor."

The hawsers were let out, the anchor dropped, the sails furled, and the vessel jerked and shook. A boat was lowered, the oarsmen jumped into it, and the bishop went down a ladder. He sat down on a bench in the boat, and the oarsmen pulled at the oars and rowed toward the island. They came near to the shore and could see clearly three men standing there: a tall man, all naked,

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with a mat about his loins; the next in size, in a tattered caftan; and the stooping old man, in an old cassock. There they stood holding each other's hands.

The oarsmen rowed up to the shore and caught their hook in it. The bishop stepped ashore.

The old men bowed to him. He blessed them, and they bowed lower still. Then the bishop began to talk to them:

"I have heard," he said, "that you are here, hermits of God, saving your souls and praying to Christ our God for men. I, an unworthy servant of Christ, have been called here by the mercy of God to tend His flock, and so I wanted to see you, the servants of God, and to give you some instruction, if I can do so."

The hermits kept silence, and smiled, and looked at one another.

"Tell me, how do you save yourselves and serve God?" asked the bishop.

The middle-sized hermit heaved a sigh and looked at the older, the stooping hermit. And the stooping hermit smiled, and said:

"We do not know, O servant of God, how to serve God. We only support ourselves."

"How, then, do you pray to God?"

And the stooping hermit said:

"We pray as follows: There are three of you and three of us, — have mercy on us!"

And the moment the stooping hermit had said that, all three of them raised their eyes to heaven, and all three said:

"There are three of you and three of us, — have mercy on us!"

The bishop smiled, and said:

"You have heard that about the Holy Trinity, but you do not pray the proper way. I like you, hermits of God, and I see that you want to please God, but do not know

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how to serve Him. I will teach you, not according to my way, but from the Gospel will I teach you as God has commanded all men to pray to Him."

And the bishop began to explain to the hermits how God had revealed Himself to men: he explained to them about God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and said:

"God the Son came down upon earth to save men and taught them to pray as follows. Listen, and repeat after me."

And the bishop began to say, "Our Father." And one of the hermits repeated, "Our Father," and the second repeated, "Our Father," and the third repeated, "Our Father."

"Which art in heaven." The hermit repeated, "Which art in heaven." But the middle hermit got mixed in his words, and did not say it right; and the tall, naked hermit did not say it right: his moustache was all over his mouth, and he could not speak clearly; and the stooping, toothless hermit, too, lisped it indistinctly.

The bishop repeated it a second time, and the hermits repeated it after him. And the bishop sat down on a stone, and the hermits stood around him and looked into his mouth and repeated after him so long as he spoke. And the bishop worked with them all day; he repeated one word ten, and twenty, and a hundred times, and the hermits repeated after him. They blundered, and he corrected them, and made them repeat from the beginning.

The bishop did not leave the hermits until he taught them the whole Lord's prayer. They said it with him and by themselves. The middle-sized hermit was the first to learn it, and he repeated it all by himself. The bishop made him say it over and over again, and both the others said the prayer, too.

It was beginning to grow dark, and the moon rose from the sea, when the bishop got up to go back to the ship.

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The bishop bade the hermits good-bye, and they bowed to the ground before him. He raised each of them, and kissed them, and told them to pray as he had taught them, and entered the boat, and was rowed back to the ship.

And as the boat was rowed toward the ship, the bishop heard the hermits loudly repeating the Lord's prayer in three voices. The boat came nearer to the ship, and the voices of the hermits could no longer be heard, but in the moonlight they could be seen standing on the shore, in the spot where they had been left: the smallest of them was in the middle, the tallest on the right, and the middle-sized man on the left. The bishop reached the ship and climbed up to the deck. The anchors were weighed, the sails unfurled, and the wind blew and drove the ship, and on they sailed. The bishop went to the prow and sat down there and looked at the island. At first the hermits could be seen, then they disappeared from view, and only the island could be seen; then the island, too, disappeared, and only the sea glittered in the moonlight.

The pilgrims lay down to sleep, and everything grew quiet on the deck. But the bishop did not feel like sleeping. He sat by himself at the prow and looked out to sea to where the island had disappeared, and thought of the good hermits. He thought of how glad they had been to learn the prayer, and thanked God for having taken him there to help the God's people, — to teach them the word of God.

The bishop was sitting and thinking and looking out to sea to where the island had disappeared. There was something unsteady in his eyes: now a light quivered in one place on the waves, and now in another. Suddenly he saw something white and shining in the moonlight, — either a bird, a gull, or a white sail on a boat. The bishop watched it closely.

"A sailboat is following after us," he thought. "It

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will soon overtake us. It was far, far away, but now it is very near. It is evidently not a boat, for there seems to be no sail. Still it is flying behind us and coming up close to us."

The bishop could not make out what it was: a boat, no, it was not a boat; a bird, no, not a bird; a fish, no, not a fish! It was like a man, but too large for that, and then, how was a man to be in the middle of the ocean? The bishop got up and walked over to the helmsman.

"See there, what is it?"

"What is it, my friend? What is it?" asked the bishop, but he saw himself that those were the hermits running over the sea. Their beards shone white, and, as though the ship were standing still, they came up to it.

The helmsman looked around and was frightened. He dropped the helm, and called out in a loud voice:

"O Lord! The hermits are running after us on the sea as though it were dry land!"

The people heard him, and rushed to the helm. All saw the hermits running and holding each other's hands. Those at the ends waved their hands, asking the ship to be stopped. All three were running over the water as though it were dry land, without moving their feet.

Before the ship could be stopped, the hermits came abreast with the ship. They came up to the gunwale, raised their heads, and spoke in one voice:

"O servant of God, we have forgotten your lesson. So long as we repeated it, we remembered it; but when we stopped for an hour, one word leaped out, and then the rest scattered. We do not remember a thing, so teach us again."

The bishop made the sign of the cross, bent down to the hermits, and said:

"Even your prayer, hermits of God, reaches the Lord. It is not for me to teach you. Pray for us sinful men!"

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And the bishop made a low obeisance to the hermits. And the hermits stopped, turned around, and walked back over the sea. And up to morning a light could be seen on the side where the hermits had departed.

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NEGLECT THE FIRE

And You Cannot Put It Out

1885

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NEGLECT THE FIRE

And You Cannot Put It Out

Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?

Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.

Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants.

And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents.

But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made.

The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.

But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellowservants, which owed him an hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.

And his fellowservant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt.

So when his fellowservants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done.

Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me:

Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellowservant, even as I had pity on thee?

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> And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him.
> So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses. (Matt. xviii. 21–35.)

THERE lived in a village a peasant, by the name of Iván Shcherbakóv. He lived well; he was himself in full strength, the first worker in the village, and he had three sons, — all of them on their legs: one was married, the second about to marry, and the third a grown-up lad who drove horses and was beginning to plough. Iván's wife was a clever woman and a good housekeeper, and his daughter-in-law turned out to be a quiet person and a good worker. There was no reason why Iván should not have led a good life with his family. The only idle mouth on the farm was his old, ailing father (he had been lying on the oven for seven years, sick with the asthma).

Iván had plenty of everything, three horses and a colt, a cow and a yearling calf, and fifteen sheep. The women made the shoes and the clothes for the men and worked in the field; the men worked on their farms.

They had enough grain until the next crop. From the oats they paid their taxes and met all their obligations. An easy life, indeed, might Iván have led with his children. But next door to him he had a neighbour, Gavrílo the Lame, Gordyéy Ivánov's son. And there was an enmity between him and Iván.

So long as old man Gordyéy was alive, and Iván's father ran the farm, the peasants lived in neighbourly fashion. If the women needed a sieve or a vat, or the men had to get another axle or wheel for a time, they sent from one farm to another, and helped each other out in a neighbourly way. If a calf ran into the yard of the threshing-floor, they drove it out and only said: "Don't let it out, for the heap has not yet been put away." And it was not their custom to put it away and lock it

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up in the threshing-floor or in a shed, or to revile each other.

Thus they lived so long as the old men were alive. But when the young people began to farm, things went quite differently.

The whole thing began from a mere nothing. A hen of Iván's daughter-in-law started laying early. The young woman gathered the eggs for Passion week. Every day she went to the shed to pick up an egg from the wagon-box. But, it seems, the boys scared away the hen, and she flew across the wicker fence to the neighbour's yard, and laid an egg there. The young woman heard the hen cackle, so she thought:

"I have no time now, I must get the hut in order for the holiday; I will go there later to get it."

In the evening she went to the wagon-box under the shed, to fetch the egg, but it was not there. The young woman asked her mother-in-law and her brother-in-law if they had taken it; but Taráska, her youngest brother-in-law, said:

"Your hen laid an egg in the neighbour's yard, for she cackled there and flew out from that yard."

The young woman went to look at her hen, and found her sitting with the cock on the perch; she had closed her eyes and was getting ready to sleep. The woman would have liked to ask her where she laid the egg, but she would not have given her any answer. Then the young woman went to her neighbour. The old woman met her.

"What do you want, young woman?"

"Granny, my hen has been in your yard to-day, — did she not lay an egg there?"

"I have not set eyes on her. We have hens of our own, thank God, and they have been laying for quite awhile. We have gathered our own eggs, and we do not need other people's eggs. Young woman, we do not go to other people's yards to gather eggs."

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The young woman was offended. She said a word too much, the neighbour answered with two, and the women began to scold. Iván's wife was carrying water, and she, too, took a hand in it. Gavrílo's wife jumped out, and began to rebuke her neighbour. She reminded her of things that had happened, and mentioned things that had not happened at all. And the tongue-lashing began. All yelled together, trying to say two words at the same time. And they used bad words.

"You are such and such a one; you are a thief, a sneak; you are simply starving your father-in-law; you are a tramp."

"And you are a beggar: you have torn my sieve; and you have our shoulder-yoke. Give me back the yoke!"

They grabbed the yoke, spilled the water, tore off their kerchiefs, and began to fight. Gavrílo drove up from the field, and he took his wife's part. Iván jumped out with his son, and they all fell in a heap. Iván was a sturdy peasant, and he scattered them all. He yanked out a piece of Gavrílo's beard. People ran up to them, and they were with difficulty pulled apart.

That's the way it began.

Gavrílo wrapped the piece of his beard in a petition and went to the township court to enter a complaint.

"I did not raise a beard for freckled Iván to pull it out."

In the meantime his wife bragged to the neighbours that they would now get Iván sentenced and would have him sent to Siberia, and the feud began.

The old man on the oven tried to persuade them to stop the first day they started to quarrel, but the young people paid no attention to him. He said to them:

"Children, you are doing a foolish thing, and for a foolish thing have you started a feud. Think of it, — the whole affair began from an egg. The children picked up the egg, — well, God be with them! There is no

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profit in one egg. With God's aid there will be enough for everybody. Well, you have said a bad word, so correct it, show her how to use better words! Well, you have had a fight, — you are sinful people. That, too, happens. Well, go and make peace, and let there be an end to it! If you keep it up, it will only be worse."

The young people did not obey the old man; they thought that he was not using sense, but just babbling in old man's fashion.

Iván did not give in to his neighbour.

"I did not pull his beard," he said. "He jerked it out himself; but his son has yanked off my shirt-button and has torn my whole shirt. Here it is."

And Iván, too, took the matter to court. The case was heard before a justice of the peace, and in the township court. While they were suing each other, Gavrílo lost a coupling-pin out of his cart. The women in Gavrílo's house accused Iván's son of having taken it.

"We saw him in the night," they said, "making his way under the window to the cart, and the gossip says that he went to the dram-shop and asked the dram-shop-keeper to take the pin from him."

Again they started a suit. But at home not a day passed but that they quarrelled, nay, even fought. The children cursed one another, — they learned this from their elders, — and when the women met at the brook, they did not so much strike the beetles as let loose their tongues, and to no good.

At first the men just accused each other, but later they began to snatch up things that lay about loose. And they taught the women and children to do the same. Their life grew worse and worse. Iván Shcherbakóv and Gavrílo the Lame kept suing one another at the meetings of the Commune, and in the township court, and before the justices of the peace, and all the judges were tired of them. Now Gavrílo got Iván to pay a fine, or he sent

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him to the lockup, and now Iván did the same to Gavrílo. And the more they did each other harm, the more furious they grew. When dogs make for each other, they get more enraged the more they fight. You strike a dog from behind, and he thinks that the other dog is biting him, and gets only madder than ever. Just so it was with these peasants: when they went to court, one or the other was punished, either by being made to pay a fine, or by being thrown into prison, and that only made their rage flame up more and more toward one another.

"Just wait, I will pay you back for it!"

And thus it went on for six years. The old man on the oven kept repeating the same advice. He would say to them:

"What are you doing, my children? Drop all your accounts, stick to your work, don't show such malice toward others, and it will be better. The more you rage, the worse will it be."

They paid no attention to the old man.

In the seventh year the matter went so far that Iván's daughter-in-law at a wedding accused Gavrílo before people of having been caught with horses. Gavrílo was drunk, and he did not hold back his anger, but struck the woman and hurt her so that she lay sick for a week, for she was heavy with child. Iván rejoiced, and went with a petition to the prosecuting magistrate.

"Now," he thought, "I will get even with my neighbour: he shall not escape the penitentiary or Siberia."

Again Iván was not successful. The magistrate did not accept the petition: they examined the woman, but she was up and there were no marks upon her. Iván went to the justice of the peace; but the justice sent the case to the township court. Iván bestirred himself in the township office, filled the elder and the scribe with half a bucket of sweet liquor, and got them to sentence

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Gavrílo to having his back flogged. The sentence was read to Gavrílo in the court.

The scribe read:

"The court has decreed that the peasant Gavrílo Gordyéy receive twenty blows with rods in the township office."

Iván listened to the decree and looked at Gavrílo, wondering what he would do. Gavrílo, too, heard the decree, and he became as pale as a sheet, and turned away and walked out into the vestibule. Iván followed him out and wanted to go to his horse, when he heard Gavrílo say:

"Very well, he will beat my back, and it will burn, but something of his may burn worse than that."

When Iván heard these words, he returned to the judges.

"Righteous judges! He threatens to set fire to my house. Listen, he said it in the presence of witnesses."

Gavrílo was called in.

"Is it true that you said so?"

"I said nothing. Flog me, if you please. Evidently I must suffer for my truth, while he may do anything he wishes."

Gavrílo wanted to say something more, but his lips and cheeks trembled. He turned away toward the wall. Even the judges were frightened as they looked at him.

"It would not be surprising," they thought, "if he actually did some harm to his neighbour or to himself."

And an old judge said to them:

"Listen, friends! You had better make peace with each other. Did you do right, brother Gavrílo, to strike a pregnant woman? Luckily God was merciful to you, but think what crime you might have committed! Is that good? Confess your guilt and beg his pardon. And he will pardon you. Then we shall change the decree."

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The scribe heard that, and said:

"That is impossible, because on the basis of Article 117 there has taken place no reconciliation, but the decree of the court has been handed down, and the decree has to be executed."

But the judge paid no attention to the scribe.

"Stop currycombing your tongue. The first article, my friend, is to remember God, and God has commanded me to make peace."

And the judge began once more to talk to the peasants, but he could not persuade them. Gavrílo would not listen to him.

"I am fifty years old less one," he said, "and I have a married son. I have not been beaten in all my life, and now freckled Iván has brought me to being beaten with rods, and am I to beg his forgiveness? Well, he will — Iván will remember me!"

Gavrílo's voice trembled again. He could not talk. He turned around and went out.

From the township office to the village was a distance of ten versts, and Iván returned home late. The women had already gone out to meet the cattle. He unhitched his horse, put it away, and entered the hut. The room was empty. The children had not yet returned from the field, and the women were out to meet the cattle. Iván went in, sat down on a bench, and began to think. He recalled how the decision was announced to Gavrílo, and how he grew pale, and turned to the wall. And his heart was pinched. He thought of how he should feel if he were condemned to be flogged. He felt sorry for Gavrílo. He heard the old man coughing on the oven. The old man turned around, let down his legs, and sat up. He pulled himself with difficulty up to the bench, and coughed and coughed, until he cleared his throat, and leaned against the table, and said:

"Well, have they condemned him?"

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Iván said:

"He has been sentenced to twenty strokes with the rods."

The old man shook his head.

"Iván, you are not doing right. It's wrong, not wrong to him, but to yourself. Well, will it make you feel easier, if they flog him?"

"He will never do it again," said Iván.

"Why not? In what way is he doing worse than you?"

"What, he has not harmed me?" exclaimed Iván. "He might have killed the woman; and he even now threatens to set fire to my house. Well, shall I bow to him for it?"

The old man heaved a sigh, and said:

"You, Iván, walk and drive wherever you please in the free world, and I have passed many years on the oven, and so you think that you see everything, while I see nothing. No, my son, you see nothing, — malice has dimmed your eyes. Another man's sins are in front of you, but your own are behind your back. You say that he has done wrong. If he alone had done wrong, there would be no harm. Does evil between people arise from one man only? Evil arises between two. You see his badness, but you do not see your own. If he himself were bad, and you good, there would be no evil. Who pulled out his beard? Who blasted the rick which was at halves? Who is dragging him to the courts? And yet you put it always on him. You yourself live badly, that's why it is bad. Not thus did I live, and no such thing, my dear, did I teach you. Did I and the old man, his father, live this way? How did we live? In neighbourly fashion. If his flour gave out, and the woman came: 'Uncle Frol, I need some flour.' — 'Go, young woman, into the granary, and take as much as you need.' If he had nobody to send out with the horses, — 'Go, Iván, and look after his horses!' And if I was short of anything, I

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used to go to him. 'Uncle Gordyéy, I need this and that.' And how is it now? The other day a soldier was talking about Plévna. Why, your war is worse than what they did at Plévna. Do you call this living? It is a sin! You are a peasant, a head of a house. You will be responsible. What are you teaching your women and your children? To curse. The other day Taráska, that dirty nose, cursed Aunt Arína, and his mother only laughed at him. Is that good? You will be responsible for it. Think of your soul. Is that right? You say a word to me, and I answer with two; you box my ears, and I box you twice. No, my son, Christ walked over the earth and taught us fools something quite different. If a word is said to you, — keep quiet, and let conscience smite him. That's what he, my son, has taught us. If they box your ears, you turn the other cheek to them: 'Here, strike it if I deserve it.' His own conscience will prick him. He will be pacified and will do as you wish. That's what he has commanded us to do, and not to crow. Why are you silent? Do I tell you right?"

Iván was silent, and he listened.

The old man coughed again, and with difficulty coughed up the phlegm, and began to speak again:

"Do you think Christ has taught us anything bad? He has taught us for our own good. Think of your earthly life: are you better off, or worse, since that Plévna of yours was started? Figure out how much you have spent on these courts, how much you have spent in travelling and in feeding yourself on the way? See what eagles of sons you have! You ought to live and live well, and go up, but your property is growing less. Why? For the same reason. From your pride. You ought to be ploughing with the boys in the field and attend to your sowing, but the fiend carries you to court or to some pettifogger. You do not plough in time and do not sow in time, and mother earth does not bring forth

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anything. Why did the oats not do well this year? When did you sow them? When you came back from the city. And what did you gain from the court? Only trouble for yourself. Oh, son, stick to your business, and attend to your field and your house, and if any one has offended you, forgive him in godly fashion, and things will go better with you, and you will feel easier at heart."

Iván kept silence.

"Listen, Iván! Pay attention to me, an old man. Go and hitch the gray horse, and drive straight back to the office: squash there the whole business, and in the morning go to Gavrílo, make peace with him in godly fashion, and invite him to the holiday" (it was before Lady-day), "have the samovár prepared, get a half bottle, and make an end to all sins, so that may never happen again, and command the women and children to live in peace."

Iván heaved a sigh, and thought: "The old man is speaking the truth," and his heart melted. The only thing he did not know was how to manage things so as to make peace with his neighbour.

And the old man, as though guessing what he had in mind, began once more:

"Go, Iván, do not put it off! Put out the fire at the start, for when it burns up, you can't control it."

The old man wanted to say something else, but did not finish, for the women entered the room and began to prattle like magpies. The news had already reached them about how Gavrílo had been sentenced to be flogged, and how he had threatened to set fire to the house. They had found out everything, and had had time in the pasture to exchange words with the women of Gavrílo's house. They said that Gavrílo's daughter-in-law had threatened them with the examining magistrate. The magistrate, they said, was receiving gifts from Gavrílo. He would now upset the whole case, and the teacher had already written another

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petition to the Tsar about Iván, and that petition mentioned all the affairs, about the coupling-pin, and about the garden, — and half of the estate would go back to him. Iván listened to their talk, and his heart was chilled again, and he changed his mind about making peace with Gavrílo.

In a farmer's yard there is always much to do. Iván did not stop to talk with the women, but got up and went out of the house, and walked over to the threshing-floor and the shed. Before he fixed everything and started back again, the sun went down, and the boys returned from the field. They had been ploughing up the field for the winter crop. Iván met them, and asked them about their work and helped them to put up the horses. He laid aside the torn collar and was about to put some poles under the shed, when it grew quite dark. Iván left the poles until the morrow; instead he threw some fodder down to the cattle, opened the gate, let Taráska out with the horses into the street, to go to the night pasture, and again closed the gate and put down the gate board.

"Now to supper and to bed," thought Iván. He took the torn collar and went into the house. He had entirely forgotten about Gavrílo, and about what his father had told him. As he took hold of the ring and was about to enter the vestibule, he heard his neighbour on the other side of the wicker fence scolding some one in a hoarse voice.

"The devil take him!" Gavrílo was crying to some one. "He ought to be killed."

These words made all the old anger toward his neighbour burst forth in Iván. He stood awhile and listened to Gavrílo's scolding. Then Gavrílo grew quiet, and Iván went into the house.

He entered the room. Fire was burning within. The young woman was sitting in the corner behind the spinning-wheel; the old woman was getting supper ready;

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the eldest son was making laces for the bast shoes, the second was at the table with a book, and Taráska was getting ready to go to the night pasture.

In the house everything was good and merry, if it were not for that curse, — a bad neighbour.

Iván was angry when he entered the room. He knocked the cat down from the bench and scolded the women because the vat was not in the right place. Iván felt out of humour. He sat down, frowning, and began to mend the collar. He could not forget Gavrílo's words, with which he had threatened him in court, and how he had said about somebody, speaking in a hoarse voice: "He ought to be killed."

The old woman got Taráska something to eat. When he was through with his supper, he put on a fur coat and a caftan, girded himself, took a piece of bread, and went out to the horses. The eldest brother wanted to see him off, but Iván himself got up and went out on the porch. It was pitch-dark outside, the sky was clouded, and a wind had risen. Iván stepped down from the porch, helped his little son to get on a horse, frightened a colt behind him, and stood looking and listening while Taráska rode down the village, where he met other children, and until they all rode out of hearing. Iván stood and stood at the gate, and could not get Gavrílo's words out of his head, "Something of yours may burn worse."

"He will not consider himself," thought Iván. "It is dry, and a wind is blowing. He will enter somewhere from behind, the scoundrel, and will set the house on fire, and he will go free. If I could catch him, he would not get away from me."

This thought troubled Iván so much that he did not go back to the porch, but walked straight into the street and through the gate, around the corner of the house.

"I will examine the yard, — who knows?"

And Iván walked softly down along the gate. He had

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just turned around the corner and looked up the fence, when it seemed to him that something stirred at the other end, as though it got up and sat down again. Iván stopped and stood still, — he listened and looked: everything was quiet, only the wind rustled the leaves in the willow-tree and crackled through the straw. It was pitch-dark, but his eyes got used to the darkness: Iván could see the whole corner and the plough and the penthouse. He stood and looked, but there was no one there.

"It must have only seemed so to me," thought Iván, "but I will, nevertheless, go and see," and he stole up along the shed. Iván stepped softly in his bast shoes, so that he did not hear his own steps. He came to the corner, when, behold, something flashed by near the plough, and disappeared again. Iván felt as though something hit him in the heart, and he stopped. As he stopped he could see something flashing up, and he could see clearly some one in a cap squatting down with his back toward him, and setting fire to a bunch of straw in his hands. He stood stock-still.

"Now," he thought, "he will not get away from me. I will catch him on the spot."

Before Iván had walked two lengths of the fence it grew quite bright, and no longer in the former place, nor was it a small fire, but the flame licked up in the straw of the penthouse and was going toward the roof, and there stood Gavrílo so that the whole of him could be seen.

As a hawk swoops down on a lark, so Iván rushed up against Gavrílo the Lame.

"I will twist him up," he thought, "and he will not get away from me."

But Gavrílo the Lame evidently heard his steps and ran along the shed with as much speed as a hare.

"You will not get away," shouted Iván, swooping down on him.

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He wanted to grab him by the collar, but Gavrílo got away from him, and Iván caught him by the skirt of his coat. The skirt tore off, and Iván fell down.

Iván jumped up.

"Help! Hold him!" and again he ran.

As he was getting up, Gavrílo was already near his yard, but Iván caught up with him. He was just going to take hold of him, when something stunned him, as though a stone had come down on his head. Gavrílo had picked up an oak post near his house and hit Iván with all his might on the head, when he ran up to him.

Iván staggered, sparks flew from his eyes, then all grew dark, and he fell down. When he came to his senses, Gavrílo was gone. It was as light as day, and from his yard came a sound as though an engine were working, and it roared and crackled there. Iván turned around and saw that his back shed was all on fire and the side shed was beginning to burn; the fire, and the smoke, and the burning straw were being carried toward the house.

"What is this? Friend!" cried Iván. He raised his hands and brought them down on his calves. "If I could only pull it out from the penthouse, and put it out! What is this? Friends!" he repeated. He wanted to shout, but he nearly strangled, — he had no voice. He wanted to run, but his feet would not move, — they tripped each other up. He tried to walk slowly, but he staggered, and he nearly strangled. He stood still again and drew breath, and started to walk. Before he came to the shed and reached the fire, the side shed was all on fire, and he could not get into the yard. People came running up, but nothing could be done. The neighbours dragged their own things out of their houses, and drove the cattle out. After Iván's house, Gavrílo's caught fire; a wind rose and carried the fire across the street. Half the village burned down.

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All they saved from Iván's house was the old man, who was pulled out, and everybody jumped out in just what they had on. Everything else was burned, except the horses in the pasture: the cattle were burned, the chickens on their roosts, the carts, the ploughs, the harrows, the women's chests, the grain in the granary, — everything was burned.

Gavrílo's cattle were saved, and they dragged a few things out of his house.

It burned for a long time, all night long. Iván stood near his yard, and kept looking at it, and saying:

"What is this? Friends! If I could just pull it out and put it out!"

But when the ceiling in the hut fell down, he jumped into the hottest place, took hold of a brand, and wanted to pull it out. The women saw him and began to call him back, but he pulled out one log and started for another: he staggered and fell on the fire. Then his son rushed after him and dragged him out. Iván had his hair and beard singed and his garments burnt and his hands blistered, but he did not feel anything.

"His sorrow has bereft him of his senses," people said.

The fire died down, but Iván was still standing there, and saying:

"Friends, what is this? If I could only pull it out."

In the morning the elder sent his son to Iván.

"Uncle Iván, your father is dying: he has sent for you, to bid you good-bye."

Iván had forgotten about his father, and did not understand what they were saying to him.

"What father?" he said. "Send for whom?"

"He has sent for you, to bid you good-bye. He is dying in our house. Come, Uncle Iván!" said the elder's son, pulling him by his arm.

Iván followed the elder's son.

When the old man was carried out, burning straw fell on

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him and scorched him. He was taken to the elder's house in a distant part of the village. This part did not burn.

When Iván came to his father, only the elder's wife was there, and the children on the oven. The rest were all at the fire. The old man was lying on a bench, with a taper in his hand, and looking toward the door. When his son entered, he stirred a little. The old woman went up to him and said that his son had come. He told her to have him come closer to him. Iván went up, and then the old man said:

"What have I told you, Iván? Who has burned the village?"

"He, father," said Iván, "he, — I caught him at it. He put the fire to the roof while I was standing near. If I could only have caught the burning bunch of straw and put it out, there would not have been anything."

"Iván," said the old man, "my death has come, and you, too, will die. Whose sin is it?"

Iván stared at his father and kept silence; he could not say a word.

"Speak before God: whose sin is it? What have I told you?"

It was only then that Iván came to his senses, and understood everything. And he snuffled, and said:

"Mine, father." And he knelt before his father, and wept, and said: "Forgive me, father! I am guilty toward you and toward God."

The old man moved his hands, took the taper in his left hand, and was moving his right hand toward his brow, to make the sign of the cross, but he did not get it so far, and he stopped.

"Glory be to thee, O Lord! Glory be to thee, O Lord!" he said, and his eyes were again turned toward his son.

"Iván! Oh, Iván!"

"What is it, father?"

"What is to be done now?"

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Iván was weeping.

"I do not know, father," he said. "How am I to live now, father?"

The old man closed his eyes and lisped something, as though gathering all his strength, and he once more opened his eyes and said:

"You will get along. With God's aid will you get along." The old man was silent awhile, and he smiled and said:

"Remember, Iván, you must not tell who started the fire. Cover up another man's sin! God will forgive two sins."

And the old man took the taper into both hands, folded them over his heart, heaved a sigh, stretched himself, and died.

Iván did not tell on Gavrílo, and nobody found out how the fire had been started.

And Iván's heart was softened toward Gavrílo, and Gavrílo marvelled at Iván, because he did not tell anybody. At first Gavrílo was afraid of him, but later he got used to him. The peasants stopped quarrelling, and so did their families. While they rebuilt their homes, the two families lived in one house, and when the village was built again, and the farmhouses were built farther apart, Iván and Gavrílo again were neighbours, living in the same block.

And Iván and Gavrílo lived neighbourly together, just as their fathers had lived. Iván Shcherbakóv remembered his father's injunction and God's command to put out the fire in the beginning. And if a person did him some harm, he did not try to have his revenge on the man, but to mend matters; and if a person called him a bad name, he did not try to answer with worse words still, but to teach him not to speak badly. And thus he taught also the women folk and the children. And Iván Shcherbakóv improved and began to live better than ever.

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THE CANDLE

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil. (Matt. v. 38, 39.)

THIS happened in the days of slavery. There were then all kinds of masters. There were such as remembered their hour of death and God, and took pity on their people, and there were dogs, — not by that may their memory live! But there were no meaner masters than those who from serfdom rose, as though out of the mud, to be lords! With them life was hardest of all.

There happened to be such a clerk in a manorial estate. The peasants were doing manorial labour. There was much land, and the land was good, and there was water, and meadows, and forests. There would have been enough for everybody, both for the master and for the peasants, but the master had placed over them a clerk, a manorial servant of his from another estate.

The clerk took the power into his own hand, and sat down on the peasants' necks. He was a married man, — he had a wife and two married daughters, — and had saved some money: he might have lived gloriously without sin, but he was envious, and stuck fast in sin. He began by driving the peasants to manorial labour more than the usual number of days. He started a brick-kiln, and he drove all the men and women to work in it above

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their strength, and sold the brick. The peasants went to the proprietor in Moscow to complain against him, but they were not successful. When the clerk learned that the peasants had entered a complaint against him, he took his revenge out of them. The peasants led a harder life still. There were found faithless people among the peasants: they began to denounce their own brothers to the clerk, and to slander one another. And all the people became involved, and the clerk was furious.

The further it went, the worse it got, and the clerk carried on so terribly that the people became afraid of him as of a wolf. When he drove through the village, everybody ran away from him as from a wolf, so as not to be seen by him. The clerk saw that and raved more than ever because people were afraid of him. He tortured the peasants with beating and with work, and they suffered very much from him.

It used to happen that such evil-doers were put out of the way, and the peasants began to talk that way about him. They would meet somewhere secretly, and such as were bolder would say:

"How long are we going to endure this evil-doer? We are perishing anyway, — and it is no sin to kill a man like him."

One day the peasants met in the forest, before Easter week: the clerk had sent them to clean up the manorial woods. They came together at dinner-time, and began to talk:

"How can we live now?" they said. "He will root us up. He has worn us out with work: neither in the daytime nor at night does he give any rest to us or to the women. And the moment a thing does not go the way he wants it to, he nags at us and has us flogged. Semén died from that flogging; Anísim he wore out in the stocks. What are we waiting for? He will come here in the evening and will again start to torment us.

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We ought just to pull him down from his horse, whack him with an axe, and that will be the end of it. We will bury him somewhere like a dog, and mum is the word. Let us agree to stand by each other and not give ourselves away."

Thus spoke Vasíli Mináev. He was more furious at the clerk than anybody else. The clerk had him flogged every week, and had taken his wife from him and made her a cook at his house.

Thus the peasants talked, and in the evening the clerk came. He came on horseback, and immediately began to nag them because they were not cutting right. He found a linden-tree in the heap.

"I have commanded you not to cut any lindens down," he said. "Who cut it down? Tell me, or I will have every one of you flogged!"

He tried to find out in whose row the linden was. They pointed to Sídor. The clerk beat Sídor's face until the blood came, and struck Vasíli with a whip because his pile was small. He rode home.

In the evening the peasants met again, and Vasíli began to speak.

"Oh, people, you are not men, but sparrows! 'We will stand up, we will stand up!' but when the time for action came, they all flew under the roof. Even thus the sparrows made a stand against the hawk: 'We will not give away, we will not give away! We will make a stand, we will make a stand!' But when he swooped down on them, they made for the nettles. And the hawk seized one of the sparrows, the one he wanted, and flew away with him. Out leaped the sparrows: 'Chivik, chivik!' one of them was lacking. 'Who is gone? Vánka. Well, served him right!' Just so you did. 'We will not give each other away, we will not give each other away!' When he took hold of Sídor, you ought to have come together and made an end of him. But there you say,

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'We will not give away, we will not give away! We will make a stand, we will make a stand!' and when he swooped down on you, you made for the bushes."

The peasants began to talk that way oftener and oftener, and they decided fully to make away with the clerk. During Passion week the clerk told the peasants to get ready to plough the manorial land for oats during Easter week. That seemed offensive to the peasants, and they gathered during Passion week in Vasíli's back yard, and began to talk.

"If he has forgotten God," they said, "and wants to do such things, we must certainly kill him. We shall be ruined anyway."

Peter Mikhyéev came to them. He was a peaceable man, and did not take counsel with the peasants. He came, and listened to their speeches, and said:

"Brothers, you are planning a great crime. It is a serious matter to ruin a soul. It is easy to ruin somebody else's soul, but how about our own souls? He is doing wrong, and the wrong is at his door. We must suffer, brothers."

Vasíli grew angry at these words.

"He has got it into his head that it is a sin to kill a man. Of course it is, but what kind of a man is he? It is a sin to kill a good man, but such a dog even God has commanded us to kill. A mad dog has to be killed, if we are to pity men. If we do not kill him, there will be a greater sin. What a lot of people he will ruin! Though we shall suffer, it will at least be for other people. Men will thank us for it. If we stand gaping, he will ruin us all. You are speaking nonsense, Mikhyéev. Will it be a lesser sin if we go to work on Christ's holiday? You yourself will not go."

And Mikhyéev said:

"Why should I not go? If they send me, I will go to plough. It is not for me. God will find out whose sin

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it is, so long as we do not forget him. Brothers, I am not speaking for myself. If we were enjoined to repay evil with evil, there would be a commandment of that kind, but we are taught just the opposite. You start to do away with evil, and it will only pass into you. It is not a hard thing to kill a man. But the blood sticks to your soul. To kill a man means to soil your soul with blood. You imagine that when you kill a bad man you have got rid of the evil, but, behold, you have reared a worse evil within you. Submit to misfortune, and misfortune will be vanquished."

The peasants could not come to any agreement: their thoughts were scattered. Some of them believed with Vasíli, and others agreed with Peter's speech that they ought not commit a crime, but endure.

The peasants celebrated the first day, the Sunday. In the evening the elder came with the deputies from the manor, and said:

"Mikhaíl Seménovich, the clerk, has commanded me to get all the peasants ready for the morrow, to plough the field for the oats." The elder made the round of the village with the deputies and ordered all to go out on the morrow to plough, some beyond the river, and some from the highway. The peasants wept, but did not dare to disobey, and on the morrow went out with their ploughs and began to plough.

Mikhaíl Seménovich, the clerk, awoke late, and went out to look after the farm. His home folk — his wife and his widowed daughter (she had come for the holidays) — were all dressed up. A labourer hitched a cart for them, and they went to mass, and returned home again. A servant made the samovár, and when Mikhaíl Seménovich came, they sat down to drink tea. Mikhaíl Seménovich drank his tea, lighted a pipe, and sent for the elder.

"Well," he said, "have you sent out the peasants to plough?"

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"Yes, Mikhaíl Seménovich."

"Well, did all of them go?"

"All. I placed them myself."

"Of course, you have placed them, — but are they ploughing? Go and see, and tell them that I will be there in the afternoon, and by that time they are to plough a desyatína to each two ploughs, and plough it well. If I find any unploughed strips, I will pay no attention to the holiday."

"Yes, sir."

The elder started to go out, but Mikhaíl Seménovich called him back. He called him back, but he hesitated, for he wanted to say something and did not know how to say it. He hesitated awhile, and then he said:

"Listen to what those robbers are saying about me. Tell me everything, — who is scolding me, or whatever they may be saying. I know those robbers: they do not like to work; all they want to do is to lie on their sides and loaf. To eat and be idle, that is what they like; they do not consider that if the time of ploughing is missed it will be too late. So listen to what they have to say, and let me know everything you may hear! Go, but be sure you tell me everything and keep nothing from me!"

The elder turned around and left the room. He mounted his horse and rode into the field to the peasants.

The clerk's wife had heard her husband's talk with the elder, and she came in and began to implore him. The wife of the clerk was a peaceable woman, and she had a good heart. Whenever she could, she calmed her husband and took the peasants' part.

She came to her husband, and began to beg him: "My dear Míshenka, do not sin, for the Lord's holiday! For Christ's sake, send the peasants home!"

Mikháil Seménovich did not accept his wife's words but only laughed at her:

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"Is it too long a time since the whip danced over you that you have become so bold, and meddle in what is not your concern?"

"Míshenka, my dear, I have had a bad dream about you. Listen to my words and send the peasants home!"

"Precisely, that's what I say. Evidently you have gathered so much fat that you think the whip will not hurt you. Look out!"

Seménovich grew angry, knocked the burning pipe into her teeth, sent her away, and told her to get the dinner ready.

Mikhaíl Seménovich ate cold gelatine, dumplings, beet soup with pork, roast pig, and milk noodles, and drank cherry cordial, and ate pastry for dessert; he called in the cook and made her sit down and sing songs to him, while he himself took the guitar and accompanied her.

Mikhaíl Seménovich was sitting in a happy mood and belching, and strumming the guitar, and laughing with the cook. The elder came in, made a bow, and began to report what he had seen in the field.

"Well, are they ploughing? Will they finish the task?"

"They have already ploughed more than half."

"No strips left?"

"I have not seen any. They are afraid, and are working well."

"And are they breaking up the dirt well?"

"The earth is soft and falls to pieces like a poppy."

The clerk was silent for awhile.

"What do they say about me? Are they cursing me?"

The elder hesitated, but Mikhaíl Seménovich commanded him to tell the whole truth.

"Tell everything! You are not going to tell me your words, but theirs. If you tell me the truth, I will reward you; and if you shield them, look out, I will have you flogged. O Kátyusha, give him a glass of vódka to brace him up!"

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The cook went and brought the elder the vódka. The elder saluted, drank the vódka, wiped his mouth, and began to speak. "I cannot help it," he thought, "it is not my fault if they do not praise him; I will tell him the truth, if he wants it." And the elder took courage and said:

"They murmur, Mikhaíl Seménovich, they murmur."

"What do they say? Speak!"

"They keep saying that you do not believe in God."

The clerk laughed.

"Who said that?"

"All say so. They say that you are submitting to the devil."

The clerk laughed.

"That is all very well," he said, "but tell me in particular what each says. What does Vasíli say?"

The elder did not wish to tell on his people, but with Vasíli he had long been in a feud.

"Vasíli," he said, "curses more than the rest."

"What does he say? Tell me!"

"It is too terrible to tell. He says that you will die an unrepenting death."

"What a brave fellow!" he said. "Why, then, is he gaping? Why does he not kill me? Evidently his arms are too short. All right," he said, "Vasíli, we will square up accounts. And Tíshka, that dog, I suppose he says so, too?"

"All speak ill of you."

"But what do they say?"

"I loathe to tell."

"Never mind! Take courage and speak!"

"They say: 'May his belly burst, and his guts run out!'"

Mikhaíl Seménovich was delighted, and he even laughed.

"We will see whose will run out first. Who said that? Tíshka?"

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"Nobody said a good word. All of them curse you and threaten you."

"Well, and Peter Mikhyéev? What does he say? He, too, I suppose, is cursing me?"

"No, Mikhaíl Seménovich, Peter is not cursing."

"What does he say?"

"He is the only one of all the peasants who is not saying anything. He is a wise peasant. I wondered at him, Mikhaíl Seménovich."

"How so?"

"All the peasants were wondering at what he was doing."

"What was he doing?"

"It is wonderful. I rode up to him. He is ploughing the slanting desyatína at Túrkin Height. As I rode up to him, I heard some one singing such nice, high tones, and on the plough-staff something was shining."

"Well?"

"It was shining like a light. I rode up to him, and there I saw a five-kopek wax candle was stuck on the cross-bar and burning, and the wind did not blow it out. He had on a clean shirt, and was ploughing and singing Sunday hymns. And he would turn over and shake off the dirt, but the candle did not go out. He shook the plough in my presence, changed the peg, and started the plough, but the candle was still burning and did not go out."

"And what did he say?"

"He said nothing. When he saw me, he greeted me and at once began to sing again."

"What did you say to him?"

"I did not say anything to him, but the peasants came up and laughed at him: 'Mikhyéev will not get rid of his sin of ploughing during Easter week even if he should pray all his life.'"

"What did he say to that?"

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"All he said was: 'Peace on earth and good-will to men.' He took his plough, started his horses, and sang out in a thin voice, but the candle kept burning and did not go out."

The clerk stopped laughing. He put down the guitar, lowered his head, and fell to musing.

He sat awhile; then he sent away the cook and the elder, went behind the curtain, lay down on the bed, and began to sigh and to sob, just as though a cart were driving past with sheaves. His wife came and began to speak to him; he gave her no answer. All he said was:

"He has vanquished me. My turn has come."

His wife tried to calm him.

"Go and send them home! Maybe it will be all right. See what deeds you have done, and now you lose your courage."

"I am lost," he said. "He has vanquished me."

His wife cried to him:

"You just have it on your brain, 'He has vanquished me, he has vanquished me.' Go and send the peasants home, and all will be well. Go, and I will have your horse saddled."

The horse was brought up, and the clerk's wife persuaded him to ride into the field to send the peasants home.

Mikhaíl Seménovich mounted his horse and rode into the field. He drove through the yard, and a woman opened the gate for him, and he passed into the village. The moment the people saw the clerk, they hid themselves from him, one in the yard, another around a corner, a third in the garden.

The clerk rode through the whole village and reached the outer gate. The gate was shut, and he could not open it while sitting on his horse. He called and called for somebody to open the gate, but no one would come. He got down from his horse, opened the gate, and in the gate-

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way started to mount again. He put his foot into the stirrup, rose in it, and was on the point of vaulting over the saddle, when his horse shied at a pig and backed up toward the picket fence; he was a heavy man and did not get into his saddle, but fell over, with his belly on picket. There was but one sharp post in the picket fence, and it was higher than the rest. It was this post that he struck with his belly. He was ripped open and fell to the ground.

When the peasants drove home from their work, the horses snorted and would not go through the gate. The peasants went to look, and saw Mikhaíl lying on his back. His arms were stretched out, his eyes stood open, and all his inside had run out and the blood stood in a pool,— the earth had not sucked it in.

The peasants were frightened. They took their horses in by back roads, but Mikhyéev alone got down and walked over to the clerk. He saw that he was dead, so he closed his eyes, hitched his cart, with the aid of his son put the dead man in the bed of the cart, and took him to the manor.

The master heard about all these things, and to save himself from sin substituted tenant pay for the manorial labour.

And the peasants saw that the power of God was not in sin, but in goodness.

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THE TWO OLD MEN

1885

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THE TWO OLD MEN

Therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink. (For his disciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat.) Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, for the Father seeketh such to worship him. (John iv. 19–23.)

I.

Two old men got ready to go to old Jerusalem to pray to God. One of them was a rich peasant; his name was Efím Tarásych Shevelév. The other was not a well-to-do man, and his name was Eliséy Bodróv.

Efím was a steady man: he did not drink liquor, nor smoke tobacco, nor take snuff, had never cursed in his life, and was a stern, firm old man. He had served two terms as an elder, and had gone out of his office without a deficit. He had a large family, — two sons and a married grandson, — and all lived together. As to looks he was a sound, bearded, erect man, and only in his seventh decade did a gray streak appear in his beard.

Eliséy was neither wealthy nor poor; in former days he used to work out as a carpenter, but in his old age he

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stayed at home and kept bees. One son was away earning money, and another was living at home. Eliséy was a good-natured and merry man. He liked to drink liquor and take snuff, and sing songs; but he was a peaceable man, and lived in friendship with his home folk and with the neighbours. In appearance he was an undersized, swarthy man, with a curly beard and, like his saint, Prophet Elisha, his whole head was bald.

The old men had long ago made the vow and agreed to go together, but Tarásych had had no time before: he had so much business on hand. The moment one thing came to an end, another began; now he had to get his grandson married, now he was expecting his younger son back from the army, and now he had to build him a new hut.

On a holiday the two old men once met, and they sat down on logs.

"Well," said Eliséy, "when are we going to carry out our vow?"

Efím frowned.

"We shall have to wait," he said, "for this is a hard year for me. I have started to build a house, — I thought I could do it with one hundred, but it is going on now in the third. And still it is not done. We shall have to let it go till summer. In the summer, God willing, we shall go by all means."

"According to my understanding," said Eliséy, "there is no sense in delaying. We ought to go at once. Spring is the best time."

"The time is all right, but the work is begun, so how can I drop it?"

"Have you nobody to attend to it? Your son will do it."

"Do it? My eldest is not reliable, — he drinks."

"When we die, friend, they will get along without us. Let your son learn it!"

"That is so, but still I want to see things done under my eyes."

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"Oh, dear man! You can never attend to everything. The other day the women in my house were washing and cleaning up for the holidays. This and that had to be done, and everything could not be looked after. My eldest daughter-in-law, a clever woman, said: 'It is a lucky thing the holidays come without waiting for us, for else, no matter how much we might work, we should never get done.'"

Tarásych fell to musing.

"I have spent a great deal of money on this building," he said, "and I can't start out on the pilgrimage with empty hands. One hundred roubles are not a trifling matter."

Eliséy laughed.

"Don't sin, friend!" he said. "You have ten times as much as I, and yet you talk about money. Only say when we shall start. I have no money, but that will be all right."

Tarásych smiled.

"What a rich man you are!" he said. "Where shall you get the money from?"

"I will scratch around in the house and will get together some there; and if that is not enough, I will let my neighbour have ten hives. He has been asking me for them."

"You will have a fine swarm! You will be worrying about it."

"Worrying? No, my friend! I have never worried about anything in life but sins. There is nothing more precious than the soul."

"That is so; but still, it is not good if things do not run right at home."

"If things do not run right in our soul, it is worse. We have made a vow, so let us go! Truly, let us go!"

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II.

ELISÉY persuaded his friend to go. Efím thought and thought about it, and on the following morning he came to Eliséy.

"Well, let us go," he said, "you have spoken rightly. God controls life and death. We must go while we are alive and have strength."

A week later the old men started.

Tarásych had money at home. He took one hundred roubles with him and left two hundred with his wife.

Eliséy, too, got ready. He sold his neighbour ten hives and the increase of ten other hives. For the whole he received seventy roubles. The remaining thirty roubles he swept up from everybody in the house. His wife gave him the last she had, — she had put it away for her funeral; his daughter-in-law gave him what she had.

Efím Tarásych left all his affairs in the hands of his eldest son: he told him where to mow, and how many fields to mow, and where to haul the manure, and how to finish the hut and thatch it. He considered everything, and gave his orders. But all the order that Eliséy gave was that his wife should set out the young brood separately from the hives sold and give the neighbour what belonged to him without cheating him, but about domestic affairs he did not even speak: "The needs themselves," he thought, "will show you what to do and how to do it. You have been farming yourselves, so you will do as seems best to you."

The old men got ready. The home folk baked a lot of flat cakes for them, and they made wallets for themselves,

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cut out new leg-rags, put on new short boots, took reserve bast shoes, and started. The home folk saw them off beyond the enclosure and bade them good-bye, and the old men were off for their pilgrimage.

Eliséy left in a happy mood, and as soon as he left his village he forgot all his affairs. All the care he had was how to please his companion, how to keep from saying an unseemly word to anybody, how to reach the goal in peace and love, and how to get home again. As Eliséy walked along the road he either muttered some prayer or repeated such of the lives of the saints as he knew. Whenever he met a person on the road, or when he came to a hostelry, he tried to be as kind to everybody as he could, and to say to them God-fearing words. He walked along and was happy. There was only one thing Eliséy could not do: he wanted to stop taking snuff and had left his snuff-box at home, but he hankered for it. On the road a man offered him some. He wrangled with himself and stepped away from his companion so as not to lead him into sin, and took a pinch.

Efím Tarásych walked firmly and well; he did no wrong and spoke no vain words, but there was no lightness in his heart. The cares about his home did not leave his mind. He was thinking all the time about what was going on at home, — whether he had not forgotten to give his son some order, and whether his son was doing things in the right way. When he saw along the road that they were setting out potatoes or hauling manure, he wondered whether his son was doing as he had been ordered. He just felt like returning, and showing him what to do, and doing it himself.

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III.

THE old men walked for five weeks. They wore out their home-made bast shoes and began to buy new ones. They reached the country of the Little-Russians. Heretofore they had been paying for their night's lodging and for their dinner, but when they came to the Little-Russians, people vied with each other in inviting them to their houses. They let them come in, and fed them, and took no money from them, but even filled their wallets with bread, and now and then with flat cakes. Thus the old men walked without expense some seven hundred versts. They crossed another Government and came to a place where there had been a failure of crops. There they let them into the houses and did not take any money for their night's lodging, but would not feed them. And they did not give them bread everywhere, — not even for money could the old men get any in some places. The previous year, so the people said, nothing had grown. Those who had been rich were ruined, — they sold everything; those who had lived in comfort came down to nothing; and the poor people either entirely left the country, or turned beggars, or just managed to exist at home. In the winter they lived on chaff and orach.

One night the two old men stayed in a borough. There they bought about fifteen pounds of bread. In the morning they left before daybreak, so that they might walk a good distance before the heat. They marched some ten versts and reached a brook. They sat down, filled their cups with water, softened the bread with it and ate it, and changed their leg-rags. They sat awhile and rested

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themselves. Eliséy took out his snuff-horn. Efím Tarásych shook his head at him.

"Why don't you throw away that nasty thing?" he asked.

Eliséy waved his hand.

"Sin has overpowered me," he said. "What shall I do?"

They got up and marched on. They walked another ten versts. They came to a large village, and passed through it. It was quite warm then. Eliséy was tired, and wanted to stop and get a drink, but Tarásych would not stop. Tarásych was a better walker, and Eliséy had a hard time keeping up with him.

"I should like to get a drink," he said.

"Well, drink! I do not want any."

Eliséy stopped.

"Do not wait for me," he said. "I will just run into a hut and get a drink of water. I will catch up with you at once."

"All right," he said. And Efím Tarásych proceeded by himself along the road, while Eliséy turned to go into a hut.

Eliséy came up to the hut. It was a small clay cabin; the lower part was black, the upper white, and the clay had long ago crumbled off, — evidently it had not been plastered for a long time, — and the roof was open at one end. The entrance was from the yard. Eliséy stepped into the yard, and there saw that a lean, beardless man with his shirt stuck in his trousers in Little-Russian fashion was lying near the earth mound. The man had evidently lain down in a cool spot, but now the sun was burning down upon him. He was lying there awake. Eliséy called out to him, asking him to give him a drink, but the man made no reply. "He is either sick, or an unkind man," thought Eliséy, going up to the door. Inside he heard a child crying. He knocked with the door-

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ring. "Good people!" No answer. He struck with his staff against the door. "Christian people!" No stir. "Servants of the Lord!" No reply. Eliséy was on the point of going away, when he heard somebody groaning within. "I wonder whether some misfortune has happened there to the people. I must see." And Eliséy went into the hut.

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IV.

Elisév turned the ring, — the door was not locked. He pushed the door open and walked through the vestibule. The door into the living-room was open. On the left there was an oven; straight ahead was the front corner; in the corner stood a shrine and a table; beyond the table was a bench, and on it sat a bareheaded old woman, in nothing but a shirt; her head was leaning on the table, and near her stood a lean little boy, his face as yellow as wax and his belly swollen, and he was pulling the old woman's sleeve, and crying at the top of his voice and begging for something.

Eliséy entered the room. There was a stifling air in the house. He saw a woman lying behind the oven, on the floor. She was lying on her face without looking at anything, and snoring, and now stretching out a leg and again drawing it up. And she tossed from side to side, — and from her came that oppressive smell: evidently she was very sick, and there was nobody to take her away. The old woman raised her head, when she saw the man.

"What do you want?" she said, in Little-Russian. "What do you want? We have nothing, my dear man."

Eliséy understood what she was saying: he walked over to her.

"Servant of the Lord," he said, "I have come in to get a drink of water."

"There is none, I say, there is none. There is nothing here for you to take. Go!"

Eliséy asked her:

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"Is there no well man here to take this woman away?"

"There is nobody here: the man is dying in the yard, and we here."

The boy grew quiet when he saw the stranger, but when the old woman began to speak, he again took hold of her sleeve.

"Bread, granny, bread!" and he burst out weeping.

Just as Eliséy was going to ask the old woman another question, the man tumbled into the hut; he walked along the wall and wanted to sit down on the bench, but before reaching it he fell down in the corner, near the threshold. He did not try to get up, but began to speak. He would say one word at a time, then draw his breath, then say something again.

"We are sick," he said, "and — hungry. The boy is starving." He indicated the boy with his head and began to weep.

Eliséy shifted his wallet on his back, freed his arms, let the wallet down on the ground, lifted it on the bench, and untied it. When it was open, he took out the bread and the knife, cut off a slice, and gave it to the man. The man did not take it, but pointed to the boy and the girl, to have it given to them. Eliséy gave it to the boy. When the boy saw the bread, he made for it, grabbed the slice with both his hands, and stuck his nose into the bread. A girl crawled out from behind the oven and gazed at the bread. Eliséy gave her, too, a piece. He cut off another slice and gave it to the old woman. She took it and began to chew at it.

"If you would just bring us some water," she said. "Their lips are parched. I wanted to bring some yesterday or to-day, — I do not remember when, — but I fell down and left the pail there, if nobody took it away."

Eliséy asked where their well was. The old woman told him where. Eliséy went out. He found the pail, brought some water, and gave the people to drink. The

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children ate some more bread with water, and the old woman ate some, but the man would not eat.

"My stomach will not hold it," he said.

The woman did not get up or come to: she was just tossing on the bed place. Eliséy went to the shop, and bought millet, salt, flour, and butter. He found an axe, chopped some wood, and made a fire in the oven. The girl helped him. Eliséy cooked a soup and porridge, and fed the people.

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V.

THE man ate a little, and so did the old woman, and the girl and the little boy licked the bowl clean and embraced each other and fell asleep.

The man and the old woman told Eliséy how it had all happened.

"We lived heretofore poorly," they said, "but when the crop failed us, we ate up in the fall everything we had. When we had nothing left, we began to beg from our neighbours and from good people. At first they gave us some, but later they refused. Some of them would have been willing to give us to eat, but they had nothing themselves. Besides we felt ashamed to beg: we owed everybody money and flour and bread. I looked for work," said the man, "but could find none. People were everywhere looking for work to get something to eat. One day I would work, and two I would go around looking for more work. The old woman and the girl went a distance away to beg, but the alms were poor, — nobody had any bread. Still, we managed to get something to eat: we thought we might squeeze through until the new crop; but in the spring they quit giving us alms altogether, and sickness fell upon us. It grew pretty bad: one day we would have something to eat, and two we went without it. We began to eat grass. And from the grass, or from some other reason, the woman grew sick. She lay down, and I had no strength, and we had nothing with which to improve matters."

"I was the only one," the old woman said, "who worked: but I gave out and grew weak, as I had nothing

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to eat. The girl, too, grew weak and lost her courage. I sent her to the neighbours, but she did not go. She hid herself in a corner and would not go. A neighbour came in two days ago, but when she saw that we were hungry and sick, she turned around and went out. Her husband has left, and she has nothing with which to feed her young children. So we were lying here and waiting for death."

When Eliséy heard what they said, he changed his mind about catching up with his companion, and remained there overnight. In the morning Eliséy got up and began to work about the house as though he were the master. He set bread with the old woman and made a fire in the oven. He went with the girl to the neighbours to fetch what was necessary. Everything he wanted to pick up was gone: there was nothing left for farming, and the clothes were used up. Eliséy got everything which was needed: some things he made himself, and some he bought. Eliséy stayed with them one day, and a second, and a third. The little boy regained his strength, and he began to walk on the bench and to make friends with Eliséy. The girl, too, became quite cheerful and helped him in everything. She kept running after Eliséy: "Grandfather, grandfather!"

The old woman got up and went to her neighbour. The man began to walk by holding on to the wall. Only the woman was lying down. On the third day she came to and asked for something to eat.

"Well," thought Eliséy, "I had not expected to lose so much time. Now I must go."

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VI.

THE fourth day was the last of a fast, and Eliséy said to himself:

"I will break fast with them. I will buy something for them for the holidays, and in the evening I must leave."

Eliséy went once more to the village and bought milk, white flour, and lard. He and the old woman cooked and baked a lot of things, and in the morning Eliséy went to mass and came back and broke fast with the people. On that day the woman got up and began to move about. The man shaved himself, put on a clean shirt, — the old woman had washed it for him, — and went to a rich peasant to ask a favour of him. His mowing and field were mortgaged to the rich man, so he went to ask him to let him have the mowing and the field until the new crop. He came back gloomy in the evening, and burst out weeping. The rich man would not show him the favour; he had asked him to bring the money.

Eliséy fell to musing.

"How are they going to live now? People will be going out to mow, but they cannot go, for it is all mortgaged. The rye will ripen and people will begin to harvest it (and there is such a fine stand of it!), but they have nothing to look forward to, — their desyatína is sold to the rich peasant. If I go away, they will fall back into poverty."

And Eliséy was in doubt, and did not go away in the evening, but put it off until morning. He went into the yard to sleep. He said his prayers and lay down, but could not fall asleep.

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"I ought to go, — as it is I have spent much time and money; but I am sorry for the people. You can't help everybody. I meant to bring them some water and give each a slice of bread, but see how far I have gone. Now I shall have to buy out his mowing and field. And if I buy out the field, I might as well buy a cow for the children, and a horse for the man to haul his sheaves with. Brother Eliséy Kuzmích, you are in for it! You have let yourself loose, and now you will not straighten out things."

Eliséy got up, took the caftan from under his head, and unrolled it; he drew out his snuff-horn and took a pinch, thinking that he would clear his thoughts, but no, — he thought and thought and could not come to any conclusion. He ought to get up and go, but he was sorry for the people. He did not know what to do. He rolled the caftan up under his head and lay down to sleep. He lay there for a long time, and the cocks crowed, and then only did he fall asleep. Suddenly he felt as though some one had wakened him. He saw himself all dressed, with his wallet and staff, and he had to pass through a gate, but it was just open enough to let a man squeeze through. He went to the gate and his wallet caught on one side, and as he was about to free it, one of his leg-rags got caught on the other side and came open. He tried to free the leg-rag, but it was not caught in the wicker fence: it was the girl who was holding on to it, and crying, "Grandfather, grandfather, bread!" He looked at his foot, and there was the little boy holding on to it, and the old woman and the man were looking out of the window. Eliséy awoke, and he began to speak to himself in an audible voice:

"I will buy out the field and the mowing to-morrow, and will buy a horse, and flour to last until harvest-time, and a cow for the children. For how would it be to go beyond the sea to seek Christ and lose him within me? I must get the people started."

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And Eliséy fell asleep until morning. He awoke early. He went to the rich merchant, bought out the rye and gave him money for the mowing. He bought a scythe, — for that had been sold, too, — and brought it home. He sent the man out to mow, and himself went to see the peasants: he found a horse and a cart for sale at the innkeeper's. He bargained with him for it, and bought it; then he bought a bag of flour, which he put in the cart, and went out to buy a cow. As he was walking, he came across two Little-Russian women, and they were talking to one another. Though they were talking in their dialect, he could make out what they were saying about him:

"You see, at first they did not recognize him; they thought that he was just a simple kind of a man. They say, he went in to get a drink, and he has just stopped there. What a lot of things he has bought them! I myself saw him buy a horse and cart to-day of the innkeeper. Evidently there are such people in the world. I must go and take a look at him."

When Eliséy heard that, he understood that they were praising him, and so he did not go to buy the cow. He returned to the innkeeper and gave him the money for the horse. He hitched it up and drove with the flour to the house. When he drove up to the gate, he stopped and climbed down from the cart. When the people of the house saw the horse, they were surprised. They thought that he had bought the horse for them, but did not dare say so. The master came out to open the gates.

"Grandfather, where did you get that horse?"

"I bought it," he said. "I got it cheap. Mow some grass and put it in the cart, so that the horse may have some for the night. And take off the bag!"

The master unhitched the horse, carried the bag to the granary, mowed a lot of grass, and put it into the cart. They lay down to sleep. Eliséy slept in the street, and

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thither he had carried his wallet in the evening. All the people fell asleep. Eliséy got up, tied his wallet, put on his shoes and his caftan, and started down the road to catch up with Efím.

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VII.

ELISÉY had walked about five versts, when day began to break. He sat down under a tree, untied his wallet, and began to count his money. He found that he had seventeen roubles twenty kopeks left.

"Well," he thought, "with this sum I cannot travel beyond the sea, but if I beg in Christ's name, I shall only increase my sin. Friend Efím will reach the place by himself, and will put up a candle for me. But I shall evidently never fulfil my vow. The master is merciful, and he will forgive me."

Eliséy got up, slung his wallet over his shoulders, and turned back. He made a circle around the village so that people might not see him. And soon he reached home. On his way out he had found it hard: it was hard keeping up with Efím; but on his way home God made it easy for him, for he did not know what weariness was. Walking was just play to him, and he swayed his staff, and made as much as seventy versts a day.

Eliséy came back home. The harvest was all in. The home folk were glad to see the old man. They asked all about him, why he had left his companion and why he had not gone to Jerusalem, but had returned home. Eliséy did not tell them anything.

"God did not grant me that I should," he said. "I spent my money on the way, and got separated from my companion. And so I did not go. Forgive me for Christ's sake."

He gave the old woman what money he had left. He asked all about the home matters: everything was right;

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everything had been attended to and nothing missed, and all were living in peace and agreement.

Efím's people heard that very day that Eliséy had come back, and so they came to inquire about their old man. And Eliséy told them the same story.

"You see," he said, "the old man started to walk briskly, and three days before St. Peter's day we lost each other. I wanted to catch up with him, but it happened that I spent all my money and could not go on, so I returned home."

The people marvelled how it was that such a clever man had acted so foolishly as to start and not reach the place and merely spend his money. They wondered awhile, and forgot about it. Eliséy, too, forgot about it. He began to work about the house: he got the wood ready for the winter with his son, threshed the grain with the women, thatched the sheds, gathered in the bees, and gave ten hives with the young brood to his neighbour. When he got all the work done, he sent his son out to earn money, and himself sat down in the winter to plait bast shoes and hollow out blocks for the hives.

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VIII.

ALL that day that Eliséy passed with the sick people, Efím waited for his companion. He walked but a short distance and sat down. He waited and waited, and fell asleep; when he awoke, he sat awhile, — but his companion did not turn up. He kept a sharp lookout for him, but the sun was going down behind a tree, and still Eliséy was not there.

"I wonder whether he has not passed by me," he thought. "Maybe somebody drove him past, and he did not see me while I was asleep. But how could he help seeing me? In the steppe you can see a long distance off. If I go back, he may be marching on, and we shall only get farther separated from each other. I will walk on, — we shall meet at the resting-place for the night."

When he came to a village, he asked the village officer to look out for an old man and bring him to the house where he stayed. Eliséy did not come there for the night. Efím marched on, and asked everybody whether they had seen a bald-headed old man. No one had seen him. Efím was surprised and walked on.

"We shall meet somewhere in Odessa," he thought, "or on the boat," and then he stopped thinking about it.

On the road he fell in with a pilgrim. The pilgrim, in calotte, cassock, and long hair, had been to Mount Athos, and was now going for the second time to Jerusalem. They met at a hostelry, and they had a chat and started off together.

They reached Odessa without any accident. They waited for three days for a ship There were many pil-

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grims there, and they had come together from all directions. Again Efím asked about Eliséy, but nobody had seen him.

Efím provided himself with a passport, — that cost five roubles. He had forty roubles left for his round trip, and he bought bread and herring for the voyage. The ship was loaded, then the pilgrims were admitted, and Tarásych sat down beside the pilgrim he had met. The anchors were weighed, they pushed off from the shore, and the ship sailed across the sea.

During the day they had good sailing; in the evening a wind arose, rain fell, and the ship began to rock and to be washed by the waves. The people grew excited; the women began to shriek, and such men as were weak ran up and down the ship, trying to find a safe place. Efím, too, was frightened, but he did not show it: where he had sat down on the floor on boarding the ship by the side of Tambóv peasants, he sat through the night and the following day; all of them held on to their wallets and did not speak. On the third day it grew calmer. On the fifth day they landed at Constantinople.

Some of the pilgrims went ashore there, to visit the Cathedral of St. Sophia, which now the Turks hold; Tarásych did not go, but remained on board the ship. All he did was to buy some white bread. They remained there a day, and then again sailed through the sea. They stopped at Smyrna town, and at another city by the name of Alexandria, and safely reached the city of Jaffa. In Jaffa all pilgrims go ashore: from there it is seventy versts on foot to Jerusalem. At the landing the people had quite a scare: the ship was high, and the people were let down into boats below; but the boats were rocking all the time, and two people were let down past the boat and got a ducking, but otherwise all went safely.

When all were ashore, they went on afoot; on the third day they reached Jerusalem at dinner-time. They

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stopped in a suburb, in a Russian hostelry; there they had their passports stamped and ate their dinner, and then they followed a pilgrim to the holy places. It was too early yet to be admitted to the Sepulchre of the Lord, so they went to the Monastery of the Patriarch. There all the worshippers were gathered, and the female sex was put apart from the male. They were all ordered to take off their shoes and sit in a circle. A monk came out with a towel, and began to wash everybody's feet. He would wash, and rub them clean, and kiss them, and thus he went around the whole circle. He washed Efim's feet and kissed them. They celebrated vigils and matins, and placed a candle, and served a mass for the parents. There they were fed, and received wine to drink.

On the following morning they went to the cell of Mary of Egypt, where she took refuge. There they placed candles, and a mass was celebrated. From there they went to Abraham's Monastery. They saw the Sebak garden, the place where Abraham wanted to sacrifice his son to God. Then they went to the place where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene, and to the Church of Jacob, the brother of the Lord. The pilgrim showed them all the places, and in every place he told how much money they ought to give. At dinner they returned to the hostelry. They ate, and were just getting ready to lie down to sleep, when the pilgrim, who was rummaging through his clothes, began to sigh.

"They have pulled out my pocketbook with money in it," he said. "I had twenty-three roubles, — two ten-rouble bills, and three in change."

The pilgrim felt badly about it, but nothing could be done, and all went to sleep.

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IX.

As Efím went to sleep, a temptation came over him.

"They have not taken the pilgrim's money," he thought, "he did not have any. Nowhere did he offer anything. He told me to give, but he himself did not offer any. He took a rouble from me."

As Efím was thinking so, he began to rebuke himself:

"How dare I judge the man, and commit a sin. I will not sin." The moment he forgot himself, he again thought that the pilgrim had a sharp eye on money, and that it was unlikely that they had taken the money from him. "He never had any money," he thought. "It's only an excuse."

They got up before evening and went to an early mass at the Church of the Resurrection, — to the Sepulchre of the Lord. The pilgrim did not leave Efím's side, but walked with him all the time.

They came to the church. There was there collected a large crowd of worshippers, Greeks, and Armenians, and Turks, and Syrians. Efím came with the people to the Holy Gate. A monk led them. He took them past the Turkish guard to the place where the Saviour was taken from the cross and anointed, and where candles were burning in nine large candlesticks. He showed and explained everything to them. Efím placed a candle there. Then the monks led Efím to the right over steps to Golgotha, where the cross stood; there Efím prayed; then Efím was shown the cleft where the earth was rent to the lowermost regions; then he was shown the place where Christ's hands and feet had been nailed to the

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cross, and then he was shown Adam's grave, where Christ's blood dropped on his bones. Then they came to the rock on which Christ sat when they put the wreath of thorns on his head; then to the post to which Christ was tied when he was beaten. Then Efím saw the stone with the two holes, for Christ's feet. They wanted to show him other things, but the people hastened away: all hurried to the grotto of the Lord's Sepulchre. Some foreign mass was just ended, and the Russian began. Efím followed the people to the grotto.

He wanted to get away from the pilgrim, for in thought he still sinned against him, but the pilgrim stuck to him, and went with him to mass at the Sepulchre of the Lord. They wanted to stand close to it, but were too late. There was such a crowd there that it was not possible to move forward or back. Efím stood there and looked straight ahead and prayed, but every once in awhile he felt his purse, to see whether it was in his pocket. His thoughts were divided; now he thought that the pilgrim had deceived him; and then he thought, if he had not deceived him, and the pocketbook had really been stolen, the same might happen to him.

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X.

Efím stood there and prayed and looked ahead into the chapel where the Sepulchre itself was, and where over the Sepulchre thirty-six lamps were burning. Efím looked over the heads to see the marvellous thing: under the very lamps, where the blessed fire was burning, in front of all, he saw an old man in a coarse caftan, with a bald spot shining on his whole head, and he looked very much like Eliséy Bodróv.

"He resembles Eliséy," he thought. "But how can it be he? He could not have got here before me. The previous ship started a week ahead of us. He could not have been on that ship. On our ship he was not, for I saw all the pilgrims."

Just as Efím was thinking this, the old man began to pray, and made three bows: once in front of him, to God, and twice to either side, to all the Orthodox people. And as the old man turned his head to the right, Efím recognized him. Sure enough, it was Bodróv: it was his blackish, curly beard, and the gray streak on his cheeks, and his brows, his eyes, his nose, and full face, — all his. Certainly it was he, Eliséy Bodróv.

Efím was glad that he had found his companion, and he marvelled how Eliséy could have got there ahead of him.

"How in the world did Bodróv get to that place in front?" he thought. "No doubt he met a man who knew how to get him there. When all go out, I will hunt him up, and I will drop the pilgrim in the colette, and will walk with him. Maybe he will take me to the front place."

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Efím kept an eye on Eliséy, so as not to lose him. When the masses were over, the people began to stir. As they went up to kiss the Sepulchre, they crowded and pushed Efím to one side. He was frightened lest his purse should be stolen. He put his hand to his purse and tried to make his way out into the open. When he got out, he walked and walked, trying to find Eliséy, both on the outside and in the church. In the church he saw many people in the cells: some ate, and drank wine, and slept there, and read their prayers. But Eliséy was not to be found. Efím returned to the hostelry, but he did not find his companion there either. On that evening the pilgrim, too, did not come back. He was gone, and had not returned the rouble to Efím. So Efím was left alone.

On the following day Efím went again to the Sepulchre of the Lord with a Tambóv peasant, with whom he had journeyed on the ship. He wanted to make his way to the front, but he was again pushed back, and so he stood at a column and prayed. He looked ahead of him, and there in front, under the lamps, at the very Sepulchre of the Lord, stood Eliséy. He had extended his hands, like a priest at the altar, and his bald spot shone over his whole head.

"Now," thought Efím, "I will not miss him."

He made his way to the front, but Eliséy was not there. Evidently he had left. On the third day he again went to the Sepulchre of the Lord, and there he saw Eliséy standing in the holiest place, in sight of everybody, and his hands were stretched out, and he looked up, as though he saw something above him. And his bald spot shone over his whole head.

"Now," thought Efím, "I will certainly not miss him; I will go and stand at the entrance, and then he cannot escape me."

Efím went out and stood there for a long time. He

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stood until after noon: all the people had passed out, but Eliséy was not among them.

Efím passed six weeks in Jerusalem, and visited all the places, Bethlehem, and Bethany, and the Jordan, and had a stamp put on a new shirt at the Lord's Sepulchre, to be buried in it, and filled a bottle of Jordan water, and got some earth, and candles with blessed fire, and in eight places inscribed names for the mass of the dead. He spent all his money and had just enough left to get home on, and so he started for home. He reached Jaffa, boarded a ship, landed at Odessa, and walked toward his home.

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XI.

Efím walked by himself the same way he had come out. As he was getting close to his village, he began to worry again about how things were going at his house without him. In a year, he thought, much water runs by. It takes a lifetime to get together a home, but it does nót take long to ruin it. He wondered how his son had done without him, how the spring had opened, how the cattle had wintered, and whether the hut was well built. Efím reached the spot where the year before he had parted from Eliséy. It was not possible to recognize the people. Where the year before they had suffered want, now there was plenty. Everything grew well in the field. The people picked up again and forgot their former misery. In the evening Efím reached the very village where the year before Eliséy had fallen behind. He had just entered the village, when a little girl in a white shirt came running out of a hut.

"Grandfather, grandfather! Come to our house!"

Efím wanted to go on, but the girl would not let him. She took hold of his coat and laughed and pulled him to the hut. A woman with a boy came out on the porch, and she, too, beckoned to him:

"Come in, grandfather, and eat supper with us and stay overnight!"

Efím stepped in.

"I can, at least, ask about Eliséy," he thought. "This is the very hut into which he went to get a drink."

Efím went inside. The woman took off his wallet, gave him water to wash himself, and seated him at the table.

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She fetched milk, cheese, cakes, and porridge, and placed it all on the table. Tarásych thanked her and praised the people for being hospitable to pilgrims. The woman shook her head.

"We cannot help receiving pilgrims," she said. "We received life from a pilgrim. We lived forgetting God, and God punished us in such a way that all of us were waiting for death. Last summer we came to such a point that we were all lying down sick and starved. We should certainly have died, but God sent us an old man like you. He stepped in during the daytime to get a drink; when he saw us, he took pity on us and remained at our house. He gave us to eat and to drink, and put us on our feet again. He cleared our land from debt, and bought a horse and cart and left it with us."

The old woman entered the room, and interrupted her speech:

"We do not know," she said, "whether he was a man or an angel of the Lord. He was good to us all, and pitied us, and then went away without giving his name, so that we do not know for whom to pray to God. I see it as though it happened just now: I was lying down and waiting for death to come; I looked up and saw a man come in, — just a simple, bald-headed man, — and ask for a drink. I, sinful woman, thought that he was a tramp, but see what he did! When he saw us he put down his wallet, right in this spot, and opened it."

The girl broke in.

"No, granny," she said, "first he put his wallet in the middle of the room, and only later did he put it on the bench."

And they began to dispute and to recall his words and deeds: where he had sat down, and where he had slept, and what he had done, and what he had said to each.

Toward evening the master of the house came home on

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a horse, and he, too, began to tell about Eliséy, and how he had stayed at their house.

"If he had not come to us," he said, "we should all of us have died in sin. We were dying in despair, and we murmured against God and men. But he put us on our feet, and through him we found out God, and began to believe in good people. May Christ save him! Before that we lived like beasts, and he has made men of us."

They gave Efím to eat and to drink, and gave him a place to sleep, and themselves went to bed.

As Efím lay down, he could not sleep, and Eliséy did not leave his mind, but he thought of how he had seen him three times in Jerusalem in the foremost place.

"So this is the way he got ahead of me," he thought. "My work may be accepted or not, but his the Lord has accepted."

In the morning Efím bade the people good-bye: they filled his wallet with cakes and went to work, while Efím started out on the road.

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XII.

Efím was away precisely a year. In the spring he returned home.

He reached his house in the evening. His son was not at home, — he was in the dram-shop. He returned intoxicated, and Efím began to ask him about the house. He saw by everything that the lad had got into bad ways without him. He had spent all the money, and the business he had neglected. His father scolded him, and he answered his father with rude words.

"You ought to have come back yourself," he said. "Instead, you went away and took all the money with you, and now you make me responsible."

The old man became angry and beat his son.

The next morning Efím Tarásych went to the elder to talk to him about his son. As he passed Eliséy's farm, Eliséy's wife was standing on the porch and greeting him:

"Welcome, friend!" she said. "Did you, dear man, have a successful journey?"

Efím Tarásych stopped.

"Thank God," he said, "I have been at Jerusalem, but I lost your husband on the way. I hear that he is back."

And the old woman started to talk to him, for she was fond of babbling.

"He is back, my dear; he has been back for quite awhile. He returned soon after Assumption day. We were so glad to see him back. It was lonely without him. Not that we mean his work, — for he is getting old. But he is the head, and it is jollier for us. How happy our lad was! Without him, he said, it was as without light

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for the eyes. It was lonely without him, my dear. We love him so much!"

"Well, is he at home now?"

"At home he is, neighbour, in the apiary, brushing in the swarms. He says it was a fine swarming season. The old man does not remember when there has been such a lot of bees. God gives us not according to our sins, he says. Come in, dear one! He will be so glad to see you."

Efím walked through the vestibule and through the yard to the apiary, to see Eliséy. When he came inside the apiary, he saw Eliséy standing without a net, without gloves, in a gray caftan, under a birch-tree, extending his arms and looking up, and his bald spot shone over his whole head, just as he had stood in Jerusalem at the Lord's Sepulchre, and above him, through the birch-tree, the sun glowed, and above his head the golden bees circled in the form of a wreath, and did not sting him. Efím stopped.

Eliséy's wife called out to her husband:

"Your friend is here."

Eliséy looked around. He was happy, and walked over toward his friend, softly brushing the bees out of his beard.

"Welcome, friend, welcome, dear man! Did you have a successful journey?"

"My feet took me there, and I have brought you some water from the river Jordan. Come and get it! But whether the Lord has received my work — "

"Thank God! Christ save you!"

Efím was silent.

"I was there with my feet, but in spirit you were there, or somebody else — "

"It is God's work, my friend, God's work."

"On my way home I stopped at the hut where I lost you."

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Eliséy was frightened, and he hastened to say:

"It is God's work, my friend, God's work. Well, won't you step in? I will bring some honey."

And Eliséy changed the subject, and began to speak of home matters.

Efím heaved a sigh. He did not mention the people of the hut to Eliséy, nor what he had seen in Jerusalem. And he understood that God has enjoined that each man shall before his death carry out his vow — with love and good deeds.

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WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO

1885

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WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO

SHOEMAKER Martýn Avdyéich lived in the city. He lived in a basement, in a room with one window. The window looked out on the street. Through it the people could be seen as they passed by: though only the feet were visible, Martýn Avdyéich could tell the men by their boots. He had lived for a long time in one place and had many acquaintances. It was a rare pair of boots in the neighbourhood that had not gone once or twice through his hands. Some he had resoled; on others he had put patches, or fixed the seams, or even put on new uppers. Frequently he saw his own work through the window. He had much to do, for he did honest work, put in strong material, took no more than was fair, and kept his word. If he could get a piece of work done by a certain time he undertook to do it, and if not, he would not cheat, but said so in advance. Everybody knew Avdyéich, and his work never stopped.

Avdyéich had always been a good man, but in his old age he thought more of his soul and came near unto God. Even while Martýn had been living with a master, his wife had died, and he had been left with a boy three years of age. Their children did not live long. All the elder children had died before. At first Martýn had intended sending his son to his sister in a village, but

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then he felt sorry for the little lad, and thought: "It will be hard for my Kapitóshka to grow up in somebody else's family, and so I will keep him."

Avdyéich left his master, and took up quarters with his son. But God did not grant Avdyéich any luck with his children. No sooner had the boy grown up so as to be a help to his father and a joy to him, than a disease fell upon him and he lay down and had a fever for a week and died. Martýn buried his son, and was in despair. He despaired so much that he began to murmur against God. He was so downhearted that more than once he asked God to let him die, and rebuked God for having taken his beloved only son, and not him. He even stopped going to church.

One day an old man, a countryman of Avdyéich's, returning from Tróitsa, — he had been a pilgrim for eight years, — came to see him. Avdyéich talked with him and began to complain of his sorrow:

"I have even no desire to live any longer, godly man. If I could only die. That is all I am praying God for. I am a man without any hope."

And the old man said to him:

"You do not say well, Martýn. We cannot judge God's works. Not by our reason, but by God's judgment do we live. God has determined that your son should die, and you live. Evidently it is better so. The reason you are in despair is that you want to live for your own enjoyment."

"What else shall we live for?" asked Martýn.

And the old man said:

"We must live for God, Martýn. He gives us life, and for Him must we live. When you shall live for Him and shall not worry about anything, life will be lighter for you."

Martýn was silent, and he said:

"How shall we live for God?"

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And the old man said:

"Christ has shown us how to live for God. Do you know how to read? If so, buy yourself a Gospel and read it, and you will learn from it how to live for God. It tells all about it."

These words fell deep into Avdyéich's heart. And he went that very day and bought himself a New Testament in large letters, and began to read.

Avdyéich had meant to read it on holidays only, but when he began to read it, his heart was so rejoiced that he read it every day. Many a time he buried himself so much in reading that all the kerosene would be spent in the lamp, but he could not tear himself away from the book. And Avdyéich read in it every evening, and the more he read, the clearer it became to him what God wanted of him, and how he should live for God; and his heart grew lighter and lighter. Formerly, when he lay down to sleep, he used to groan and sob and think of his Kapitóshka, but now he only muttered:

"Glory be to Thee, glory to Thee, O Lord! Thy will be done!"

Since then Avdyéich's life had been changed. Formerly, he used on a holiday to frequent the tavern, to drink tea, and would not decline a drink of vódka. He would drink a glass with an acquaintance and, though he would not be drunk, he would come out of the tavern in a happier mood, and then he would speak foolish things, and would scold, or slander a man. Now all that passed away from him. His life came to be calm and happy. In the morning he sat down to work, and when he got through, he took the lamp from the hook, put it down on the table, fetched the book from the shelf, opened it, and began to read it. And the more he read, the better he understood it, and his mind was clearer and his heart lighter.

One evening Martýn read late into the night. He had

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before him the Gospel of St. Luke. He read the sixth chapter and the verses: "And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloke forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

And he read also the other verses, where the Lord says: "And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will shew you to whom he is like: he is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock: and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it: for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the earth; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."

When Avdyéich read these words, there was joy in his heart. He took off his glasses, put them on the book, leaned his arms on the table, and fell to musing. And he began to apply these words to his life, and he thought:

"Is my house on a rock, or on the sand? It is well if it is founded on a rock: it is so easy to sit alone, — it seems to me that I am doing everything which God has commanded; but if I dissipate, I shall sin again. I will just proceed as at present. It is so nice! Help me, God!"

This he thought, and he wanted to go to sleep, but he was loath to tear himself away from the book. And he began to read the seventh chapter. He read about the centurion, about the widow's son, about the answer to

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John's disciples, and he reached the passage where the rich Pharisee invited the Lord to be his guest, and where the sinning woman anointed His feet and washed them with her tears, and he justified her. And he reached the 44th verse, and read: "And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment."

When he had read these verses, he thought:

"He gave no water for His feet; he gave no kiss; he did not anoint His head with oil."

And again Avdyéich took off his glasses and placed them on the book, and fell to musing.

"Evidently he was just such a Pharisee as I am. He, no doubt, thought only of himself: how to drink tea, and be warm, and in comfort, but he did not think of the guest. About himself he thought, but no care did he have for the guest. And who was the guest? — The Lord Himself. Would I have done so, if He had come to me?"

And Avdyéich leaned his head on both his arms and did not notice how he fell asleep.

"Martýn!" suddenly something seemed to breathe over his very ear.

Martýn shuddered in his sleep: "Who is that?"

He turned around and looked at the door, but there was nobody there. He bent down again, to go to sleep. Suddenly he heard distinctly:

"Martýn, oh, Martýn, remember, to-morrow I will come to the street."

Martýn awoke, rose from his chair, and began to rub

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his eyes. He did not know himself whether he had heard these words in his dream or in waking. He put out the light and went to sleep.

Avdyéich got up in the morning before daybreak, said his prayers, made a fire, put the beet soup and porridge on the stove, started the samovár, tied on his apron, and sat down at the window to work. And, as he sat there at work, he kept thinking of what had happened the night before. His thoughts were divided: now he thought that it had only seemed so to him, and now again he thought he had actually heard the voice.

"Well," he thought, "such things happen."

Martýn was sitting at the window and not so much working as looking out into the street, and if somebody passed in unfamiliar boots, he bent over to look out of the window, in order to see not merely the boots, but also the face. A janitor passed by in new felt boots; then a water-carrier went past; then an old soldier of the days of Nicholas, in patched old felt boots, holding a shovel in his hands, came in a line with the window. Avdyéich recognized him by his felt boots. The old man's name was Stepánych, and he was living with a neighbouring merchant for charity's sake. It was his duty to help the janitor. Stepánych began to clear away the snow opposite Avdyéich's window. Avdyéich cast a glance at him and went back to his work.

"Evidently I am losing my senses in my old age," Avdyéich laughed to himself. "Stepánych is clearing away the snow, and I thought that Christ was coming to see me. I, old fool, am losing my senses." But before he had made a dozen stitches, something drew him again toward the window. He looked out, and there he saw Stepánych leaning his shovel against the wall and either warming or resting himself.

He was an old, broken-down man, and evidently shovelling snow was above his strength. Avdyéich thought:

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"I ought to give him some tea; fortunately the samovár is just boiling." He stuck the awl into the wood, got up, placed the samovár on the table, put some tea in the teapot, and tapped with his finger at the window. Stepánych turned around and walked over to the window. Avdyéich beckoned to him and went to open the door.

"Come in and get warmed up!" he said. "I suppose you are feeling cold."

"Christ save you! I have a breaking in my bones," said Stepánych.

He came in, shook off the snow and wiped his boots so as not to track the floor, but he was tottering all the time.

"Don't take the trouble to rub your boots. I will clean up, — that is my business. Come and sit down!" said Avdyéich. "Here, drink a glass of tea!"

Avdyéich filled two glasses and moved one of them up to his guest, and himself poured his glass into the saucer and began to blow at it.

Stepánych drank his glass; then he turned it upside down, put the lump of sugar on top of it, and began to express his thanks; but it was evident that he wanted another glass.

"Have some more," said Avdyéich; and he poured out a glass for his guest and one for himself. Avdyéich drank his tea, but something kept drawing his attention to the window.

"Are you waiting for anybody?" asked the guest.

"Am I waiting for anybody? It is really a shame to say for whom I am waiting: no, I am not exactly waiting, but a certain word has fallen deep into my heart: I do not know myself whether it is a vision, or what. You see, my friend, I read the Gospel yesterday about Father Christ and how He suffered and walked the earth. I suppose you have heard of it?"

"Yes, I have," replied Stepánych, "but we are ignorant people, — we do not know how to read."

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"Well, so I read about how He walked the earth. I read, you know, about how He came to the Pharisee, and the Pharisee did not give Him a good reception. Well, my friend, as I was reading last night about that very thing, I wondered how he could have failed to honour Father Christ. If He should have happened to come to me, for example, I should have done everything to receive Him. But he did not receive Him well. As I was thinking of it, I fell asleep. And as I dozed off I heard some one calling me by name: I got up and it was as though somebody were whispering to me: 'Wait,' he said: 'I will come to-morrow.' This he repeated twice. Would you believe it, — it has been running through my head, — I blame myself for it, — and I am, as it were, waiting for Father Christ."

Stepánych shook his head and said nothing. He finished his glass and put it sidewise, but Avdyéich took it again and filled it with tea.

"Drink, and may it do you good! I suppose when He, the Father, walked the earth, He did not neglect anybody, and kept the company mostly of simple folk. He visited mostly simple folk, and chose His disciples mostly from people of our class, labouring men, like ourselves the sinners. He who raises himself up, He said, shall be humbled, and he who humbles himself shall be raised. You call me Lord, He said, but I will wash your feet. He who wants to be the first, He said, let him be everybody's servant; because, He said, blessed are the poor, the meek the humble, and the merciful."

Stepánych forgot his tea. He was an old man and easily moved to tears. He sat there and listened, and tears flowed down his cheeks.

"Take another glass!" said Avdyéich.

But Stepánych made the sign of the cross, thanked him for the tea, pushed the glass away from him, and got up.

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"Thank you, Martýn Avdyéich," he said. "You were hospitable to me, and have given food to my body and my soul."

"You are welcome. Come in again, — I shall be glad to see you," said Avdyéich.

Stepánych went away. Martýn poured out the last tea, finished another glass, put away the dishes, and again sat down at the window to work, — to tap a boot. And as he worked, he kept looking out of the window, — waiting for Christ and thinking of Him and His works. And all kinds of Christ's speeches ran through his head.

There passed by two soldiers, one in Crown boots, the other in boots of his own; then the proprietor of a neighbouring house came by in clean galoshes, and then a baker with a basket. All of these went past the window, and then a woman in woollen stockings and peasant shoes came in line with the window. She went by the window and stopped near a wall. Avdyéich looked at her through the window, and saw that she was a strange, poorly dressed woman, with a child: she had stopped with her back to the wind and was trying to wrap the child, though she did not have anything to wrap it in. The woman's clothes were for the summer, and scanty at that. Avdyéich could hear the child cry in the street, and her vain attempt to quiet it. Avdyéich got up and went out of his room and up to the staircase, and called out:

"Clever woman! Clever woman!"

The woman heard him and turned around.

"Why are you standing there in the cold with the child? Come in here! It will be easier for you to wrap the child in a warm room. Here, this way!"

The woman was surprised. She saw an old man in an apron, with glasses over his nose, calling to her. She followed him in.

They went down the stairs and entered the room, and Martýn took the woman up to the bed.

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"Sit down here, clever woman, nearer to the stove, and get warm and feed the child."

"There is no milk in my breasts, — I have not had anything to eat since morning," said the woman, but still she took the child to her breast.

Avdyéich shook his head, went to the table, fetched some bread and a bowl, opened a door in the stove, filled the bowl with beet soup, and took out the pot of porridge, but it was not done yet. He put the soup on the table, put down the bread, and took off a rag from a hook and put it down on the table.

"Sit down, clever woman, and eat, and I will sit with the babe, — I used to have children of my own, and so I know how to take care of them."

The woman made the sign of the cross, sat down at the table, and began to eat, while Avdyéich seated himself on the bed with the child. He smacked his lips at it, but could not smack well, for he had no teeth. The babe kept crying all the time. Avdyéich tried to frighten it with his finger: he quickly carried his finger down toward the babe's mouth and pulled it away again. He did not put his finger into the child's mouth, because it was black, — all smeared with pitch. But the child took a fancy for his finger and grew quiet, and then began even to smile. Avdyéich, too, was happy. The woman was eating in the meantime and telling him who she was and whither she was going.

"I am a soldier's wife," she said. "My husband was driven somewhere far away eight months ago, and I do not know where he is. I had been working as a cook when the baby was born; they would not keep me with the child. This is the third month that I have been without a place. I have spent all I had saved. I wanted to hire out as a wet-nurse, but they will not take me: they say that I am too thin. I went to a merchant woman, where our granny lives, and she promised she would take

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me. I thought she wanted me to come at once, but she told me she wanted me next week. She lives a distance away. I am all worn out and have worn out the dear child, too. Luckily our landlady pities us for the sake of Christ, or else I do not know how we should have lived until now."

Avdyéich heaved a sigh, and said:

"And have you no warm clothes?"

"Indeed, it is time now to have warm clothing, dear man! But yesterday I pawned my last kerchief for twenty kopeks."

The woman went up to the bed and took her child, but Avdyéich got up, went to the wall, rummaged there awhile, and brought her an old sleeveless cloak.

"Take this!" he said. "It is an old piece, but you may use it to wrap yourself in."

The woman looked at the cloak and at the old man, and took the cloak, and burst out weeping. Avdyéich turned his face away; he crawled under the bed, pulled out a box, rummaged through it, and again sat down opposite the woman.

And the woman said:

"May Christ save you, grandfather! Evidently He sent me to your window. My child would have frozen to death. When I went out it was warm, but now it has turned dreadfully cold. It was He, our Father, who taught you to look through the window and have pity on me, sorrowful woman."

Avdyéich smiled, and said:

"It is He who has instructed me: clever woman, there was good reason why I looked through the window."

Martýn told the soldier woman about his dream, and how he had heard a voice promising him that the Lord would come to see him on that day.

"Everything is possible," said the woman. She got

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up, threw the cloak over her, wrapped the child in it, and began to bow to Avdyéich and to thank him.

"Accept this, for the sake of Christ," said Avdyéich, giving her twenty kopeks, with which to redeem her kerchief.

The woman made the sign of the cross, and so did Avdyéich, and he saw the woman out.

She went away. Avdyéich ate some soup, put the things away, and sat down once more to work. He was working, but at the same time thinking of the window: whenever it grew dark there, he looked up to see who was passing. There went by acquaintances and strangers, and there was nothing peculiar.

Suddenly Avdyéich saw an old woman, a huckstress, stop opposite the very window. She was carrying a basket with apples. There were but few of them left, — evidently she had sold all, and over her shoulder she carried a bag with chips. No doubt, she had picked them up at some new building, and was on her way home. The bag was evidently pulling hard on her shoulder; she wanted to shift it to her other shoulder, so she let the bag down on the flagstones, set the apple-basket on a post, and began to shake down the chips. While she was doing that, a boy in a torn cap leaped out from somewhere, grasped an apple from the basket, and wanted to skip out, but the old woman saw him in time and turned around and grabbed the boy by the sleeve. The boy yanked and tried to get away, but the old woman held on to him with both her hands, knocked down his cap, and took hold of his hair. The boy cried, and the old woman scolded. Avdyéich did not have time to put away the awl. He threw it on the floor, jumped out of the room, stumbled on the staircase, and dropped his glasses. He ran out into the street. The old woman was pulling the boy's hair and scolding him. She wanted to take him to a policeman; the little fellow struggled and tried to deny what he had done:

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"I did not take any, so why do you beat me? Let me go!"

Avdyéich tried to separate them. He took the boy's arm, and said:

"Let him go, granny, forgive him for Christ's sake!"

"I will forgive him in such a way that he will not forget until the new bath brooms are ripe. I will take the rascal to the police station!"

Avdyéich began to beg the old woman:

"Let him go, granny, he will not do it again. Let him go, for Christ's sake!"

The woman let go of him. The boy wanted to run, but Avdyéich held on to him.

"Beg the grandmother's forgiveness," he said. "Don't do that again, — I saw you take the apple."

The boy began to cry, and he asked her forgiveness.

"That's right. And now, take this apple!" Avdyéich took an apple from the basket and gave it to the boy. "I will pay for it, granny," he said to the old woman.

"You are spoiling these ragamuffins," said the old woman. "He ought to be rewarded in such a way that he should remember it for a week."

"Oh, granny, granny!" said Avdyéich. "That is according to our ways, but how is that according to God's ways? If he is to be whipped for an apple, what ought to be done with us for our sins?"

The old woman grew silent.

And Avdyéich told the old woman the parable of the lord who forgave his servant his whole large debt, after which the servant went and took his fellow servant who was his debtor by the throat. The old woman listened to him, and the boy stood and listened, too.

"God has commanded that we should forgive," said Avdyéich, "or else we, too, shall not be forgiven. All are to be forgiven, but most of all an unthinking person."

The old woman shook her head and sighed.

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"That is so," said the old woman, "but they are very much spoiled nowadays."

"Then we old people ought to teach them," said Avdyéich.

"That is what I say," said the old woman. "I myself had seven of them, — but only one daughter is left now." And the old woman began to tell where and how she was living with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "My strength is waning," she said, "but still I work. I am sorry for my grandchildren, and they are such nice children, — nobody else meets me the way they do. Aksyútka will not go to anybody from me. 'Granny, granny dear, darling!'" And the old woman melted with tenderness.

"Of course, he is but a child, — God be with him!" the old woman said about the boy.

She wanted to lift the bag on her shoulders, when the boy jumped up to her, and said:

"Let me carry it, granny! I am going that way."

The old woman shook her head and threw the bag on the boy's shoulders. They walked together down the street. The old woman had forgotten to ask Avdyéich to pay her for the apple. Avdyéich stood awhile, looking at them and hearing them talk as they walked along.

When they disappeared from sight, he returned to his room. He found his glasses on the staircase, — they were not broken, — and he picked up his awl and again sat down to work. He worked for awhile; he could not find the holes with the bristle, when he looked up and saw the lampman lighting the lamps.

"It is evidently time to strike a light," he thought, and he got up and fixed the lamp and hung it on the hook, and sat down again to work. He finished a boot: he turned it around and looked at it, and he saw that it was well done. He put down his tool, swept up the clippings, put away the bristles and the remnants and the awls, took

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the lamp and put it on the table, and fetched the Gospel from the shelf. He wanted to open the book where he had marked it the day before with a morocco clipping, but he opened it in another place. And just as he went to open the Gospel, he thought of his dream of the night before. And just as he thought of it, it appeared to him as though something were moving and stepping behind him. He looked around, and, indeed, it looked as though people were standing in the dark corner, but he could not make out who they were. And a voice whispered to him:

"Martýn, oh, Martýn, have you not recognized me?"

"Whom?" asked Avdyéich.

"Me," said the voice. "It is I."

And out of the dark corner came Stepánych, and he smiled and vanished like a cloud and was no more.

"And it is I," said a voice.

And out of the dark corner came the woman with the babe, and the woman smiled and the child laughed, and they, too, disappeared.

"And it is I," said a voice.

And out came the old woman and the boy with the apple, and both smiled and vanished.

And joy fell on Avdyéich's heart, and he made the sign of the cross, put on his glasses, and began to read the Gospel, there where he had opened it. And at the top of the page he read:

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

And at the bottom of the page he read:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matt. xxv.)

And Avdyéich understood that his dream had not deceived him, that the Saviour had really come to him on that day, and that he had received Him.

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TEXTS FOR CHAPBOOK ILLUSTRATIONS

1885

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TEXTS FOR CHAPBOOK ILLUSTRATIONS

THE FIEND PERSISTS, BUT GOD RESISTS

In ancient times there lived a good master. He had plenty of everything, and many slaves served him. And the slaves prided themselves on their master. They said:

"There is not a better master under heaven. He feeds us and dresses us well, and gives us work to do according to our strength, and never offends us with a word, and bears no grudge against any one; he is not like other masters who torture their slaves worse than cattle, and punish them with cause and without cause, and never say a good word to them. Our master wishes us good, and does us good, and speaks good words to us. We do not want any better life."

Thus the slaves boasted of their master. And the devil was annoyed to see the slaves living well and in love with their master. And the devil took possession of one of the master's slaves, Aleb. He took possession of him and commanded him to seduce other slaves. And when all the slaves were resting and praising their master, Aleb raised his voice and said:

"Brothers, in vain do you pride yourselves on the goodness of your master. Try to do the devil's bidding, and he, too, will be kind to you. We serve our master well,

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and please him in everything. He needs only to have a thing in mind, and we do it, — we guess his thoughts. Why, then, should he not be good to us? Stop doing his bidding and do him some wrong, and he will be like everybody else, and will repay evil with evil, much worse than the worst of masters."

And the other slaves began to dispute with Aleb. They disputed and made a wager. Aleb undertook to anger the good master. He undertook to do so on condition that if he did not succeed in making him angry, he should lose his holiday garment, but if he did, each should give him his own holiday garment, and, besides, they promised to defend him against the master and to free him if the master should put him in irons or throw him into prison. They made this wager, and Aleb promised to anger the master on the following morning.

Aleb was serving in the master's sheepfold and tended on costly thoroughbred rams. And so, when the good master came the next morning with his guests to the sheepfold to show them his favourite expensive rams, the devil's labourer winked to his companions: "Watch me now! I am going to anger the master." All the slaves gathered and looked through the door and over the enclosure, and the devil climbed a tree and looked from there into the yard, to see how his labourer was going to serve him. The master walked through the yard, showing his guests the sheep and lambs, and he wanted to show them his best ram.

"The other rams are nice, too, but the one with the twisted horns is priceless, and I think more of him than of the pupil of my eye."

The sheep and the lambs were shying from the people in the yard, and the guests could not get a good look at the expensive ram. The moment the ram stopped, the labourer of the devil, as though by accident, frightened the sheep, and they got all mixed. The guests could not

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make out which was the expensive ram. The master got tired of it, so he said:

"Aleb, my dear friend, take the trouble carefully to catch the best ram with the twisted horns and to hold him awhile."

The moment the master had said that, Aleb rushed forward, like a lion, into the midst of the rams and caught the priceless ram by his fleece. He got hold of the wool, and with one hand he seized the left hind leg and raised it and in the eyes of the master jerked it in such a way that it snapped like a linden post. Aleb had broken the ram's leg beneath the knee. The ram began to bleat and fell down on his fore legs. Aleb grasped the right leg while the left hung loose like a whip-cord. The guests and all the slaves groaned, and the devil rejoiced, when he saw how cleverly Aleb had done his work. The master looked blacker than night. He frowned, lowered his head, and did not say a word. The guests and the slaves were silent. They waited to see what would happen.

The master was silent, then shook himself, as though he wanted to throw something off, and raised his head and lifted it to the sky. He looked at it for a short time, and the wrinkles on his face disappeared, and he smiled and lowered his eyes on Aleb. He looked at Aleb, and smiled, and said:

"O Aleb, Aleb! Your master has commanded you to anger me. But my master is stronger than yours: you have not angered me, but I will anger your master. You were afraid that I would punish you, and you wanted to be free, Aleb. Know, then, that you will receive no punishment from me, and, since you wanted to be free, I free you in the presence of these my guests. Go in all four directions and take your holiday garment with you!"

And the good master went with his guests to the house. But the devil ground his teeth and fell down from the tree and sank through the earth.

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LITTLE GIRLS WISER THAN OLD PEOPLE

It was an early Easter. They had just quit using sleighs. In the yards lay snow, and rills ran down the village. A large puddle had run down from a manure pile into a lane between two farms. And at this puddle two girls, one older than the other, had met. Both of them had been dressed by their mothers in new bodices. The little girl had a blue bodice, and the elder a yellow one with a design. Both had their heads wrapped in red kerchiefs. After mass the two girls went to the puddle, where they showed their new garments to each other, and began to play. They wanted to plash in the water. The little girl started to go into the puddle with her shoes on, but the older girl said to her:

"Don't go, Malásha, your mother will scold you. I will take off my shoes, and you do the same."

The girls took off their shoes, raised their skirts, and walked through the puddle toward each other. Malásha stepped in up to her ankles, and said:

"It is deep, Akúlka, I am afraid."

"Never mind," she replied, "it will not be any deeper. Come straight toward me!" They came closer to each other. Akúlka said:

"Malásha, look out, and do not splash it up, but walk softly."

She had barely said that when Malásha plumped her foot into the water and bespattered Akúlka's bodice, and not only her bodice, but also her nose and eyes. When Akúlka saw the spots on her bodice, she grew angry at Malásha, and scolded her, and ran after her, and wanted

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to strike her. Malásha was frightened and, seeing what trouble she had caused, jumped out of the puddle and ran home.

Akúlka's mother passed by; she saw her daughter's bodice bespattered and her shirt soiled.

"Where, accursed one, did you get yourself so dirty?"

"Malásha has purposely splashed it on me."

Akúlka's mother grasped Malásha and gave her a knock on the nape of her neck. Malásha began to howl, and her mother ran out of the house.

"Why do you strike my daughter?" she began to scold her neighbour.

One word brought back another, and the women began to quarrel. The men, too, ran out, and a big crowd gathered in the street. All were crying, and nobody could hear his neighbour. They scolded and cursed each other; one man gave another man a push, and a fight had begun, when Akúlka's grandmother came out. She stepped in the midst of the peasants, and began to talk to them:

"What are you doing, dear ones? Consider the holiday. This is a time for rejoicing. And see what sin you are doing!"

They paid no attention to the old woman, and almost knocked her off her feet. She would never have stopped them, if it had not been for Akúlka and Malásha. While the women exchanged words, Akúlka wiped off her bodice, and went back to the puddle in the lane. She picked up a pebble and began to scratch the ground so as to let the water off into the street. While she was scratching, Malásha came up and began to help her: she picked up a chip and widened the rill. The peasants had begun to fight, just as the water went down the rill toward the place where the old woman was trying to separate the men. The girls ran, one from one side of the rill, the other from the other side.

"Look out, Malásha, look out!" shouted Akúlka.

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Malásha wanted to say something herself, but could not speak for laughter.

The girls were running and laughing at a chip which was bobbing up and down the rill. They ran straight into the crowd of the peasants. The old woman saw them and said to the peasants:

"Shame on you before God, men! You have started fighting on account of these two girls, and they have long ago forgotten it: the dear children have been playing nicely together. They are wiser than you."

The men looked at the girls, and they felt ashamed. Then they laughed at themselves, and scattered to their farms.

"Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

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THE TWO BROTHERS AND THE GOLD

In ancient times there lived not far from Jerusalem two brothers, the elder named Athanasius, and the younger John. They lived in a mountain, not far from the city, and supported themselves on what people offered them. The brothers passed all their days at work. They worked not for themselves, but for the poor. Wherever were those who were oppressed by labour, or sick people, or orphans, or widows, thither the brothers went, and there they worked, and received no pay. Thus the two brothers passed the whole week away from each other, and met only on Saturday evening in their abode. On Sunday alone did they stay at home, and then they prayed and talked with each other. And an angel of the Lord came down to them and blessed them. On Monday they separated each in his own direction. Thus they lived for many years, and each week the angel of the Lord came down to them and blessed them.

One Monday, when the brothers had already gone out to work and had gone each in his direction, the elder brother, Athanasius, was loath to part from his brother, and he stopped and looked back. John was walking with lowered head, in his direction, without looking back. But suddenly John, too, stopped and, as though he had suddenly noticed something, gazed at something, while shielding his eyes. Then he approached what he was gazing at, suddenly jumped to one side, and, without looking back, ran down-hill and up-hill again, away from the place, as though a wolf were after him. Athanasius was surprised. He went back to that spot, to see what it was

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that had so frightened his brother. He went up to it and saw something shining in the sun. He came nearer, and there lay a heap of gold on the ground, as though poured out from a measure. And Athanasius was still more surprised, both at the gold and at his brother's leap.

"Why was he frightened, and why did he run away?" thought Athanasius. "There is no sin in gold. The sin is in man. With gold one may do wrong, but also some good. How many orphans and widows may be fed, how many naked people dressed, and the poor and sick aided with this gold! We now serve people, but our service is small, though it is to the best of our strength. With this gold, however, we can serve people better."

Thus Athanasius thought, and he wanted to tell it all to his brother; but John was out of the range of hearing, and could be seen only as a speck the size of a beetle on another mountain.

Athanasius took off his cloak, scooped up as much gold as he was able to carry away, threw it on his shoulder, and carried it into the city. He came to a hostelry and left the gold with the keeper, and went back for the rest. When he had brought all the gold, he went to the merchants, bought some land in the city, and stones and timber, and hired labourers, and began to build three houses.

Athanasius lived for three months in the city, and built three houses there: one — an asylum for widows and orphans, another — a hospital for the sick and the lame, and a third — for pilgrims and for the needy. And Athanasius found three God-fearing old men, and one of them he placed in charge of the asylum, the second — of the hospital, and the third — of the hostelry. And Athanasius had still three thousand gold coins left. He gave each old man one thousand coins to distribute them to the poor.

The three houses began to fill up with people, and the

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people began to praise Athanasius for everything he had done. And Athanasius was glad of that and did not feel like leaving the city. But he loved his brother and so he bade the people farewell and, without keeping a single coin, went back to his abode, wearing the same old garment in which he had come.

As Athanasius was approaching his mountain, he thought:

"My brother did not judge rightly when he jumped from the gold and ran away from it. Have I not done better?"

And no sooner had Athanasius thought so than he saw the angel who used to bless him standing in the road and looking threateningly at him. And Athanasius was frightened and only said:

"For what, O Lord?"

And the angel opened his lips, and said:

"Go hence! You are not worthy of living with your brother. One leap of your brother is worth all the deeds which you have done with your gold."

And Athanasius began to speak of how many poor people and pilgrims he had fed, and how many orphans he had housed. And the angel said:

"The devil who placed the gold there has also taught you these words."

Then only did his conscience trouble him, and he saw that he had done his deeds not for God, and he wept and began to repent.

The angel stepped out of the road and opened the path on which his brother, John, was already standing and waiting for him. After that Athanasius no longer submitted to the temptation of the devil who had scattered the gold, and he understood that not with gold, but only with words can we serve God and men.

And the brothers began to live as before.

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ILYÁS

In the Government of Ufá there lived a Bashkir, Ilyás. His father had left him no wealth. His father had died a year after he had got his son married. At that time Ilyás had seven mares, two cows, and a score of sheep; but Ilyás was a good master and began to increase his possessions; he worked with his wife from morning until night, got up earlier than anybody, and went to bed later, and grew richer from year to year. Thus Ilyás passed thirty-five years at work, and came to have a vast fortune.

Ilyás finally had two hundred head of horses, 150 head of cattle, and twelve hundred sheep. Men herded Ilyás's herds and flocks, and women milked the mares and cows, and made kumys, butter, and cheese. Ilyás had plenty of everything, and in the district everybody envied him his life. People said:

"Ilyás is a lucky fellow. He has plenty of everything, — he does not need to die."

Good people made Ilyás's friendship and became his friends. And guests came to him from a distance. He received them all, and fed them, and gave them to drink. No matter who came, he received kumys, and tea, and sherbet, and mutton. If guests came to see him, a sheep or two were killed, and if many guests arrived, he had them kill a mare.

Ilyás had two sons and a daughter. He had got all of them married. When Ilyás had been poor, his sons had worked with him and had herded the horses and the cattle and the sheep; but when they grew rich, the sons

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became spoiled, and one of them even began to drink. One of them, the eldest, was killed in a fight, and the other, the younger, had a proud wife, and did not obey his father, and his father had to give him a separate maintenance.

Ilyás gave him a house and cattle, and his own wealth was diminished. Soon after a plague fell on Ilyás's sheep, and many of them died. Then there was a famine year, the hay crop was a failure, and in the winter many head of cattle died. Then the Kirgizes drove off the best herd of horses. And thus Ilyás's estate grew less, and he fell lower and lower, and his strength began to wane.

When he was seventy years old, he began to sell off his furs, rugs, saddles, and tents, and soon had to sell his last head of cattle, so that he was left without anything. Before he knew it, all was gone, and in his old age he had to go with his wife to live among strangers. All that Ilyás had left of his fortune was what garments he had on his body, a fur coat, a cap, and his morocco slippers and shoes, and his wife, Sham-shemagi, who was now an old woman. The son to whom he had given the property had left for a distant country, and his daughter had died. And so there was nobody to help the old people.

Their neighbour, Muhamedshah, took pity on them. Muhamedshah was neither rich nor poor, and he lived an even life, and was a good man. He remembered Ilyás's hospitality, and so pitied him, and said to Ilyás:

"Come to live with me, Ilyás, and bring your wife with you! In the summer work according to your strength in my truck-garden, and in the winter feed the cattle, and let Sham-shemagi milk the mares and make kumys. I will feed and clothe you and will let you have whatever you may need."

Ilyás thanked his neighbour, and went to live with his wife as Muhamedshah's labourers. At first it was hard

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for them, but soon they got used to the work, and the old people worked according to their strength.

It was profitable for the master to keep these people, for they had been masters themselves and knew all the order and were not lazy, but worked according to their strength; but it pained Muhamedshah to see the well-to-do people brought down so low.

One day distant guests, match-makers, happened to call on Muhamedshah; and the mulla, too, came. Muhamedshah ordered his men to catch a sheep and kill it. Ilyás flayed the sheep and cooked it and sent it in to the guests. They ate the mutton, drank tea, and then started to drink kumys. The guests and the master were sitting on down cushions on the rugs, drinking kumys out of bowls, and talking; but Ilyás got through with his work and walked past the door. When Muhamedshah saw him, he said to a guest:

"Did you see the old man who just went past the door?"

"I did," said the guest; "but what is there remarkable about him?"

"What is remarkable is that he used to be our richest man. Ilyás is his name; maybe you have heard of him?"

"Of course I have," said the guest. "I have never seen him, but his fame has gone far abroad."

"Now he has nothing left, and he lives with me as a labourer, and his wife is with him, — she milks the cows."

The guest was surprised. He clicked with his tongue, shook his head, and said:

"Evidently fortune flies around like a wheel: one it lifts up, another it takes down. Well, does the old man pine?"

"Who knows? He lives quietly and peaceably, and works well."

Then the guest said:

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"May I speak with him? I should like to ask him about his life."

"Of course you may," said the master, and he called out of the tent: "Babay!" (This means "grandfather" in the Bashkia language.) "Come in and drink some kumys, and bring your wife with you!"

Ilyás came in with his wife. He exchanged greetings with the guests and with the master, said a prayer, and knelt down at the door; but his wife went back of a curtain and sat down with the mistress.

A bowl of kumys was handed to Ilyás. Ilyás saluted the guests and the master, made a bow, drank a little, and put down the bowl.

"Grandfather," the guest said to him, "I suppose it makes you feel bad to look at us and think of your former life, considering what fortune you had and how hard your life is now."

But Ilyás smiled and said:

"If I should tell you about my happiness and unhappiness, you would not believe me, — you had better ask my wife. She is a woman, and what is in her heart is on her tongue: she will tell you all the truth about this matter."

And the guest spoke to her behind the curtain:

"Well, granny, tell us how you judge about your former happiness and present sorrow."

And Sham-shemagi spoke from behind the curtain:

"I judge like this: My husband and I lived for fifty years trying to find happiness, and we did not find it; but now it is the second year that we have nothing left and that we live as labourers, and we have found that happiness and need no other."

The guests were surprised and the master marvelled, and he even got up to throw aside the curtain and to look at the old woman. But the old woman was standing with folded hands, smiling and looking at her husband,

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and the old man was smiling, too. The old woman said once more:

"I am telling you the truth, without any jest: for half a century we tried to find happiness, and so long as we were rich, we did not find it; now nothing is left, and we are working out, — and we have come to have such happiness that we wish for no other."

"Wherein does your happiness lie?"

"In this: when we were rich, my husband and I did not have an hour's rest: we had no time to talk together, to think of our souls, or to pray. We had so many cares! Now guests called on us, — and there were the cares about what to treat them to and what presents to make so that they should not misjudge us. When the guests left, we had to look after the labourers: they thought only of resting and having something good to eat, but we cared only about having our property attended to, — and so sinned. Now we were afraid that a wolf would kill a colt or a calf, and now that thieves might drive off a herd. When we lay down to sleep, we could not fall asleep, fearing lest the sheep might crush the lambs. We would get up in the night and walk around; no sooner would we be quieted than we would have a new care, — how to get fodder for the winter. And, worse than that, there was not much agreement between my husband and me. He would say that this had to be done so and so, and I would say differently, and so we began to quarrel, and sin. Thus we lived from one care to another, from one sin to another, and saw no happy life."

"Well, and now?"

"Now my husband and I get up, speak together peaceably, in agreement, for we have nothing to quarrel about, nothing to worry about, — all the care we have is to serve our master. We work according to our strength, and we work willingly so that our master shall have no loss, but profit. When we come back, dinner is ready, and supper,

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and kumys. If it is cold, there are dung chips to make a fire with and a fur coat to warm ourselves. For fifty years we looked for happiness, but only now have we found it."

The guests laughed.

And Ilyás said:

"Do not laugh, brothers! This is not a joke, but a matter of human life. My wife and I were foolish and wept because we had lost our fortune, but now God has revealed the truth to us, and we reveal this to you, not for our amusement but for your good."

And the mulla said:

"That was a wise speech, and Ilyás has told the precise truth, — it says so, too, in Holy Writ."

And the guests stopped laughing and fell to musing

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A FAIRY-TALE

About Iván the Fool and His Two Brothers, Semén the Warrior and Tarás the Paunch, and His Dumb Sister Malánya, and About the Old Devil and the Three Young Devils

1885

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row. Everything has to be provided, then there will be an income."

And Semén the Warrior went to his father:

"You are rich, father," he said, "and you have not given me anything. Cut off a third and I will transfer it to my estate."

And the old man said:

"You have brought nothing to my house, why should I give you a third? It will be unfair to Iván and to the girl."

But Semén said:

"But he is a fool, and she is a dumb old maid. What do they need?"

And the old man said:

"As Iván says so it shall be!"

But Iván said:

"All right, let him have it!"

So Semén the Warrior took his third from the house, transferred it to his estate, and again went away to serve the king.

Tarás the Paunch, too, earned much money, — and married a merchant woman. Still he did not have enough, and he came to his father, and said:

"Give me my part!"

The old man did not want to give Tarás his part:

"You," he said, "have brought nothing to the house, and everything in the house has been earned by Iván. I cannot be unfair to him and to the girl."

But Tarás said:

"What does he want it for? He is a fool. He cannot marry, for no one will have him; and the dumb girl does not need anything, either. Give me," he said, "half of the grain, Iván! I will not take your tools, and of your animals I want only the gray stallion, — you cannot plough with him."

Iván laughed.

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"All right," he said, "I will earn it again."

So Tarás, too, received his part. Tarás took the grain to town, and drove off the gray stallion, and Iván was left with one old mare, and he went on farming and supporting his father and his mother.

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II.

THE old devil was vexed because the brothers had not quarrelled in dividing up, but had parted in love. And so he called up three young devils.

"You see," he said, "there are three brothers, Semén the Warrior, Tarás the Paunch, and Iván the Fool. They ought to be quarrelling, but, instead, they live peacefully; they exchange with each other bread and salt. The fool has spoiled all my business. Go all three of you, — get hold of them, and mix them up in such a way that they shall tear out one another's eyes. Can you do it?"

"We can," they said.

"How are you going to do it?"

"We will do it like this," they said: "First we will ruin them, so that they will have nothing to eat; then we will throw them all in a heap, so that they will quarrel together."

"Very well," he said. "I see that you know your business. Go, and do not return to me before you have muddled all three, or else I will flay all three of you."

The three devils all went to a swamp, and considered how to take hold of the matter: they quarrelled and quarrelled, for they wanted each of them to get the easiest job, and finally they decided to cast lots for each man. If one of them got through first, he was to come and help the others. The devils cast lots, and set a time when they were to meet again in the swamp, in order to find out who was through, and who needed help.

When the time came, the devils gathered in the swamp.

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They began to talk about their affairs. The first devil, Semén the Warrior's, began to speak.

"My affair," he said, "is progressing. To-morrow my Semén will go to his father."

His comrades asked him how he did it.

"In the first place," he said, "I brought such bravery over Semén that he promised his king to conquer the whole world, and the king made him a commander and sent him out to fight the King of India. They came together for a fight. But that very night I wet all his powder, and I went over to the King of India and made an endless number of soldiers for him out of straw. When Semén's soldiers saw the straw soldiers walking upon them on all sides, they lost their courage. Semén commanded them to fire their cannon and their guns, but they could not fire them. Semén's soldiers were frightened and ran away like sheep. And the King of India vanquished them. Semén is disgraced, — they have taken his estate from him, and to-morrow he is to be beheaded. I have only one day's work left to do: to let him out of the prison, so that he can run home. To-morrow I shall be through with him, so tell me which of you I am to aid!"

Then the other devil, Tarás's, began to speak:

"I do not need any help," he said, "for my affair is also progressing nicely, — Tarás will not live another week. In the first place, I have raised a belly on him, and made him envious. He is so envious of other people's property that, no matter what he sees, he wants to buy it. He has bought up an endless lot of things and spent all his money on them and is still buying. He now buys on other people's money. He has quite a lot on his shoulders, and is so entangled that he will never free himself. In a week the time will come for him to pay, and I will change all his wares into manure, — and he will not be able to pay his debts, and will go to his father's."

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They began to ask the third devil, Iván's.

"How is your business?"

"I must say, my business is not progressing at all. The first thing I did was to spit into his kvas jug, so as to give him a belly-ache, and I went to his field and made the soil so hard that he should not be able to overcome it. I thought that he would never plough it up, but he, the fool, came with his plough and began to tear up the soil. His belly-ache made him groan, but he stuck to his ploughing. I broke one plough of his, but he went home, fixed another plough, wrapped new leg-rags on him, and started once more to plough. I crept under the earth, and tried to hold the ploughshare, but I could not do it, — he pressed so hard on the plough; the ploughshares are sharp, and he has cut up my hands. He has ploughed up nearly the whole of it, — only a small strip is left. Come and help me, brothers, or else, if we do not overpower him, all our labours will be lost. If the fool is left and continues to farm, they will have no want, for he will feed them all."

Semán's devil promised to come on the morrow to help him, and thereupon the devils departed.

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III.

Iván ploughed up all the fallow field, and only one strip was left. His belly ached, and yet he had to plough. He straightened out the lines, turned over the plough, and went to the field. He had just made one furrow, and was coming back, when something pulled at the plough as though it had caught in a root. It was the devil that had twined his legs about the plough-head and was holding it fast.

"What in the world is that?" thought Iván. "There were no roots here before, but now there are."

Iván stuck his hand down in the furrow, and felt something soft. He grabbed it and pulled it out. It was as black as a root, but something was moving on it. He took a glance at it, and, behold, it was a live devil.

"I declare," he said, "it is a nasty thing!" And Iván swung him and was about to strike him against the plough-handle; but the devil began to scream.

"Do not beat me," he said, "and I will do for you anything you wish."

"What will you do for me?"

"Say what you want!"

Iván scratched himself.

"My belly aches, — can you cure me?"

"I can," he said.

"Very well, cure me!"

The devil bent down to the furrow, scratched awhile in it, pulled out a few roots, — three of them in a bunch, — and gave them to Iván.

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"Here," he said, "is a root, which, if you swallow, will make your ache go away at once."

Iván took the roots, tore them up, and swallowed one. His belly-ache stopped at once.

Then the devil began to beg again:

"Let me go, now, and I will slip through the earth, and will not come up again."

"All right," he said, "God be with you!"

And the moment Iván mentioned God's name, the devil bolted through the earth, as a stone plumps into the water, and only a hole was left. Iván put the remaining two roots in his cap, and started to finish his work. He ploughed up the strip, turned over the plough, and went home. He unhitched the horse, came to the house, and there found his eldest brother, Semén the Warrior, with his wife, eating supper. His estate had been taken from him, and he had with difficulty escaped from prison and come to his father's to live.

Semén saw Iván, and, "I have come to live with you," he said. "Feed me and my wife until I find a new place!"

"All right," he said, "stay here!"

Iván wanted to sit down on a bench, but the lady did not like the smell of Iván. So she said to her husband:

"I cannot eat supper with a stinking peasant."

"All right," he said, "I have to go anyway to pasture the mare for the night."

Iván took some bread and his caftan, and went out to herd his mare.

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IV.

THAT night Semén's devil got through with his work and by agreement went to find Iván's devil, to help to make an end of the fool. He came to the field and looked for him everywhere, but found only the hole.

"Something has evidently gone wrong with my comrade," he thought, — "I must take his place. The ploughing is done, — I shall have to catch him in the mowing time."

The devil went to the meadows and sent a flood on the mowing so that it was all covered with mud. Iván returned in the morning from the night watch, whetted his scythe, and went out to mow the meadows. He came, and began to mow: he swung the scythe once, and a second time, and it grew dull and would not cut, — it was necessary to grind it. Iván worked hard and in vain.

"No," he said, "I will go home, and will bring the grindstone with me, and a round loaf. If I have to stay here for a week, I will not give up until I mow it all."

When the devil heard it he thought:

"This fool is stiff-necked, — I cannot get at him. I must try something else."

Iván came back, ground his scythe, and began to mow. The devil crept into the grass and began to catch the scythe by the snath-end and to stick the point into the ground. It went hard with Iván, but he finished the mowing, and there was left only one scrubby place in the swamp. The devil crawled into the swamp and thought:

"If I get both my paws cut, I will not let him mow it."

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Iván went into the swamp; the grass was not dense, but he found it hard to move the scythe. Iván grew angry and began to swing the scythe with all his might. The devil gave in; he had hardly time to get away, — he saw that matters were in bad shape, so he hid in a bush. Iván swung the scythe with all his might and struck the bush, and cut off half of the devil's tail. Iván finished the mowing, told the girl to rake it up, and himself went to cut the rye.

He went out with a round knife, but the bobtailed devil had been there before him and had so mixed up the rye that he could not cut it with the round knife. Iván went back, took the sickle, and began to cut it; he cut all the rye.

"Now I must go to the oats," he said.

The bobtailed devil heard it, and thought:

"I could not cope with him on the rye, but I will get the better of him in the oats, — just let the morning come."

The devil ran in the morning to the oats-field, but the oats were all cut down. Iván had cut them in the night, to keep them from dropping the seed.

The devil grew angry:

"The fool has cut me all up, and has worn me out. I have not seen such trouble even in war-time. The accursed one does not sleep, — I cannot keep up with him. I will go now to the ricks, and will rot them all."

And the devil went to the rye-rick, climbed between the sheaves, and began to rot them: he warmed them up, and himself grew warm and fell asleep.

Iván hitched his mare, and went with the girl to haul away the ricks. He drove up to one and began to throw the sheaves into the cart. He had just put two sheaves in when he stuck his fork straight into the devil's back; he raised it, and, behold, on the prongs was a live devil and a bobtailed one at that, and he was writhing and twisting, and trying to get off.

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"I declare," he said, "it is a nasty thing! Are you here again?"

"I am a different devil," he said. "My brother was here before. I was with your brother Semén."

"I do not care who you are," he replied, "you will catch it, too."

He wanted to strike him against the ground, but the devil began to beg him:

"Let me go, and I will not do it again, and I will do for you anything you please."

"What can you do?"

"I can make soldiers for you from anything."

"What good are they?"

"You can turn them to any use you please: they will do anything."

"Can they play music?"

"They can."

"All right, make them for me!"

And the devil said:

"Take a sheaf of rye, strike the lower end against the ground, and say: 'By my master's command not a sheaf shall you stand, but as many straws as there are so many soldiers there be.'"

Iván took the sheaf, shook it against the ground, and spoke as the devil told him to. And the sheaf fell to pieces, and the straws were changed into soldiers, and in front a drummer was drumming, and a trumpeter blowing the trumpet. Iván laughed.

"I declare," he said, "it is clever. This is nice to amuse the girls with."

"Let me go now," said the devil.

"No," he said, "I will do that with threshed straw, and I will not let full ears waste for nothing. I will thresh them first."

So the devil said:

"Say, 'As many soldiers, so many straws there be!

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With my master's command again a sheaf it shall stand.'"

Iván said this, and the sheaf was as before. And the devil begged him again:

"Let me go now!"

"All right!" Iván caught him on the cart-hurdle, held him down with his hand, and pulled him off the fork. "God be with you!" he said.

The moment he said, "God be with you," the devil bolted through the earth, as a stone plumps into the water, and only a hole was left.

Iván went home, and there he found his second brother. Tarás and his wife were sitting and eating supper. Tarás the Paunch had not calculated right, and so he ran away from his debts and came to his father's. When he saw Iván, he said:

"Iván, feed me and my wife until I go back to trading!"

"All right," he said, "stay with us!"

Iván took off his caftan, and seated himself at the table.

But the merchant's wife said:

"I cannot eat with a fool. He stinks of sweat."

So Tarás the Paunch said:

"Iván, you do not smell right, so go and eat in the vestibule!"

"All right," he said, and, taking bread, he went out. "It is just right," he said, "for it is time for me to go and pasture the mare for the night."

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V.

THAT night Tarás's devil got through with his job, and he went by agreement to help out his comrades, — to get the best of Iván the Fool. He came to the field and tried to find his comrades, but all he saw was a hole in the ground; he went to the meadows, and found a tail in the swamp, and in the rye stubbles he found another hole.

"Well," he thought, "evidently some misfortune has befallen my comrades; I must take their place, and go for the fool."

The devil went forth to find Iván. But Iván was through with the field, and was chopping wood in the forest.

The brothers were not comfortable living together, and they had ordered the fool to cut timber with which to build them new huts.

The devil ran to the woods, climbed into the branches, and did not let Iván fell the trees. Iván chopped the tree in the right way, so that it might fall in a clear place; he tried to make it fall, but it came down the wrong way, and fell where it had no business to fall, and got caught in the branches. Iván made himself a lever with his axe, began to turn the tree, and barely brought it down. Iván went to chop a second tree, and the same thing happened. He worked and worked at it, and brought it down. He started on a third tree, and again the same happened.

Iván had expected to cut half a hundred trunks, and before he had chopped ten it was getting dark. Iván

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was worn out. Vapours rose from him as though a mist were going through the woods, but he would not give up. He chopped down another tree, and his back began to ache so much that he could not work: he stuck the axe in the wood, and sat down to rest himself.

The devil saw that Iván had stopped, and was glad:

"Well," he thought, "he has worn himself out, and he will stop soon. I will myself take a rest," and he sat astride a bough, and was happy.

But Iván got up, pulled out his axe, swung with all his might, and hit the tree so hard from the other side that it cracked and came down with a crash. The devil had not expected it and had no time to straighten out his legs. The bough broke and caught the devil's hand. Iván began to trim, and behold, there was a live devil. Iván was surprised.

"I declare," he said, "you are a nasty thing! Are you here again?"

"I am not the same," he said. "I was with your brother Tarás."

"I do not care who you are, — you will fare the same way." Iván swung his axe, and wanted to crush him with the back of the axe.

The devil began to beg him:

"Do not kill me, — I will do anything you please for you."

"What can you do?"

"I can make as much money for you as you wish."

"All right, make it for me!"

And the devil taught him how to do it.

"Take some oak leaves from this tree," he said, "and rub them in your hands. The gold will fall to the ground."

Iván took some leaves and rubbed them, — and the gold began to fall.

"This is nice to have," he said, "when you are out celebrating with the boys."

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"Let me go now!" said the devil.

"All right!" Iván took his lever, and freed the devil. "God be with you," he said, and the moment he mentioned God's name, the devil bolted through the earth, as a stone plumps into the water, and only a hole was left.

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VI.

THE brothers built themselves houses, and began to live each by himself. But Iván got through with his field work, and brewed some beer and invited his brothers to celebrate with him. They would not be Iván's guests:

"We have never seen a peasant celebration," they said.

Iván treated the peasants and their wives, and himself drank until he was drunk, and he went out into the street to the khorovód. He went up to the women, and told them to praise him.

"I will give you what you have not seen in all your lives."

The women laughed, and praised him. When they got through, they said:

"Well, let us have it!"

"I will bring it to you at once," he said.

He picked up the seed-basket and ran into the woods. The women laughed: "What a fool he is!" And they forgot about him, when, behold, he was running toward them, and carrying the basket full of something.

"Shall I let you have it?"

"Yes."

Iván picked up a handful of gold and threw it to the women. O Lord, how they darted for the money! The peasants rushed out and began to tear it out of the hands of the women. They almost crushed an old woman to death. Iván laughed.

"Oh, you fools," he said, "why did you crush that old woman? Be more gentle, and I will give you some

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more." He began to scatter more gold. People ran up, and Iván scattered the whole basketful. They began to ask for more. But Iván said:

"That is all. I will give you more some other time. Now let us have music! Sing songs!"

The women started a song.

"I do not like your kind of songs," he said.

"What kind is better?"

"I will show you in a minute," he said. He went to the threshing-floor, pulled out a sheaf, straightened it up, placed it on end, and struck it against the ground.

"At your master's command not a sheaf shall you stand, each straw a soldier shall be."

The sheaf flew to pieces, and out came the soldiers, and the drums began to beat and the trumpets to sound. Iván told the soldiers to play songs, and went into the street with them. The people were surprised. The soldiers played songs, and then Iván took them back to the threshing-floor, and told nobody to follow him. He changed the soldiers back into a sheaf, and threw it on the loft. He went home and went to sleep behind the partition.

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VII.

On the next morning his eldest brother, Semén the Warrior, heard of it, and he went to see Iván.

"Reveal to me," he said, "where did you find those soldiers, and where did you take them to?"

"What is that to you?" he said.

"What a question! With soldiers anything may be done. You can get a kingdom for yourself."

Iván was surprised.

"Indeed? Why did you not tell me so long ago?" he said. "I will make as many for you as you please. Luckily the girl and I have threshed a lot of straw."

Iván took his brother to the threshing-floor, and said:

"Look here! I will make them for you, but you take them away, or else, if we have to feed them, they will ruin the village in one day."

Semén the Warrior promised that he would take the soldiers away, and Iván began to make them. He struck a sheaf against the floor, there was a company; he struck another, there was a second, and he made such a lot of them that they took up the whole field.

"Well, will that do?"

Semén was happy, and said:

"It will do. Thank you, Iván."

"All right," he said. "If you need more, come to me, and I will make you more. There is plenty of straw to-day."

Semén the Warrior at once attended to the army, collected it as was proper, and went forth to fight.

No sooner had Semén the Warrior left, than Tarás the

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Paunch came. He, too, had heard of the evening's affair, and he began to beg his brother:

"Reveal to me, where do you get the gold money from? If I had such free money, I would with it gather in all the money of the whole world."

Iván was surprised.

"Indeed? You ought to have told me so long ago," he said. "I will rub up for you as much as you want."

His brother was glad:

"Give me at least three seed-baskets full!"

"All right," he said, "let us go to the woods! But hitch up the horse, or you will not be able to carry it away."

They went to the woods, and Iván began to rub the oak leaves. He rubbed up a large heap.

"Will that do, eh?"

Tarás was happy.

"It will do for awhile," he said. "Thank you, Iván."

"You are welcome. If you need more, come to me, and I will rub up some more, — there are plenty of leaves left."

Tarás the Paunch gathered a whole wagon-load of money, and went away to trade with it.

Both brothers left the home. And Semén went out to fight, and Tarás to trade. And Semén the Warrior conquered a whole kingdom for himself, while Tarás the Paunch made a big heap of money by trading.

The brothers met, and they revealed to one another where Semén got the soldiers, and Tarás the money.

Semén the Warrior said to his brother:

"I have conquered a kingdom for myself, and I lead a good life, only I have not enough money to feed my soldiers with."

And Tarás the Paunch said:

"And I have earned a whole mound of money, but here is the trouble: I have nobody to guard the money."

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So Semén the Warrior said.

"Let us go to our brother! I will tell him to make me more soldiers, and I will give them to you to guard your money; and you tell him to rub me more money with which to feed the soldiers."

And they went to Iván. When they came to him, Semén said:

"I have not enough soldiers, brother. Make me some more soldiers, — if you have to work over two stacks."

Iván shook his head.

"I will not make you any soldiers, for nothing in the world."

"But you promised you would."

"So I did, but I will not make them for you."

"Why, you fool, won't you make them?"

"Because your soldiers have killed a man. The other day I was ploughing in the field, when I saw a woman driving with a coffin in the road, and weeping all the time. I asked her who had died, and she said, 'Semén's soldiers have killed my husband in a war.' I thought that the soldiers would make music, and there they have killed a man. I will give you no more."

And he stuck to it, and made no soldiers for him.

Then Tarás the Paunch began to beg Iván to make him more gold money. But Iván shook his head.

"I will not rub any, for nothing in the world."

"But you promised you would."

"So I did, but I will not do it."

"Why, you fool, will you not do it?"

"Because your gold coins have taken away Mikháylovna's cow."

"How so?"

"They just did. Mikháylovna had a cow, whose milk the children sipped, but the other day the children came to me to ask for some milk. I said to them: 'Where is your cow?' And they answered: 'Tarás the Paunch's

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clerk came, and he gave mother three gold pieces, and she gave him the cow, and now we have no milk to sip.' I thought you wanted to play with the gold pieces, and you take the cow away from the children. I will not give you any more."

And the fool stuck to it, and did not give him any. So the brothers went away.

They went away, and they wondered how they might mend matters. Then Semén said:

"This is what we shall do. You give me money to feed the soldiers with, and I will give you half my kingdom with the soldiers to guard your money." Tarás agreed to it. The brothers divided up, and both became kings, and rich men.

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VIII.

But Iván remained at home, supporting father and mother, and working the field with the dumb girl.

One day Iván's watch-dog grew sick: he had the mange and was dying. Iván was sorry for him, and he took some bread from the dumb girl, put it in his hat, and took it out and threw it to the dog. But the cap was torn, and with the bread one of the roots fell out. The old dog swallowed it with the bread. And no sooner had he swallowed it than he jumped up, began to play and to bark, and wagged his tail, — he was well again.

When his father and his mother saw that, they were surprised.

"With what did you cure the dog?"

And Iván said to them:

"I had two roots with which to cure all diseases, and he swallowed one."

It happened that at that time the king's daughter grew ill, and the king proclaimed in all the towns and villages that he would reward him who should cure her, and that if it should be an unmarried man, he should have his daughter for a wife. The same was also proclaimed in Iván's village.

Father and mother called Iván, and said to him:

"Have you heard what the king has proclaimed? You said that you had a root, so go and cure the king's daughter. You will get a fortune for the rest of your life."

"All right," he said. And he got ready to go. He was dressed up, and went out on the porch, and saw a beggar woman with a twisted arm.

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"I have heard that you can cure," she said. "Cure my arm, for I cannot dress myself."

And Iván said:

"All right!" He took the root, gave it to the beggar woman, and told her to swallow it.

She swallowed it, and was cured at once and could wave her arm. Iván's parents came out to see him off on his way to the king, and when they heard that he had given away the last root and had nothing left with which to cure the king's daughter, they began to upbraid him.

"You have taken pity on the beggar woman, but you have no pity on the king's daughter."

But he hitched his horse, threw a little straw into the hamper, and was getting ready to drive away.

"Where are you going, fool?"

"To cure the king's daughter."

"But you have nothing to cure her with!"

"All right," he said, and drove away.

He came to the king's palace, and the moment he stepped on the porch, the king's daughter was cured.

The king rejoiced, and sent for Iván. He had him all dressed up:

"Be my son-in-law!" he said.

"All right," he said.

And Iván married the king's daughter. The king died soon after, and Iván became king. Thus all three brothers were kings.

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IX.

THE three brothers were reigning.

The elder brother, Semén the Warrior, lived well. With his straw soldiers he got him real soldiers. He commanded his people to furnish a soldier to each ten homes, and every such soldier had to be tall of stature, and white of body, and clean of face. And he gathered a great many such soldiers and taught them all what to do. And if any one acted contrary to his will, he at once sent his soldiers against that person, and did as he pleased. And all began to be afraid of him.

He had an easy life. Whatever he wished for, or his eyes fell upon, was his. He would send out his soldiers, and they would take away and bring to him whatever he needed.

Tarás the Paunch, too, lived well. The money which he had received from Iván he had not spent, but he had increased it greatly. He, too, had good order in his kingdom. The money he kept in coffers, and exacted more money from the people. He exacted money from each soul for walking past, and driving past, and for bast shoes, and leg-rags, and shoe-laces. And no matter what he wished, he had; for money they brought him everything, and they went to work for him, because everybody needs money.

Nor did Iván the Fool live badly. As soon as he had buried his father-in-law, he took off his royal garments and gave them to his wife to put away in the coffer. He put on his old hempen shirt and trousers, and his bast shoes, and began to work.

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"I do not feel well," he said. "My belly is growing larger, and I cannot eat, nor sleep."

He brought his parents and the dumb girl, and began to work again.

People said to him:

"But you are a king!"

"All right," he said, "but a king, too, has to eat."

The minister came to him, and said:

"We have no money with which to pay salaries."

"All right," he said, "if you have none, pay no salaries!"

"But they will stop serving you."

"All right," he said, "let them stop serving! They will have more time for work. Let them haul manure. They have not hauled any for a long time."

People came to Iván to have a case tried. One said:

"He stole money from me."

But Iván replied:

"All right, evidently he needed it."

All saw that Iván was a fool. His wife said to him:

"They say about you that you are a fool."

"All right," he said.

Iván's wife, too, was a fool, and she thought and thought.

"Why should I go against my husband?" she said. "The thread belongs where the needle is."

She took off her regal garments, put them in a coffer, and went to the dumb girl to learn to work. She learned, and began to help her husband.

All the wise men left Iván's kingdom, and only the fools were left. Nobody had any money. They lived and worked and fed themselves and all good people.

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X.

THE old devil waited and waited for some news from the young devils about how they had destroyed the three brothers, but none came. He went to find out for himself: he looked everywhere for the three, but found only three holes.

"Well," he thought, "evidently they did not get the best of them. I shall have to try it myself."

He went to find the brothers, but they were no longer in their old places. He found them in different kingdoms. All three were living and reigning there. That vexed the old devil.

"I shall have to do the work myself," he said.

First of all he went to King Semén. He did not go to him in his own form, but in the shape of a general. He went to him, and said:

"I have heard that you, King Semén, are a great warrior. I have had good instruction in this business, and I want to serve you."

King Semén began to ask him questions, and he saw that he was a clever man, and so received him into his service.

The old general began to teach King Semén how to gather a great army.

"In the first place," he said, "you must collect more soldiers, for too many people in your kingdom are walking about idly. You must shave the heads of all the young men without exception, and then you will have an army which will be five times as large as it is now. In the second place, you must introduce new guns and can-

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non. I will get you the kind of guns that fire one hundred bullets at once, as though pouring out pease. And I will get you cannon that burn with their fire: whether a man, or a horse, or a wall, — they burn everything."

King Semén listened to his new general, and ordered all the young men without exception to be drafted as soldiers, and started new factories. He had a lot of new guns and cannon made, and at once started a war against a neighbouring king. The moment the enemy's army came out against him, he ordered his soldiers to fire at them with bullets and to burn them with the cannon fire. He at once maimed and burnt one-half the army. The neighbouring king became frightened, and he surrendered and gave up his kingdom to him. King Semén was happy.

"Now I will vanquish the King of India," he said.

But the King of India heard of King Semén, and adopted all his inventions and added a few of his own. The King of India drafted not only all the young men, but he also made all the unmarried women serve as soldiers, and so he had even more soldiers than King Semén. He adopted all of King Semén's guns and cannon, and introduced flying in the air and throwing explosive bombs from above.

King Semén went out to make war on the King of India. He thought that he would conquer him as he had conquered before; but the scythe was cutting too fine, — the King of India did not give Semén's army a chance to fire a single shot, for he sent his women into the air, to throw explosive bombs on Semén's army. The women began to pour the bombs on Semén's army, like borax on cockroaches, and the whole army ran away, and King Semén was left alone. The King of India took possession of the whole of Semén's kingdom, and Semén the Warrior ran whither his eyes took him.

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The old devil had done up this brother, and he made for King Tarás. He took the shape of a merchant and settled in Tarás's kingdom. He started an establishment, and began to issue money. The merchant paid high prices for everything, and the whole nation rushed to the merchant to get his money. And the people had so much money that they paid all their back taxes and paid on time all the taxes as they fell due. King Tarás was happy.

"Thanks to the merchant," he thought, "I shall now have more money than ever, and my life will improve."

And King Tarás fell on new plans. He began to build himself a new palace: he commanded the people to haul lumber and stone, and to come to work, and offered high prices for everything. King Tarás thought that as before the people would rush to work for him. But, behold, all the lumber and stone was being hauled to the merchant, and only the labourers were rushing to the king.

King Tarás offered higher prices, but the merchant went higher still. King Tarás had much money, but the merchant had more still, and the merchant could offer better pay than the king. The royal palace came to a standstill, — it could not be built.

King Tarás wanted to get a garden laid out. When the fall came, King Tarás proclaimed that he wanted people to come and set out trees for him; but nobody came, as they were all digging a pond for the merchant.

Winter came. King Tarás wanted to buy sable furs for a new coat, and he sent out men to buy them. The messenger came back, and said that there were no sables, — that all the furs were in the merchant's possession, as he had offered a higher price, and that he had made himself a sable rug.

King Tarás wanted to have some stallions. He sent messengers to buy them for him; but they came back, and said that the merchant had all the good stallions, and they were hauling water and filling up the pond.

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All the business of the king came to a stop. Men would not do anything for him, but worked only for the merchant; all he received was the merchant's money, for taxes.

And the king collected such a mass of money that he did not know what to do with it, and his life grew bad. The king stopped planning things, and only thought of how he might pass his life peacefully, but he could not do so. He was oppressed in everything. His cooks, and his coachmen, and his servants began to leave him for the merchant. And he began to suffer for lack of food. He would send the women to market to buy provisions, but there was nothing there, for the merchant bought up everything, and all he received was money for taxes.

King Tarás grew angry and sent the merchant abroad; but the merchant settled at the border and continued to do his work: as before, people dragged for the merchant's money all the things from the king to him. The king was in a bad plight: he did not eat for days at a time, and the rumour was spread that the merchant was boasting that he was going to buy the king himself with his money. King Tarás lost his courage, and did not know what to do.

Semén the Warrior came to him, and said:

"Support me, for the King of India has vanquished me."

But Tarás himself was pinched.

"I have not eaten myself for two days," he said.

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XI.

THE old devil had done up the two brothers, and now went to Iván. The old devil took the shape of a general, and he came to Iván and tried to persuade him to provide himself with an army.

"It will not do for a king to live without an army," he said. "Just command me, and I will gather soldiers from among your people, and will get you up an army."

Iván took his advice.

"All right," he said, "get me up an army: teach them to play good music, — I like that."

The old devil started to go over the kingdom, to gather volunteers. He said that they should go and get their crowns shaved, for which they would get a bottle of vódka each, and a red cap.

The fools laughed at him.

"We have all the liquor we want," they said, "for we distil it ourselves, and as for caps, our women will make us any we want, even motley ones, with tassels at that."

Not one of them would go. The old devil went to Iván and said:

"Your fools will not go of their own will; you will have to force them."

"All right," he said, "drive them by force!"

And so the old devil announced that all the fools were to inscribe themselves as soldiers, and that Iván would execute those who would not go.

The fools came to the general and said:

"You say that the king will have us killed if we do not become soldiers, but you do not tell us what we shall

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have to do as soldiers. They say that soldiers, too, are killed."

"Yes, that cannot be helped."

When the fools heard that, they became stubborn.

"We will not go," they said. "If so, let us be killed at home! Death cannot be escaped anyway."

"Fools that you are!" said the old devil. "A soldier may be killed or not, but if you do not go, King Iván will certainly have you killed."

The fools considered the matter, and went to see Iván the Fool.

"Your general has come," they said, "and tells us all to turn soldiers. 'If you become soldiers,' he says, 'you may be killed, or not, but if you do not become soldiers King Iván will certainly put you to death.' Is that true?"

Iván began to laugh.

"How can I, one man, have you all put to death? If I were not a fool, I should explain that to you, but as it is, I do not understand it myself."

"If so," they said, "we shall not become soldiers."

"All right," he said, "don't."

The fools went to the general and refused to become soldiers.

The old devil saw that his business did not work, so he went to the King of Cockroachland, and got into his favour.

"Let us go," he said, "and wage war on King Iván, and vanquish him. He has no money, but he has plenty of grain, and cattle, and all kinds of things."

The King of Cockroachland went out to make war: he had gathered a large army, and collected guns and cannon, and left his borders, to enter Iván's kingdom.

People came to Iván and said:

"The King of Cockroachland is coming against us."

"All right," he said, "let him come."

The King of Cockroachland crossed the border, and

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sent the advance-guard to find Iván's army. They looked and looked for it, and could not find it. They thought that they might wait for it to show up. But they heard nothing about it, — there was no army to fight.

The King of Cockroachland sent out his men to take possession of the villages. The soldiers came to one village, — and there the fools jumped out to look at the soldiers and to marvel at them. The soldiers began to take away the grain and the cattle: the fools gave it all up, and did not resist. The soldiers went to the next village, and the same happened. The soldiers walked for a day or two, and everywhere the same happened. They gave up all they had, and nobody resisted, and they invited the soldiers to come and live with them:

"If you, dear people," they said, "have not enough to live on in your country, come and settle among us."

The soldiers walked and walked, but no army was to be found; everywhere people were living, and feeding themselves and other people, and they did not resist, but invited them to come and live with them.

The soldiers felt bad, and they came back to the King of Cockroachland.

"We cannot fight here," they said, "so take us to some other place: war would be a good thing, but this is as though we were to cut soup. We cannot fight here."

The King of Cockroachland grew wroth, and commanded his soldiers to march through the whole kingdom, and destroy villages and houses, and burn the grain and kill the cattle.

"If you do not obey my command," he said, "I shall have you all executed."

The soldiers became frightened, and began to carry out the king's command. They started to burn the houses and the grain, and to kill the cattle. And still the fools did not resist, but only wept. The old men wept, and the old women wept, and the children wept.

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"Why do you offend us? Why do you destroy the property? If you need it, take it along!"

The soldiers felt ashamed. They did not go any farther, and the whole army ran away.

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XII.

THE old devil went away, — he could not get at Iván by means of the soldiers. The old devil changed into a clean-looking gentleman, and went to live in Iván's kingdom: he wished to get at him by means of money, as he had done with Tarás the Paunch.

"I want to do you good," he said, "and to teach you what is good and proper. I will build a house in your country, and will start an establishment."

"All right," he said, "stay here!"

The clean-looking gentleman stayed overnight, and the following morning he took a large bag of gold to the market-square, and a sheet of paper, and said:

"You are all of you living like pigs. I will teach you how to live. Build me a house according to this plan! You work, and I will show you how, and will pay gold money to you."

And he showed them the gold. The fools were astounded: they had no such a thing as money, and only exchanged things among themselves, or paid with work. They marvelled at the gold and said:

"They are nice things."

And for these gold things they began to give him what they had and to work for him. The old devil rejoiced and thought:

"My affair is proceeding favourably. I will now ruin Iván completely, as I have ruined Tarás, and will buy him up, guts and all."

As soon as the fools had any gold, they gave it all away to their women for necklaces, and their girls wove it into

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their braids, and the children began to play in the streets with those pretty things. When all had enough of it, they refused to get any more. The clean-looking gentleman's palace was not half done, and the grain and the cattle were not yet attended to for the year. And the gentleman demanded that they should go and work for him, and haul his grain, and drive his cattle; he promised them much gold for everything and for all work.

But no one came to work, and they brought nothing to him. Only now and then a boy or girl would run in to exchange an egg for a gold coin; otherwise nobody came, and he had nothing to eat. The clean-looking gentleman was starved, and he went to the village to buy something to eat: he went into one yard, and offered a gold coin for a chicken, but the woman would not take it.

"I have too many of them as it is," she said.

He went to a homeless woman, to buy a herring of her, and offered her a gold coin.

"I do not want it, dear man," she said. "I have no children, and so there is nobody to play with it; I myself have three of these for show."

He went to a peasant to buy bread of him, but the peasant, too, would not take the money.

"I do not want it," he said. "If you want bread, for Christ's sake, wait, and I will have my wife cut you off a piece."

The devil just spit out and ran away from the peasant. Not only would he not take anything for Christ's sake, but it was worse than cutting him even to hear that word.

And so he did not get any bread. Everywhere it was the same; no matter where the devil went, they gave him nothing for money, but said:

"Bring us something else, or come and work for it, or take it for Christ's sake!"

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But the devil had nothing but money. He did not like to work, and for Christ's sake he could not take anything. The old devil grew angry.

"What else do you want, if I give you money? You can buy anything for money, or hire a labourer."

The fools paid no attention to him.

"No," they said, "we do not want it. We have no taxes and no wages to pay, so what do we want with the money?"

The old devil went to bed without eating supper.

This affair reached the ears of Iván the Fool. They went to ask him:

"What shall we do? A clean-looking gentleman has appeared among us: he is fond of eating and drinking, and does not like to work, and does not beg for Christ's sake, but only offers us gold pieces. So long as we did not have enough of them, we gave him everything, but now we do not give him any more. What shall we with him? We are afraid that he will starve."

Iván listened to what they had to say.

"All right," he said, "we shall have to feed him Let him go from farm to farm as a shepherd!"

The old devil could not help himself, and he began to go from farm to farm. The turn came to Iván's farm. The old devil came to dinner, and the dumb girl was just fixing it. Those who were lazy used to deceive her. Without having worked they came to dinner earlier and ate up all the porridge. And so the dumb girl contrived to tell the good-for-nothing by their hands: if one had calluses, she seated him at the table, but if not, she gave him what was left of the dinner. The old devil climbed behind the table; but the dumb girl took hold of his hands, and there were no calluses; the hands were clean and smooth, and the nails long.

The dumb girl bawled, and pulled the devil out from behind the table.

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Iván's wife said to him:

"Don't take it amiss, clean gentleman! My sister-in-law will not let a man without calluses sit down at the table. Wait awhile! Let the people eat first, and then you will get what is left."

The old devil was insulted, because at the king's house they would feed him with the swine. He said to Iván:

"What a fool's law you have in your country to let all men work with their hands! You have invented that in your stupidity. Do men work with their hands only? How do you suppose clever people work?"

But Iván said:

"How can we fools know? We labour mostly with our hands and with our backs."

"That is so, because you are fools. I will teach you," he said, "how to work with your heads. You will see that with your heads you can work faster than with your hands."

Iván marvelled.

"Indeed," he said, "we are called fools for good reason."

And the old devil said:

"But it is not easy to work with the head. You do not give me anything to eat because I have no calluses on my hands, and you do not know that it is a hundred times harder to work with the head. At times it just makes the head burst."

Iván fell to musing.

"But why do you torture yourself so much, my dear? It is no small matter to have your head burst. You had better do some easy work, — with your hands and back."

And the devil said:

"The reason I torture myself is because I pity you fools. If I did not torture myself, you would remain

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fools to the end of your days. I have worked with my head, and now I will teach you, too."

Iván marvelled.

"Teach us," he said, "for now and then the hands get tired, and it would be nice to use the head instead."

The devil promised to teach him.

And Iván proclaimed throughout his kingdom that a clean-looking man had appeared who would teach people how to work with their heads, that they could work more with their heads than with their hands, and that they should come and learn.

In Iván's kingdom there was a high tower, and a straight staircase led up to it, and at the top there was a spy-room. Iván took the gentleman there so that he might see better.

The gentleman stood up on the tower and began to speak from it. The fools gathered around to look at him. The fools thought that he would show them in fact how to work with the head instead of the hands. But the old devil taught them only in words how to live without working.

The fools did not understand a word. They looked and looked and went away, each to his work.

The old devil stood on the tower a day, and a second day, and kept talking. He wanted to eat; but the fools did not have enough sense to send some bread up to the tower. They thought that if he could work better with his head than with his hands, he would somehow earn bread for himself with his head. The old devil stood another day in the tower-room, and kept talking all the time. And the people came up and looked, and looked and went away.

Then Iván asked:

"Well, has the gentleman begun to work with his head?"

"Not yet," people said, "he is still babbling."

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The old devil stood another day on the tower and began to weaken; he tottered and struck his head against a post. One of the fools saw that, and told Iván's wife about it, and she ran to her husband in the field.

"Come, let us go and see," she said. "The gentleman is beginning to work with his head."

Iván was surprised.

"Indeed?" he said. He turned in the horse, and went to the tower. When he came up to it, the old devil was weakened from hunger and tottering from side to side and knocking his head against the posts. Just as Iván came up, the devil stumbled and fell and rattled down the stairs, head foremost: he counted all the steps.

"Well," said Iván, "the clean-looking gentleman told the truth when he said that at times the head bursts. This is worse than calluses: such works will leave bumps on the head."

The old devil came down the whole staircase and struck his head against the ground. Iván wanted to go and see how much work he had done, but suddenly the earth gave way, and the old devil went through the earth, and nothing but a hole was left.

Iván scratched himself.

"I declare," he said, "it is a nasty thing! It is again he. He must be the father of those others. What a big fellow he is!"

Iván is still living, and people are all the time rushing to his kingdom, and his brothers, too, came to him, and he is feeding them all. If any one comes and says: "Feed me!" he replies:

"All right, stay here, we have plenty of everything."

They have but one custom in his country, and that is, if one has calluses on his hands, he may sit down at the table, and if he has not, he gets the remnants.

THE END.

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